Smithsonian

November 1992

The Jeep

Old soldiers never die (p. 60)

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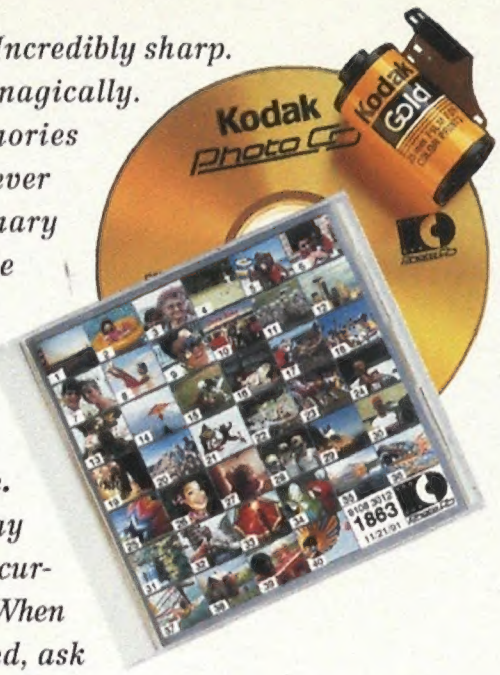

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November 1992

Smithsonian

Volume 23, Number 8

Table of Contents

Cover: Heartbroken cavalry sergeant shoots his crippled jeep in Bill Mauldin's ode to the vehicle and the World War II G.I.'s who loved it. He served as a cartoonist for the Army paper *Stars and Stripes*, customizing his own jeep with blackout curtains for night work and an art-supplies locker in place of a backseat (p. 60)
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12 *Smithsonian horizons* by Secretary Adams
14 *Letters to the Editor*
20 *Around the Mall and beyond* by Edwards Park
25 *Picture credits*
28 *Phenomena, comment and notes* by John P. Wiley jr.
34 *November events at the Smithsonian*

46 **In Butte, Montana, A is for arsenic, Z is for zinc**
Its old copper mines whipped up an alphabet soup of toxins. For the town, that just might spell prosperity
By Dan Baum and Margaret L. Knox
Photographs by Kay Chernush

60 **The little war wagon that could**
Jeeps—spartan, cramped, functional—did everything, went everywhere and helped the Allies win WWII
By Doug Stewart

76 **Getting creative with amazing GRACE**
Vermont's Grass Roots Art and Community Effort discovers artists in folks who never knew they were
By Joe Sherman, photographs by Gail Mooney

90 **Whither the weather, 'Almanac'-style**
For 200 years *The Old Farmer's Almanac* has framed its forecasts with down-home sense and nonsense
By Edwards Park, photographs by Susan Lapides

112 **Coming to grips with the griz**
While others debate, a pair of amateur naturalists are the newest authorities on Yellowstone's bears
By Richard Conniff

124 **From the Great Plains, a wealth of art**
The new exhibit "Visions of the People: A Pictorial History of Plains Indian Life" spans 800 years
By Henry Adams, photographs by Henry Groskinsky

136 **Starving artists need not apply (they'll find *you*)**
The American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters fuels young talents with generous funding
By Ralph Graves

150 **The sea kayak, a 'kinde of strange fishe'**
On a journey to Greenland, the author learns why Inuit hunters still build and use the ancient craft
By Peter Stark

166 **Modern myths for modern minds**
Alligators in the sewer and exploding toilets are just some of the real concerns that go into "urban legends"
By Richard Wolkomir, illustrations by Lane Yerkes

180 **TB: the disease that rose from its grave**
Once it was the greatest killer in the United States; then tuberculosis virtually vanished—but not for long
By Ken Chowder

197 *Book reviews*
206 *Additional reading*
208 *Smithsonian tours, seminars and expeditions*

210 **Can the mailman solve our energy woes?**
By Bruce E. Watson

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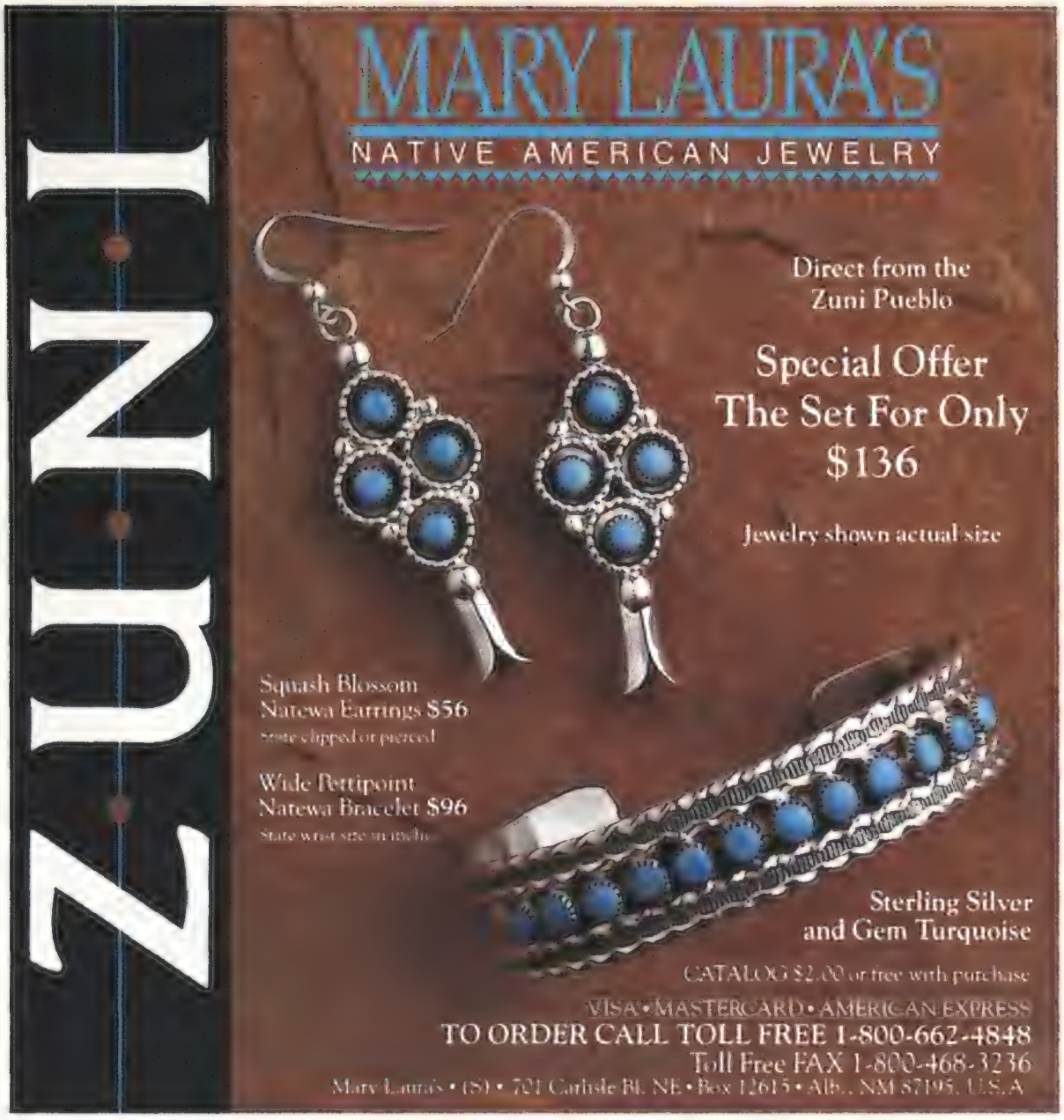

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Secretary Adams' comments

Smithsonian horizons

One relatively new science, forensic anthropology, is emerging as a tool for the study of ancient civilizations

A recent, heartwarming letter of thanks attests to anguish that has been relieved through the efforts of two Smithsonian physical anthropologists. For seven years little could be learned of the fate of a pair of freelance journalists who disappeared while covering civil unrest and army repression in highland Guatemala. Then, last spring, sifting through a welter of false leads along steep mountain trails in the region, Douglas Owsley and John Verano were able to identify the burial site and make a positive identification from fragmentary dental and skeletal remains.

Public service by Smithsonian staff members takes many forms, and this is one of the more gratifying ones. Most inquiries come from medical and law enforcement personnel, seeking to identify human remains that have been discovered only after they have been partially or completely skeletonized. Teeth, fortunately, are usually slowest to deteriorate. Where a probable identification already exists, skeletal x rays and dental records can be decisive.

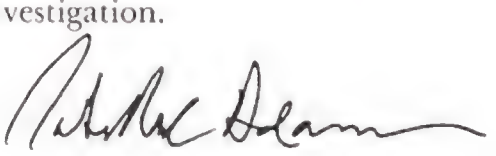
As any avid reader of detective stories will understand, forensic analysis is seldom cut-and-dried but instead involves a patient sifting of available clues. Buttons, buckles or other imperishable items of clothing may be traceable. Can chemical tests or evidence of physical injury establish the probable cause of death? Does the extent of decomposition suggest how long ago death occurred? What can be learned about the individual's medical history—diseases like rheumatoid arthritis, syphilis, osteoporosis, gout and tuberculosis leave skeletal traces—to help direct the search for a match with a missing person? Does evidence of abnormal bone development or earlier trauma provide leads to the victim's occupation?

These common aspects of identification have been refined to high accuracy. The demand for them is old and well established on the part of criminal investigators and bereaved families. More recently, however, less traditional approaches are proliferating that embody research discoveries in modern biomedical laboratories. For example, mitochondrial DNA in the blood of living relatives can be compared with that now recoverable from the bones or hair of the dead. In the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History and its Conservation Analytical Laboratory, respectively, Donald Ortner and Noreen Tuross are finding in ancient remains immunoglobulins with antibodies, and DNA segments that are associated with genetic responses to disease. Chronic mineral and protein deficiencies can be readily identified, and in some instances the likely major source of the protein that the individual ingested during his or her lifetime can be established.

As the reliability of earlier criteria of identification mounts and is supplemented by new information on diseases and dietary deficiencies, forensic anthropology emerges as a powerful tool with which to study ancient populations as well as recently deceased individuals. Cemeteries, to be sure, have long been a fundamental objective of archaeologists. Grave offerings, individually important as cultural vestiges that were consciously selected for this purpose, are no less important for the clues they furnish on patterns of long-distance trade or social variability and hierarchies. But now the bones themselves have more of a story to tell of the basic conditions and stresses of ancient life.

As we at the Smithsonian well understand, there are common human concerns that must partly offset these otherwise compelling scientific opportunities. All human remains are someone's ancestors. The question of how and whether they are investigated is inseparable not only from the reverence with which they are viewed by descendants but from legacies of past injustices that are not yet fully rooted out. Such concerns, as I have noted in earlier columns, played a central part in the sometimes difficult debates culminating in the successful legislation for the National Museum of the American Indian.

Understandings begin to differ as ancestors become more hypothetical with increasing remoteness in time. Go far enough into the past, and such ancestors would probably be thought of by most of us as held in common by all humanity, their study illuminating the whole human career. Between these extremes, things are inevitably contentious as well as complicated. Forensic anthropologists can only proceed with sensitivity and caution. They need to be mindful that nothing is inevitable or universally accepted about either the questions they want to ask or the diminished concern they hope to encounter for a people's more remote and generalized ancestors. But keeping in mind those deeply human constraints, there are nonetheless multiplying and rewarding avenues of scientific investigation.



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Letters to the Editor

Smithsonian horizons

Dear Sir: Secretary Adams' comments in the September issue on bird vocalizations did not include the ability of many birds to imitate the sounds of humans and various animals.

More than ten years ago I heard a program on Radio Moscow describing studies of sounds made by birds that had migrated to the Soviet Union from Africa. By identifying which animals the birds were imitating, researchers were able to determine the part of Africa from which the birds had migrated.
David E. Russell
Jacksonville, Florida

Roman aqueducts

Dear Sir: The flumes, or channels, in Roman aqueducts were quite large, one historian writing that the one atop the Pont du Gard in France was of such size as "to allow passage of a horse and rider." Water quality varied, but the Marcia aqueduct's water was esteemed the best-tasting by the Roman populace.

The aqueducts discharged their burden into holding tanks, where sand and pebbles settled out; the water was then piped to smaller cisterns for public use, or to fountains.
James D. Raitt
Moodus, Connecticut

Dear Sir: When I visited Rome 25 years ago, some of the downspouts on the squat fountains that provide tourists and residents with a constant stream of water were in the shape of a lion's head, with the water gushing from the mouth. Stopping the flow with one's fingers would cause the water to spout from the top of the head. I was vastly amused at my companion's inability to figure out how to obtain a drink without putting one's mouth below the lion's lips.
Arthur D. Tenenholtz
Brooklyn

Object at hand

Dear Sir: Michael Kernan's piece about Marshallese stick charts brought back memories of a few years during the 1950s when I was stationed in Kwajalein with the U.S. Navy.

There was a lively trade in fake stick charts that were simply geometric patterns with a few cowrie shells attached. The Marshallese men I knew as seamen disdained such things but would not discuss the genuine charts or techniques that they used. They did describe their knowledge of patterns of waves and clouds relative to the islands they knew in that area.

It is reassuring that authentic stick charts and their use may still be known to some and are being documented for others to study.
L. F. McArthur
Prompton, Pennsylvania

Biltmore

Dear Sir: Your article brought back memories of stories told when I was a child. My paternal grandfather, who died before I was born, was an immigrant from Germany. A craftsman employed by the Pullman Company in New York State, he was engaged to work at Biltmore. Leaving behind his wife and eight children, he went to Asheville, where he spent more than a year laboring to help make Biltmore an elegant mansion. His special assignments were the mahogany grand staircase and the parquet flooring. It was a fulfilling experience to visit Biltmore and see the work of his hands.

When my husband and I were there in 1964 there was only one other couple touring the rooms with us. The situation was far, far different in 1987 when we stood in a long line to wend our way through. Deer Park Restaurant had been added, and the winery was a new addition to the tour.
Dolphine Siebert Waibel
St. Louis

Dear Sir: Readers unable to visit Biltmore in person can see a lot of it in the hilarious 1979 movie *Being There*, starring Peter Sellers and Shirley MacLaine.

Virtually all the estate scenes were shot at Biltmore—in the library, the Banquet Hall and the elaborate family Breakfast Room. The grounds are also featured: the English Walled Garden and Conservatory, the Rampe Douce and the Biltmore Lagoon.

In fairness to the memory of Chauncey Beadle, the Biltmore gardener described in your article, his similarity to Sellers' character, the gardener Chance [below], is in name only. Mr. Beadle, who oversaw the grounds at Biltmore for 60 years, was a well-educated professional, much admired by his colleagues.
Sally Foster
Los Angeles

Dear Sir: If only "sustained yield, striking a balance between cutting timber and growing trees" were standard practice among foresters today! The shattered economies of Northern California and the Northwest are the result of years of overcutting, condoned by registered professional foresters in the employ of giant timber corporations. The result is lost jobs, destroyed forests and loss of wildlife habitat. It is a sad legacy for the pioneering work of Gifford Pinchot at Biltmore.
Greg Dougherty
Westport, California

Nez Perce National Forest

Dear Sir: Mike King and others in the Nez Perce are not quite the anomaly that

your article implies. Foresters around the country are combining new practices with what has worked well in the past. Since Gifford Pinchot got his professional start on the Biltmore estate a century ago, forestry has changed to meet an evolving scientific body of knowledge, new technology and heightened expectations on the part of the public.
William H. Banzhaf
Society of American Foresters
Bethesda, Maryland

Dear Sir: During the summer of 1949 my young bride, Carol, and I were working as firewatchers at Burnt Knob Lookout in the Nez Perce and had the painful experience of being distant witnesses to the terrible fire mentioned briefly on page 125 in your article about Norman Maclean. We remember it as the "Gates of the Mountains" fire. Several young firefighters perished after parachuting in.

In those days in the Red River Ranger District every stick of wood for the stove and every trail was cut using a "Swedish fiddle"—so named because the Scandinavian woodsmen were artists and could make the old crosscut saw "sing and play a tune."
Wayne Leach
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sir: During the late 1950s and early '60s my grandfather owned and ran Moose Creek Ranch, about five miles from Moose Creek ranger station. Growing up in Southern California my life revolved around cities and freeways, so vacations at my grandfather's ranch were magical.

Food was cooked on a wood-burning stove. We ate freshly caught fish, moose, deer or elk. Days were spent playing in the forest, riding horses, fishing—or with the hand-cranked wringer on laundry day.

The ranch reverted to wilderness shortly after our last trip, but my father continued backpacking in the area every year as a way to get away from his job. Since there were no cellular phones then, the only way to reach him was to phone the ranger station and have someone sent out to find him.
Nancy Christman
Moraga, California

Proverbs

Dear Sir: Richard Wolkomir forgot the proverb "Leave no stone unturned." The article quotes English, Greek, Korean, German and Burmese proverbs but does not mention the Hebrew Book of Proverbs by King Solomon in the Bible's Old Testament.
Roger P. Freeman
New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Sir: Our overindulgent culture has metamorphosed a somewhat recent proverb: "Nothing exceeds like excess!"
James Sorrell
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sir: Many years ago, the *New York Times* Sunday travel section printed a delightful anti-proverb: "The word that's worth 1,000 pictures: GO."

It has spurred me to take many a trip to "faraway places with strange-sounding names."
Marjorie W. Curtis
Simsbury, Connecticut

Dear Sir: My mother dispensed proverbs the way some do vitamins, convinced that an ample daily dosage would ensure a good life.

My favorite from her vast litany is one I never understood as a child: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." How could good intentions lead to eternal damnation? I didn't dare ask. It was years before the essential truth dawned on me that mere good intentions were not adequate for salvation.
Jacky O'Connor
Davis, California

Dear Sir: In view of our declining economy and our struggling educational system, today's young man can quote, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a young man healthy, healthy and healthy."
Clair B. Young
Rosamond, California

Dear Sir: Many years ago, foraging beyond Chicago's Loop, I wandered into one of the city's charismatic ethnic gathering places. Over several tepid draughts, I watched two old-timers playing checkers. Finally one left, and the other turned to me. "You play?" I made a noncommittal gesture. "You play, then!" I said "OK, but I go first." He shrugged, saying, "Rock fall on egg . . . egg break. Egg fall on rock . . . egg break."
David Berthold
Shreveport, Louisiana

Dear Sir: In idle moments in classes, on subways, in hospital beds, I pondered the meaning of "No news is good news" until I was at least 30. I don't know what finally gave me the insight that it's the same as "Ignorance is bliss."
R. Kathleen Dillon
Brooklyn

'A River Runs Through It'

Dear Sir: Norman Maclean's father, our Presbyterian minister in Missoula, and his mother were loving parents whom we counted as special friends.

One of my childhood memories is of an incident told by my aunt, who sang in the church choir. Mrs. Maclean always sat in the back row with her two small, active boys. One Sunday she must have dozed briefly, for the boys got away from her and crawled under all the rows of pews, finally sitting in the front pew. There was quite a commotion, row after row of people moving as the boys crawled forward.

The Rev. Maclean stopped his sermon long enough to ask his wife to please come and get their boys.
Ruth A. Stennett
Olympia, Washington

Dear Sir: I take issue with Mr. Friedenberg's statement "Jews don't fish." I fished in Lake Michigan when I lived in Chicago. I fished in Duluth, Minnesota, where my wife's family—father, mother, sister and all their friends—were fly fishermen. And when I came to California I fished in the ocean and in the Sacramento River delta. Mr. Friedenberg speaks only for himself—or maybe for Jewish writers in Hollywood.
Ray Goodman
San Jose, California

Poetry slams

Dear Sir: What a wonderful turn of events for an art form too long buried between the covers of books. Museums, concert halls, libraries and private collections are fine, and we need them. But remember that Shakespeare wrote popular plays for money, and ancient Greek drama was a rather unkempt, out-of-doors affair complete with picnics and seating on the ground.

We have only to study the history of the arts to see that much of what we learn to revere and preserve begins far outside the hallowed halls. I hope the "slam" idea continues to flourish.
Barbara J. Ferrell
Dallas

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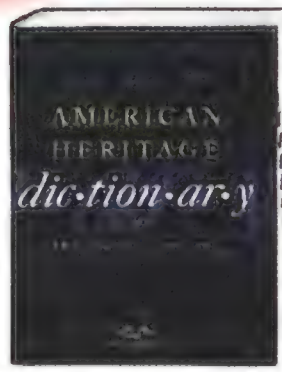

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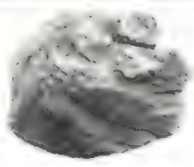

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Around the Mall and beyond

Volunteers across the nation are out to rescue sculpture that birds and vandals just take for granite

You're driving through the small town of Union, in southern West Virginia. Gazing around at the countryside—as one is forced to do in this spectacular state—you notice a statue standing alone in a field, a quarter-mile from the highway. If you stop and ask about it, people will simply say "That's the Confederate soldier," and likely let it go at that.

The fact is, this 6-foot Italian marble figure, atop his massive 12-foot native limestone base, isn't banished from the center of Union because of his allegiance to the Confederacy. Union's Monroe County was as Rebel as they came, organizing 13 companies for General Lee, and the statue was erected in 1901 to commemorate them (p. 22).

It was set out to pasture—on land now owned by the United Daughters of the Confederacy—because the town boosters just knew that Union would soon prosper and spread out, and that a square would surround the monument. But the town never did get its growth. It's now about the same size as ever, and grass grows tall around its brave soldier.

What we know about this lonely statue comes largely from a new Smithsonian project designed to rescue our country's outdoor sculpture from the ravages of storms, pollution, vandalism, neglect and birds. SOS!—Save Outdoor Sculpture!—is an ambitious idea, dependent on some 25,000 volunteers working with coordinators throughout the nation to find, scrutinize, describe and assess thousands of public sculptures. All will be inventoried, from

heroic George Washingtons in New England to delirious abstractions balanced on plazas in the Sunbelt.

SOS! was organized by the Museum of American Art and the National Institute for the Conservation of Cultural Property, and as you read this, preliminary results from four pilot areas—Tennessee, West Virginia, Illinois and Chicago—are due for completion. As a happy surprise, North Dakota has already finished. It wasn't designated a pilot area, but it combines a lot of enthusiasm with relatively few statues, so its folks got the idea and went right at it while the weather held.

Intrigued by the West Virginia statue that outpaced its town, I arranged to meet Charles Coffman, that state's coordinator, and watch firsthand the process of sculpture-assessment. He was then in Morgantown, home of West Virginia University. I knew that universities are generally pretty rich in sculpture and expected to be shown bronze benefactors.

But Charles had finished recording WVU's statuary and led me, instead, into the tower of the Monongalia County Courthouse. There I met none other than Patrick Henry, nine feet tall, carved mostly from a single log and painted white. "This is the oldest statue we've found in West Virginia," said Coffman. "Done in 1851 by Ebenezer Mathers. It stood on top of the original courthouse cupola for 39 years. I have no idea how it was held in place." I was impressed by the giant white figure in 18th-century dress, though I admitted to Charles that Patrick Henry's face looked sort of dumb. He agreed that the "liberty or death" speech seemed an unlikely product of those passive lips. "I guess it's the fault of the log," he said.

Charles worked steadily, filling in the required form, copying the wording of inscriptions, ticking off the condition of the work: unstable support or structure, cracks, holes, missing parts, crusts, staining, growth of moss, lichens or vines, and "spalling" or "sloughing," which means a flaking off of the surface. And, of course, "bird guano."

"You can usually count on bird guano," said Charles. "The form should let us tick off the levels of severity, like 'lightly spotted,' 'heavy' or 'smothered.'"

Patrick Henry had been indoors so long that there was no guano to report, but the form for him still required about an hour to complete. Then we broke for lunch and had a chance to talk.

Coffman, who wears a small military mustache and bikes up and down the West Virginia hills to keep fit, has taught art history and discusses his state's statuary with great enthusiasm. Also with a knowledge and taste—an estheticism—that sounds out of place in a man who talks like Chuck Yeager.

Like the other state coordinators, he came to a briefing at the Museum of American Art. Then to work, calling on help from local historical societies and arts organizations. He found the job considerably more time-consuming than it had appeared.

To give me an idea of the variety of works that he'd already covered, Coffman drove me around a few Morgantown blocks—crowded, narrow streets, all going up or down those choppy hills. At police headquarters, in a covered entryway, life-size bronze figures honor a nice, old-fashioned concept of what a policeman is all about. A cop wearing—I swear—real shoes kneels very stiffly

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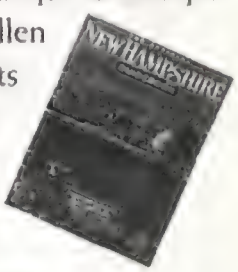

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Near a town that never grew, a Rebel was left with only cattle for company.

beside a cutesy little girl who is clutching her cutesy little dog. Well, it's nicer than a SWAT team hitting a crack house!

The university campus revealed a couple of treasures. Beside the medical sciences building four impressive marble pylons display bas-reliefs illustrating various medical advances from Hippocrates to Pasteur.

WVU teams are called "Mountaineers." And in front of the Mountainlair, the school's student union, stands a fine bronze mountaineer by sculptor Donald Delue. Rifle in hand, he grips a rocky ledge with his toes. The wind seems to whip him, up where he stands, tugging at the fringes of his buckskin shirt. He's turned his head to face it, and his longish hair blows back.

Coffman gave me a choice: either watch him run through microfilm in the library to get information about the Patrick Henry statue, or accompany him on a probably fruitless search for a miner's statue a few miles away near Fairmont. It took about half a second to opt for the latter. I should have warned Charles that my presence on any expedition usually brings either bad luck or unforeseen adventure.

We set out and were soon overtaken by a storm. "Storm?" The word's not potent enough for what happens in the West Virginia mountains when a front moves through on a muggy day. The sky turned black, then green. Lightning played around the car like artillery. Gusts tore boughs from trees. Rain teemed. I thought for a moment we were driving along the bottom of a lake.

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Finally, we turned off the main highway to squelch through sodden country roads. And I was confronted by a truism—no human being knows exactly how to find a local statue.

Charles asked at filling stations and general stores. "Statue of a miner? Sure, we got one somewhere's around here." We accosted volunteer firemen getting ready for an evening ball game. "Hell, I remember that. It's down that side road in Monongha. *You* know."

We eased down four side roads in Monongha and found ourselves switch-backing into lush green valleys and through glades of tall trees. No statue. We paused to ask a man raking storm debris off his lawn. "Follow the road right on west, and you should come to it. I think." We ended up at a dead end with a house where a young mother and small son were unloading groceries from a car trunk. "It's back that way, as I remember." And turning to her little boy: "Isn't that right?"

"Near the playground," he said, tugging at a huge parcel.

Back we went, and saw an even smaller side road heading down to an open meadow with bare spots. We took it, dodging branches felled by the storm. The bare spots turned out to be baseball diamonds. And beside one of them stood a white statue!

I felt as excited as if it had been a trumpeting bull elk.

The miner stands in Monongha's Mary Lou Retton Park (she's from the area). He's a white granite figure wearing a hard hat with a light on it. He leans against a big lump of coal—really granite stained black—and a large bucket stands by his feet. If there's a game going on, he's got his stony gaze on every catch made by the center fielder.

The sculpture is in no way monumental, but sketched with scant detail from solid stone it seems somber and forbidding. The inscription explains the mood: "We pause to remember the coal miner who lost his life in the mine." Around the figure are ten stone pylons, and beside them are ten cedar trees. Huge Appalachian hardwoods tower over this little memorial glade; it all makes for a moving tribute to the more than 450 area miners who have died this century. I'm glad that I helped find it.

Rachel Allen of the Museum of American Art directs SOS! She showed me some area reports. Statues seem to breed stories, even if they're about vandalism.

A Mingo warrior, splendidly rendered in West Virginia, has suffered gunshot wounds from good ol' boys who apparently still carry on the frontier wars. A statue in Tennessee has been similarly damaged, but there it's because a police chief used to shoot the pigeons off it.

Decatur, Illinois, has Abraham Lincoln barefoot and in shirtsleeves, gesturing to make a point in his very first political speech, in 1830. Galesburg, some 100 miles northwest, has the Mother Bickerdyke Memorial, recalling a Civil War nurse. This grouping of nurse and wounded soldier was done by Theo Alice Ruggles Kitson of Maine, sculptor of many war memorials.

North Dakota's crop of statues may be relatively sparse but, as a nod to the state's Scandinavian settlers, it includes two Vikings. One is made of fiberglass, with full beard and extending mustache. The other, a fine bronze statue by Arsene Letellier, is of "Walking Rolf," so named because when he wore full armor, no horse could carry him.

And dominating Jamestown, North Dakota, stands what we are assured is the world's biggest buffalo. It's a mighty concrete beast marred by graffiti on its rear end. All these works will eventually be inventoried at the Smithsonian.

Rachel Allen points out that SOS! will draw the attention of us Americans to our sculpture and to the memorialized people and events that shaped our history. We will learn that even stone and metal deteriorate unless cared for. The project should inspire us to give our local monuments a thoughtful once-over.

We might even discover exactly where they all are.
Edwards Park

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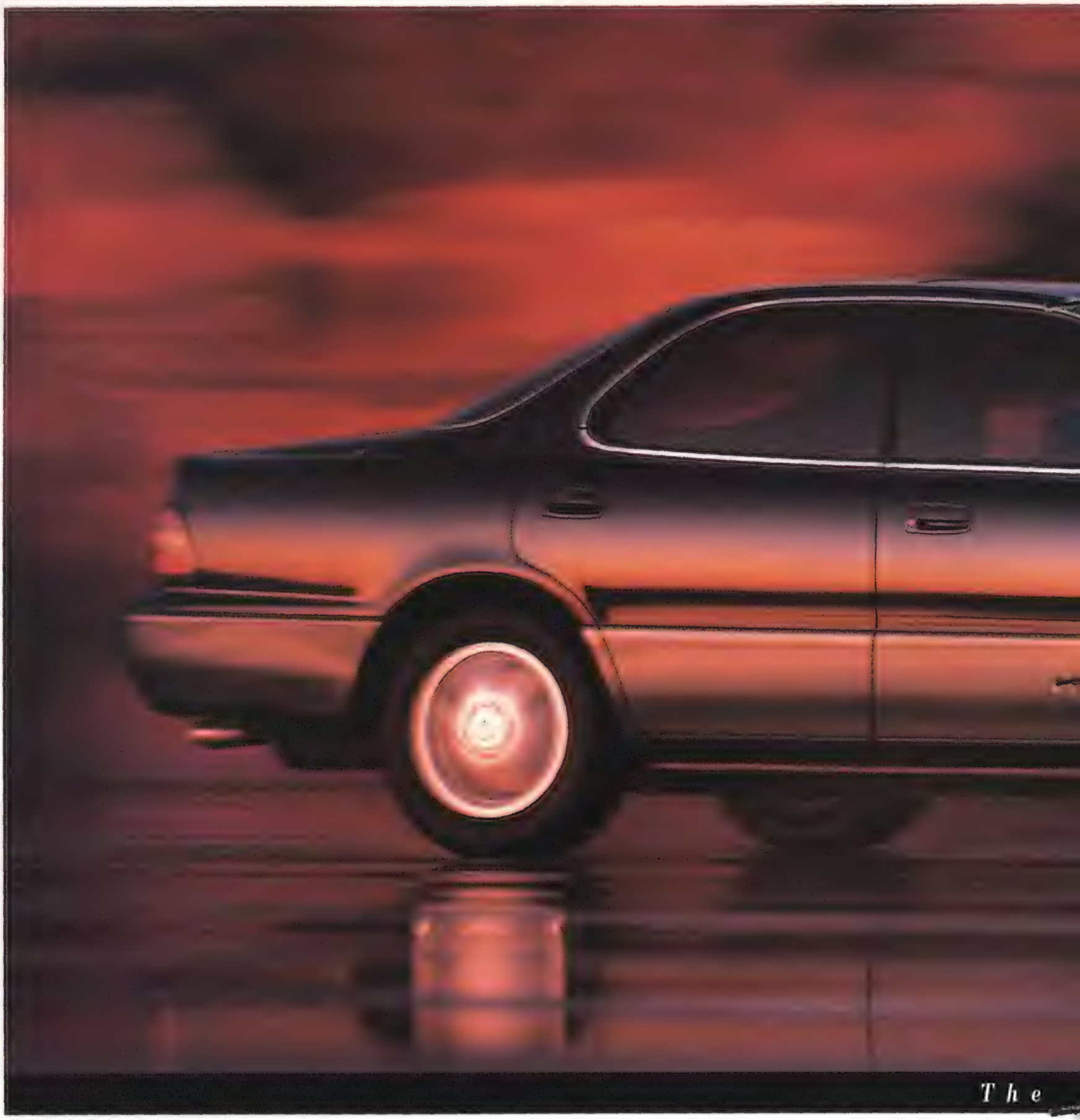

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Every so often a number can catch your eye: an animal with eight hearts, say, or 80,000 sneakers cast upon the briny

Something about numbers far outside their usual range has an unholy fascination for me. Years ago it was sometimes all I could do not to walk up to a stranger and say: "Remember the Saturn V rocket? The one that boosted the Apollo missions to the moon? Just take a guess as to how many horsepower the fuel pump on that baby turned out." The answer, I couldn't wait to tell, was 55,000. (Technically, that was the power developed by the turbine that drives the fuel pump.) This was for the fuel system, mind you, not the main engines themselves. Somehow it gave a specificity to the unquantified knowledge that a Saturn V had nothing in common with, say, my car.

Unexpected numbers pop up all the time. Take the matter of hearts. Outside of science fiction movies, most vertebrates seem to have one and only one. Granted there has been talk that some of the largest dinosaurs were so long that they may have had a second brain in their hindquarters to help control their back legs and tail, something like the tillerman on the back of an aerial-ladder truck. But until now, one heart fit all. Now comes a paper in *The Lancet*, a British medical journal, that suggests at least one dinosaur may have had not one, not two, but eight hearts.

The question concerns *Barosaurus*, a herbivorous sauropod that lived 200 million to 150 million years ago. If the animal held its head erect on its long neck, as the shape of its vertebrae suggests to some researchers, then its head

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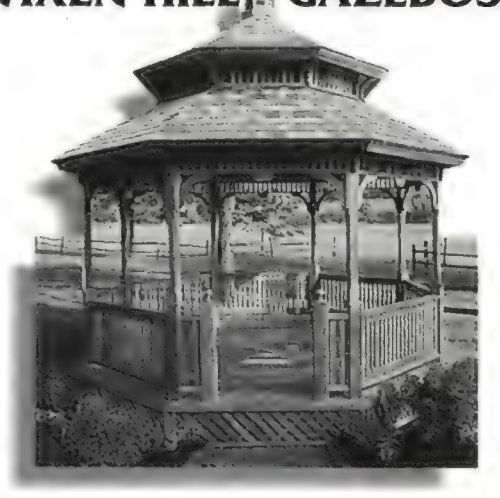

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would have been 50 feet above the ground. If this dinosaur did eat like a giraffe, then its brain (what there was of it) would have been as much as 40 feet above its heart. How did the animal's cardiovascular system deliver enough blood under enough pressure to that brain without bursting the blood vessels on the way up?

D.S.J. Choy and P. Altman of the Investigative Cardiology Laboratory at St. Luke's Roosevelt Hospital Center in New York, a division of Columbia University's College of Physicans and Surgeons, have been working on the problem. They estimate that to provide adequate blood flow to the brain, the *Barosaurus*' heart would have had to produce a systolic blood pressure of 880, which implies both a huge heart with thick walls and blood vessels with extraordinarily thick walls. (The systolic pressure, produced when the heart contracts, is the higher of the two numbers that define blood pressure. In humans, anything higher than about 140 is cause for concern.)

In giraffes, the longest-necked animal we know about, the heart must work hard to move blood up to the brain. Systolic pressures as high as 350 have been measured, and the giraffe's heart weighs about 25 pounds (a human heart weighs about 10 ounces). Earlier students of *Barosaurus* have estimated that its heart weighed 1.75 tons. But Choy and Altman have another idea.

Suppose that instead of one heart, the giant herbivore had eight. The primary heart would have functioned just like ours, sending blood returning from the body to the lungs to be reoxygenated, back to the heart and then pumping it out to the body again. Above it could have been a secondary heart, a single-chambered affair with one-way valves, which would have boosted the blood into the neck. From there the blood would divide into two arteries headed for the brain. Choy and Altman postulate three single-chamber hearts along each artery, each pumping with just enough force to raise the blood to the next heart and, eventually, to the brain. No heart would have to lift blood more than eight feet, and thus the systolic blood pressure could have been an unremarkable 180 or so.

Eight hearts sounds like cardiologists' heaven. Suppose for a moment that the National Zoo just happened to have a living *Barosaurus*, one that had been

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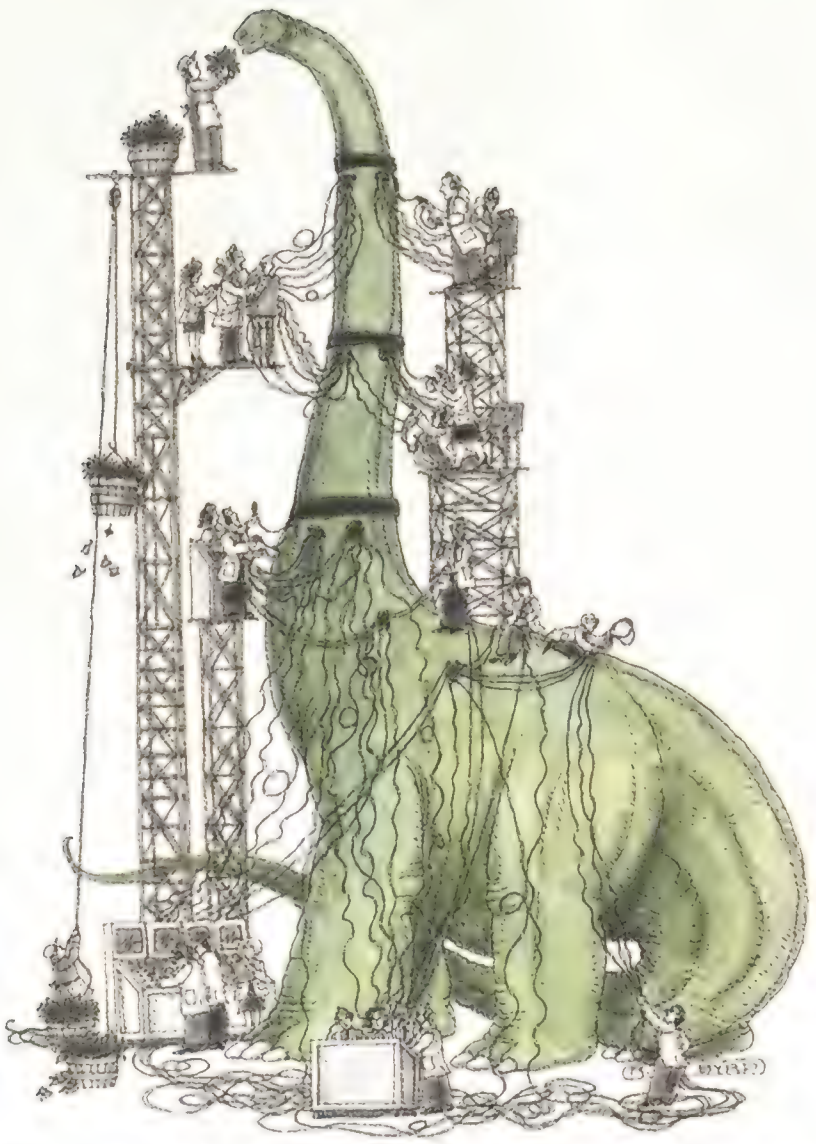

Doctors check blood pressure, take electrocardiograms of all eight postulated *Barosaurus* hearts; keeper feeds it.

acting a little dizzy lately. A small army of keepers lead it to an examination room the size of an airplane hangar. Veterinary cardiologists scramble up wheeled stepladders of a size normally used by mechanics to work on the tail sections of large aircraft. They attach electrical leads onto all eight hearts, until a river of colored wire cascades to the floor and over to a bank of monitors that look like a miniature version of the Manned Spaceflight Center. The doctors stationed at each heart or pair of hearts wear headsets; they carefully pump up blood-pressure sleeves wrapped around the animal's neck and communicate their findings in low voices to Mission Control. All the while the *Barosaurus*' favorite keeper stands on the highest ladder of all, feeding armfuls of lush greenery to the animal to keep its mind off the indignities being suffered. The verdict? More exercise. Jogging three times a week. Return in one month for a checkup.

Eight is a large number of hearts. Here's another large number: 80,000 pairs of Nike shoes, accidentally dumped into the North Pacific, are being used by oceanographers to map currents. Normally the scientists use bottles and wooden tags designed for that purpose and drop in a few thousand each year. But on May 27, 1990, a ship named the *Hansa Carrier,* en route from Korea to Seattle, ran into a storm. Twenty-one of the 40-foot containers on deck were washed overboard. Five of the containers held Nikes, at least four of the containers broke open, and the shoes floated. Between the following Thanksgiving and Christmas, the shoes started turn-

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ing up on beaches in Washington State, a good 1,200 miles to the east. Later they were found on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands, to the north, and Oregon beaches, to the south. After all that time at sea, many of the shoes could still be worn. Beachcombers held swap meets to find mates for the ones they had found.

Curtis C. Ebbesmeyer of Evans-Hamilton Inc., and W. James Ingraham jr. of the National Marine Fisheries Service, both in Seattle, reported the whole affair in *EOS*, a publication of the American Geophysical Union. They had no way of knowing whether single shoes on a beach had come from the spill, they said, so they counted only those found in groups of 100 or more. In all, they accepted 1,300 as having come from the *Hansa Carrier*. Reports of about half the finds came in response to newspaper stories about their project, and the rest from beachcombers coordinated by Steve McLeod, an Oregon artist and beachcomber. They heard of many more through a combers' grapevine but were unable to make contact. More recently they have obtained a list of the serial numbers of all the shoes lost overboard and can now positively identify even one shoe as having come from the *Hansa Carrier*. They are still asking the public to report any Nike shoes washing up on any beach anywhere around the entire Pacific Rim. They are using the data to refine computer models of ocean currents in the Pacific.

The story is not over. At the end of their report (in the August 25, 1992, issue of *EOS*), the authors note that Nikes have begun arriving on the northern end of the island of Hawaii. These apparently were carried south by the California Current, and then west. "If the shoes survive for a few more years," the authors write, "some should show up in Asia and Japan." Worried, perhaps, about future advertising that might capitalize on their findings of how well the Nikes survived at sea, they conclude with a disclaimer: "Reference in this document to trade names does not imply endorsement by the National Marine Fisheries Service, NOAA."

To me, small numbers are just as fascinating as large. In fact, I often try to escape from the big issues of the day by concentrating on the smallest ones I can find. I worry, for example, about all the electricity being used now that computers have completed their conquest of American offices. Specifically, I worry about the unnecessary keystrokes, the typos, that add to our energy bills and pollute our skies. (Sometimes my own typing looks as if it had been done by an elephant.) To worry well, as Hemingway might have put it, I needed numbers. Our resident computer guru, who can make the machines stand up and sing the "Hallelujah Chorus," called Howard High at the Intel Corporation. Their engineers know how much electricity a keystroke consumes because the amount is important for battery-powered portables. A single 500-microsecond keystroke, it turns out, consumes four ten-millionths of a watt-hour. Working this out on the back of an envelope, that means that with every 250 million keystrokes (in writer's terms, 41,666,666 words or 11,900 SMITHSONIAN feature articles), I have burned as much electricity as a 100-watt bulb does in an hour.

That result would seem to absolve each of us as individuals—my worry was unusually neurotic. But, of course, there are millions of us staring at monitors and actually typing from time to time, using up those four ten-millionths of a watt-hour with each stroke. Moreover, once a computer is turned on, it uses energy just sitting there. And better minds than mine are worrying about it. The *Wall Street Journal* reported in August that nine manufacturers are working on desktop computers that will go into a "sleep" mode when not in use.

Apparently the Environmental Protection Agency has calculated that computers are only actually in use 20 percent of the time. Otherwise they just sit but use 150 watts of power. Computer makers have accepted the challenge. When no key has been touched in a certain length of time on one of the new machines, it will switch itself into the sleep mode, consuming only 30 watts or so. (A touch of any key brings it back to full power.) Small potatoes, yet in the aggregate the feature could save $1 billion a year in electricity costs, and also lower air-conditioning costs because the machines would not be putting out so much heat. So, in an appropriately small way I feel vindicated, like someone who has had a fantasy so sentimental he would not dare tell anyone about it—only to find that someone has already made a movie using exactly the same story line.

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Begin your visit at the Smithsonian Information Center's Associates' Reception desk—open from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. daily—in the Castle. The Court, a restaurant for Associates located in the National Museum of Natural History, is open from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. on weekdays and from 9:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. on weekends.

Freer remains closed

The Freer Gallery of Art is closed until May 9, 1993.

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During November the Smithsonian will be celebrating National American Indian Heritage Month with a variety of programs and activities. For information call (202) 357-2700, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., Monday through Saturday. For 24-hour recording, call (202) 357-4574, beginning November 1.

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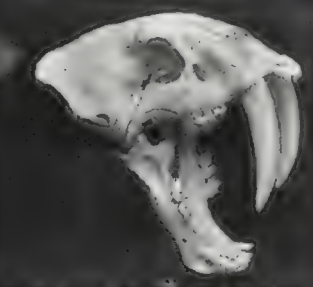

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Special November exhibits, events

National Museum of the American Indian (New York)
Pathways of Tradition: Indian Insights Into Indian Worlds (November 13-January 24, 1993) Exhibition previews the collections of the new museum. See *Highlights continued,* page 42.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
The Power of Maps (through March 7, 1993) Exhibition of more than 400 historic and contemporary maps, dating from 1500 B.C. to the present, examines their significance as instruments of communication, persuasion and control.

National Air and Space Museum
Star Trek (through January 31, 1993) Show celebrates the 25th anniversary of the famed TV series. Passes required daily; call (202) 786-2122 for details.
Air Power in World War II: Republic P-47 Thunderbolt (through May 14, 1993) Exhibit features the multirole fighter nicknamed the "Jug."
Fires of Kuwait (6:45 P.M. daily) New Imax film focuses on the efforts to extinguish the oil-well fires in Kuwait.

National Museum of American History
Put the City Up: Chicago Architecture, 1800-1992 (November 20-March 14, 1993) Exhibition traces the city's architectural development.
Science in the Age of Columbus (through March 26, 1993) Books and maps from the collections of the Smithsonian Institution Libraries.
American Encounters Permanent exhibit features the American Indian, Hispanic and Anglo-American cultures of New Mexico's Upper Rio Grande Valley.
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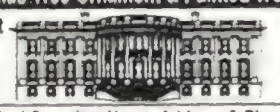
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EarthSense (through September 1, 1993) Exhibition of photographs focuses on efforts around the globe to safeguard our fragile, ever-changing planet.
Seeds of Change (through May 23, 1993) Quincentenary exhibit explores the dramatic changes brought about by the exchange, begun 500 years ago, between the Old World and the New.

National Zoological Park
Amazonia (opens November 18) Permanent installation re-creates microcosm of the world's largest rain forest. Exhibition explores the wonders of this rich habitat and examines the forces threatening its survival.

National Museum of American Art
Vision and Revision: The Hand-Colored Prints of Wayne Thiebaud (November 20-February 15, 1993) Works by the contemporary American artist.
Memory and Metaphor: The Art of Romare Bearden, 1940-1987 (through January 3, 1993) Retrospective features oils, watercolors and collages by the distinguished American modernist.

Renwick Gallery
American Crafts: The Nation's Collection (through January 10, 1993) Exhibition honoring the Renwick's 20th anniversary showcases 130 pieces that span the development of crafts in the 20th century.

National Portrait Gallery
In Pursuit of Fame: Rembrandt Peale 1778-1860 (November 6-February 7, 1993) Exhibit looks at the life and work of one of this country's most talented early 19th-century painters.
The Spirit of Party: Hamilton and Jefferson at Odds (through February 7, 1993) Show examines the conflict between the two statesmen, who were political as well as personal adversaries.

Arthur M. Sackler Gallery
The Golden Age of Sculpture from Sri Lanka (November 1-September 26, 1993) Exhibition of 52 ancient masterpieces of bronze casting includes many of the major monuments of Sri Lankan art.
Arts of Mughal India (through December 6) Paintings and objects from the late 16th to the 18th century trace the history of India's Mughal Empire.

National Museum of African Art
Elmina: Art and Trade on the West African Coast (through February 28, 1993)

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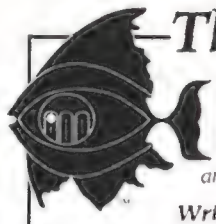
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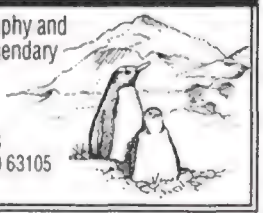
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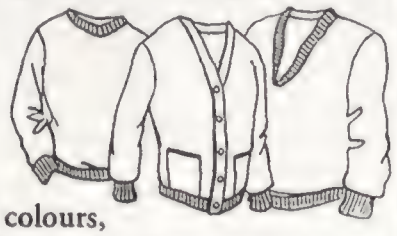

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Exhibition focuses on art and trade in Elmina, a trading post founded in 1480 on Africa's Gold Coast, now Ghana. *Images of Power and Identity* Recently reinstalled permanent exhibit features 100 masterworks from the collection.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
Joseph Kosuth WORKS (through January 25, 1993) Site-specific installation by the American artist incorporates "found" texts from Kafka and other sources. *Eva Hesse: A Retrospective* (through January 10, 1993) More than 100 sculptures, wall reliefs, drawings, paintings. *Directions—Tim Rollins and K.O.S.: Animal Farm* (through December 6) Timely monumental composition was inspired by George Orwell's 1945 book.

Arts and Industries Building Experimental Gallery
The Kids Bridge (through March 1, 1993) Hands-on exhibit from the Children's Museum of Boston explores issues of identity, ethnicity, race and racism.

S. Dillon Ripley Center
Imperial Austria: Treasures of Art, Arms & Armor from the State of Styria (through January 24, 1993) Some 250 works chronicle the changes that swept Austria and Europe from the late Middle Ages through the 17th century. *The Cutting Edge: 200 Years of Cut Crystal* (through January 24, 1993) Exhibition features a selection of crystalware from the 18th century to the present.

Exhibition catalogs

Catalogs available currently include:
Memory and Metaphor: The Art of Romare Bearden 1940-1987 ($45 cloth)
In Pursuit of Fame: Rembrandt Peale ($35 paper)
Eva Hesse ($60/$35 paper)
Imperial Austria: Treasures of Art, Arms & Armor from the State of Styria ($45 cloth)
To order, send check or money order to Smithsonian Museum Shops, 8308 Cinder Bed Road, Newington, Virginia 22122. Include 15 percent of purchase to cover postage, handling (minimum, $1.75).

Smithsonian on the air

Dream Window: Reflections on the Japanese Garden One-hour television special reveals the beauty and artistry of the gardens of Japan. Show airs November 6 at 10 P.M. Check local public television listings.

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Folk Masters 1992 Taped live at the Barns of Wolf Trap, series presents performances of virtuosos of New World folk music. Programs this month include black gospel styles and blues. Check local public radio listings.

Smithsonian National Associates

The month of November will bring the National Associate Program, U.S. and International Events, to Providence, Rhode Island, and Little Rock, Arkansas. Events in Providence (November 5-8) will include lectures on astrophysics and African-American history. The Little Rock program (November 12-15) will feature lectures on African-American oral history and the art of the Plains Indians (see page 124). Teacher workshops will focus on conservation biology and African-American storytelling.

For further information, write or call U.S. and International Events, 490 L'Enfant Plaza, S.W., Suite 4210, Washington, D.C. 20560; (202) 287-3210.

Resident Associate Program

To become a Resident Associate, or for fee and ticket information, call (202) 357-3030. November events include:

Jones Benally Family Dancers (November 20; 7 P.M.) An evening of traditional native-American dances and music.

An Evening with Oriana Fallaci (November 11; 8 P.M.) Author-journalist Fallaci discusses the themes and concerns that distinguish her work.

Lady Antonia Fraser: The Wives of Henry VIII (November 9; 8 P.M.) The distinguished biographer discusses her research on these six remarkable women and the man they married.

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES organizes and circulates exhibitions to cities throughout the United States and abroad. To sponsor a show in your community, write SITES, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some November exhibits:

- Binghamton, New York (November 21-January 3, 1993) *Lincoln and His Contemporaries: Photographs by Mathew Brady from the National Portrait Gallery,* Roberson Museum and Science Center.
- Dayton, Ohio (November 7-December 20) *No Laughing Matter: Political Cartoonists on the Environment,* Dayton and Montgomery County Library.

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Highlights continued

Indian insights into Indian worlds

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These are the voices that guide the visitor's passage through a preview of the collections of the National Museum of the American Indian. They are the voices of native Americans.

"Pathways of Tradition: Indian Insights Into Indian Worlds" will be on view from November 15 through January 24, 1993, at the museum's new George Gustav Heye Center at the historic Old U.S. Custom House in lower Manhattan. The exhibition opens a temporary window on the museum's rich and comprehensive permanent collection (SMITHSONIAN, October 1989).

From baskets and blankets to cradleboards and dance sticks, the 100 featured objects represent a cross section of American Indian cultures and creativity, from Tierra del Fuego to the Arctic Circle (see page 124). Voices of the past, they possess a powerful emotional resonance. "The pieces for the show were selected by Indians of the Americas for their cultural symbolism, artistic excellence and overpowering presence as carriers of knowledge," says exhibition curator Richard Hill. "They speak across the generations, across cultural boundaries, and allow us to see what the Indian way of thinking is all about." *Diane M. Bolz*

Turtle on Northern Plains buffalo hide shield (left) symbolizes the Earth. Quilled and beaded buckskin parasol (above) is work of the Teton Sioux. Plains Cree headdress (right) is of eagle feathers.

Clothing is an important conveyor of Indian cultural identity. Montana Crow beaded shirt was probably worn by a boy chief.

Buttons and shells form image of brown bear on this Haida blanket from Alaska's Prince of Wales Island.

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IN AN EXPLORER.

By Dan Baum and Margaret L. Knox

'We want people who have a problem with mine wastes to think of Butte'

They already do. The old copper capital is synonymous with ruin. But now it aspires to be the Silicon Valley of waste treatment

Photographs by Kay Chernush

Berkeley Pit in Butte, Montana, contains a witches' brew of mine tailings and other toxic materials that could, if it spills over, pollute city's water and Clark Fork River. Entrepreneurs are working on solutions.

Butte, Montana, is the place where the wild West married the Industrial Revolution. During the last quarter of the 19th century, a ragged mining camp here on the western slope of the Continental Divide was transformed into America's copper capital, a feverish caldron of howling machines and new money dominating a sweep of rangeland the size of France. By the turn of the century, Butte was on its way to becoming the biggest city between Minneapolis and Spokane. It was jammed chockablock with theaters, opera houses and so many immigrant neighborhoods—Serbian, Austrian-Croatian, Finnish, Chinese, Italian, Irish and more—that it resembled an East Coast seaport. The bars and brothels were busy night and day, gunfights were commonplace and the smelters belched an opaque, arsenic-laden smog that denuded the surrounding hillsides of greenery.

Everybody you meet in Butte is an amateur historian, and the more violent, polluted, cacophonous and corrupt they can tell their history, the better they like it. Butte's 24-hour industry made it a 24-hour town, and by all accounts Dodge City had nothing on Butte. Dashiell Hammett, who worked as a Pinkerton agent in Butte before turning to the pen, wrote 17 murders into the first 21 chapters of his Butte-based classic, *Red Harvest*, and nobody ever accused him of exaggerating. Presciently, Hammett dubbed his fictional Butte "Poisonville" and was more than lavish with his descriptions of the pollution.

Over the years, Butte literally consumed itself in its frenetic gouging of the earth's riches. Hundreds of miles of shaft and tunnel snake beneath this mile-high city, some plunging down to sea level. All of them were owned at one time by the colossal Anaconda Copper Mining Company. When the underground mines lost their competitive edge in the 1950s, Anaconda began carving out one of the biggest open-pit mines on earth. "Them times was tough," says Gunnard Kuoppala, a

leathery retired miner who watched the Berkeley Pit slowly annihilate his own neighborhood. "But we had no worries about that. Anaconda owned this town, and Anaconda put food on the table."

Eventually, however, King Copper was dethroned by aluminum wires, glass fiber optics and satellite relays. The Berkeley Pit closed in 1982, leaving behind a mile-wide hole in the ground and a city-size monument to the West's boom-and-bust mentality. Today, studded with the headframes of abandoned mine shafts, Butte juts like a shipwreck from a half-eaten mountain that looms over Interstate 90 in southwestern Montana. Only one mine is in operation and just 33,000 people—about a third of the city's former population—remain among the ornate cathedrals of commerce. In Uptown Butte, the windows of turn-of-the-century office towers are dark, and wide avenues are eerily quiet, giving the place the feeling of an evacuated disaster site—which, in a sense, it is.

Butte is saturated with a toxic legacy. Slag heaps and waste-rock piles the size of small mesas tower everywhere. Swamps of bleached-white mine tailings and layers of poisonous flue dust blanket old smelter sites, vacant lots and backyards. Butte owns the dubious distinction of anchoring what is geographically one of the biggest cleanup projects to be undertaken as part of the federal government's ambitious Superfund program. From here, Superfund sites follow a trail of mining residues for a hundred miles down the Clark Fork River, the easternmost tributary of the mighty Columbia and the main drainage for most of western Montana. No matter how you look at it, it's a multi-billion-dollar mess.

Most communities consider a Superfund site the kiss of death. "Try attracting talent or getting a bank loan with that hanging around your neck," says Butte businessman Don Peoples (below). These days he heads up a large energy and waste-treatment company, but as the city's chief executive in the early '80s he fought the Superfund designation. But Butte has had almost a decade of brutally hard times to get used to the idea. In an ironic coincidence, Superfund was created by Congress in 1980, just as Butte's mining industry was petering out. Now, with no other growth industries to concentrate on, the city regards Superfund as its ticket to a new prosperity. Butte's industry of the future lies in cleaning up its industry of the past.

Already, more than $150 million has been spent or committed to the effort in and around Butte. Millions more in private and public investment is pouring into local colleges and ecotechnology companies. Earth-moving is under way at a number of sites, and that has meant more than a year of union wages for some 200 people. The cleanup could continue for a decade or two—about the life span of a pretty good copper mine.

Beyond the immediate work, Butte and neighboring communities designated as Superfund sites hope to prosper over the long haul by attracting a variety of new companies that specialize in research on and treatment of mining wastes. "We're striving for a critical mass of high-tech experts," says Evan Barrett, the ferociously energetic director of the Butte Local Devel-

Elegant facade of water-company building (above) preserves character of old Butte. Don Peoples (right), a key figure in city's revitalization, stands in front of downtown mural that re-creates 1920s business district.

Overshadowed by abandoned mines, children play on Butte Hill in dirt that probably contains more than a trace of heavy metals. Known as Dublin Gulch, the area was once a thriving neighborhood of Irish families.

opment Corporation, a quasi-governmental agency. "We want people all over the country who have a problem with mine wastes to think of Butte." Barrett makes the unusual civic boast that "the contaminants in Butte run the gamut from arsenic to zinc," qualifying his blighted city as an ideal laboratory for evaluating waste-treatment technologies.

Some of the pollution in the area is smelter soot, heavily contaminated with arsenic and lead. The Berkeley Pit is another problem. The water in it is highly toxic and, in places, as caustic as battery acid. Most of the toxins in Butte, though, come from mine tailings, which are nothing more than pulverized rock from deep within the earth. The metallic poisons—copper, lead, manganese, and more—in this dust are blown around by the wind, picked up on shoes, ingested, inhaled and absorbed through the skin.

Already, aggressive little companies with such un-Butte-like names as ChromatoChem and Mycotech are springing up on either end of the 100-mile-long Superfund corridor. In labs, garages and industrial parks throughout southwestern Montana, they are concocting ways to treat toxic waste by filtering it, spinning it, neutralizing it, feeding it to fungi, recovering valuable metals from it and turning it into glass. One company even wants to generate power with it.

There's no question that mine-waste remediation has the potential to grow into a huge industry. Almost 100,000 old mines in just four Western states await cleanup, which will cost a total of some $2 billion—and that's just the abandoned mines. This country is still producing two billion tons of new mine waste every year, a good portion of which will need treatment. If Butte can grab a significant share of the action, environmental cleanup will join agriculture, timber and mining as one of Montana's staple industries in the 1990s. "Butte probably suffered in aggregate the greatest amount of environmental degradation in this country," says Barrett. "It's both economic and poetic justice for us to have the upside of that."

The Small Business Administration agrees. It is helping Butte's own Montana College of Mineral Science and Technology (Montana Tech) set up an office geared specifically to teaching small companies about how pollution prevention can be profitable. "Symbolically, this is interesting," muses regional official David

Freelance writers Baum and Knox are married (to each other) and reside in Missoula, Montana. They specialize in reporting on environmental issues.

Leavitt, "because Butte's problem is the result of zero pollution prevention."

"Technically," yells David Lofftus over the whine of the glittering machinery around him, "we call this a plasma arc furnace. You can think of it as an arc welder in a Maytag." He is escorting two visitors through a huge plant on the outskirts of town. Built on iron and rock and muscle, Butte is the apotheosis of low-tech, and this fluorescent-lit facility full of technicians in white lab coats and glowing computer screens seems as out of place as a microwave in a mud hut. This particular machine spins contaminated soil in a drum, heating it with an electric arc and melting it into inert black glass that can be safely buried. MSE Inc., a $20 million Butte-based company, is testing the equipment for the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the U.S. Department of Energy in one wing of the futuristic complex. In another wing, MSE is starting what it hopes will be the core of Butte's future waste industry: the country's first National Mine Waste Pilot Program, launched in 1991 with a $3.5 million grant from the EPA. According to Don Peoples, who is president of MSE, the objective is to develop a battery of new cleanup technologies and establish a training program to go with them.

The wonders of modern alchemy

Other companies are forging ahead too. At a research facility on the edge of town, Trans Mar Inc. is testing equipment (right) that originally was designed to recover fine gold particles from mine tailings and now looks promising as a means to separate heavy metal contaminants from soil. In the same building, another company is developing a flotation device called the "air-sparged hydrocyclone" to concentrate the copper and other metals in mine waste to the point where they can be profitably recovered.

Among the more unusual technologies under investigation are several that can get rid of toxic wastes by feeding them to bacteria and fungi. In Butte, the Mycotech Corporation is growing huge quantities of fungi that consume, break down or capture the contaminants in soil saturated with such hazardous substances as oil, creosote and copper. The fungi are cultivated in two 6-by-14-foot boxes in Mycotech's small start-up plant, where six tons of the stuff can be grown in ten days. The company plans to start building a new plant in January that will expand its capacity twelvefold.

Mycotech hopes to snag one of Butte's big Superfund contracts for cleaning up the site of an old post-and-pole plant, where the earth is fouled with creosote. Right now its fungi are hard at work on what company cofounder William Black (right) calls "the biggest fungal remediation project ever." At an old rail yard in Snoqualmie, Washington, Mycotech is digging out oil-soaked soil to a depth of 21 feet, mixing it with the fungus and refilling the hole. In a couple of months, Black says, the oil will be gone, with nothing but carbon dioxide and water left behind as byproducts.

The Berkeley Pit poses one of the biggest problems—or, in Butte parlance, one of the greatest opportunities—of the whole cleanup effort. Since 1982, when the pumps that kept it drained were shut down, the water level has risen to a depth of 800 feet. About a mile across, this poisonous lake contains a witches' brew of acid, heavy metals and other toxins. Within a decade or so, it could pollute not only Butte's water supply but the Clark Fork River as well.

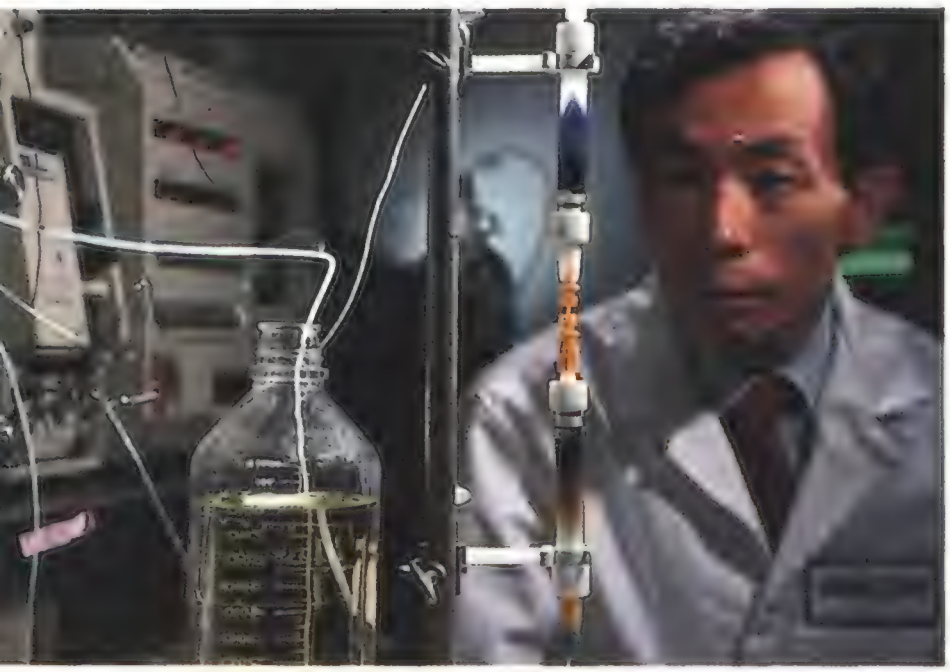
David Pang is working to prevent that in a one-room

Charles Hellman (left) of Trans Mar Inc. consults near cleanup equipment with Montana Tech's Tim Lloyd.

Mycotech cofounder William Black adjusts device used to test growing conditions for fungi that eat toxins.

laboratory located in Missoula, 120 miles downriver from Butte. At first glance, ChromatoChem Inc. doesn't look much more elaborate than a high school chemistry lab. But the 41-year-old Pang, who immigrated to the United States from Taiwan in 1978, says he's figured out a way to treat silica gel—which looks a lot like sand—so that it filters pure, recoverable metals out of polluted water. To demonstrate, Pang (below) pumps contaminated water up through silica gel in a series of glass tubes. Soon the silica turns bright blue. "Copper," says Pang. A minute later, a layer of yellow appears. "Iron," he says. "What we can do, essentially, is mine the Pit water for metals. The water flowing out the other end of the tube is perfectly clean."

Pang's prototype filter is about the size of a fire hydrant. To treat the Pit as fast as it's filling, ChromatoChem would have to build a bank of 36 filters, each the size of a home water heater. The funding so far has come from a variety of small EPA grants, but the ultimate goal is a hefty Superfund contract.



David Pang monitors process of filtering copper (blue) and iron (brownish-yellow) from contaminated water.

New spectrometer at Montana Tech measures soil and water pollutants to a thousandth of a part per billion.

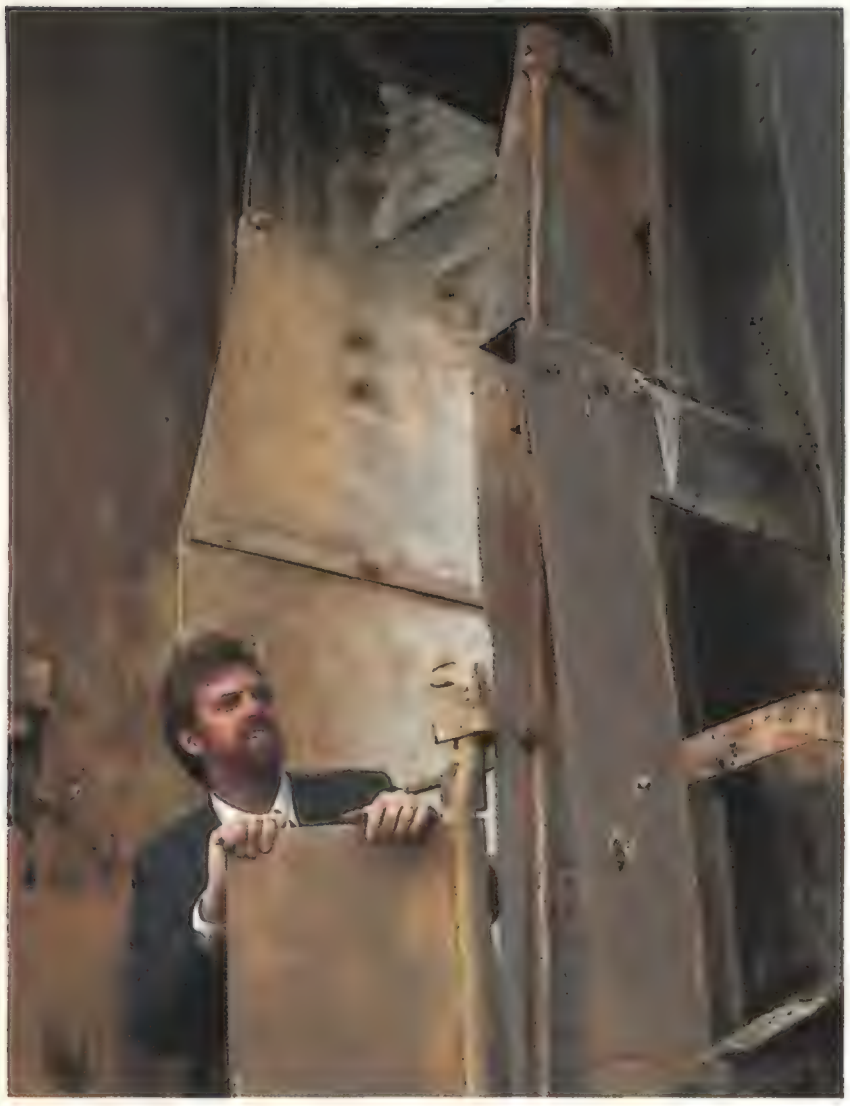
In all likelihood, it will take more than one type of treatment plant to purify the 5.5 million gallons of water seeping into the Pit each day. And since it's being treated, why not *use* that water? A small San Francisco-based corporation called Peak Power wants to do just that. Peak Power's specialty is hydroelectric energy storage, which involves pumping water uphill at night, when power is cheap, and running it downhill through generating turbines during the day, when power is more expensive. Last year, the Montana Power Company, whose headquarters is in Butte, received a bid from Peak Power for a 100-megawatt generating station. "We looked all over Montana for a low-cost site with the least environmental impact," says Peak Power vice president Rick Koebbe. The best place, it turned out, was in Montana Power's backyard: the Berkeley Pit.

Energy storage right in the Pit

Peak Power wants to build a $90 million energy storage facility right inside the Pit, where environmental impact is hardly a concern, with the uphill reservoir on the north rim. With the Dow Chemical Company's help, Peak Power would build a water-treatment plant into the site. "A lot of people tell us this is a bad site because of the cleanup problems," says Koebbe. "We say that, for exactly the same reason, it's the best site." Montana Power has reservations about the scheme, but hasn't ruled it out for the future.

Montana colleges are getting in on the act, too. Montana State University, located about 100 miles east of Butte in Bozeman, has received a $7.4 million grant from the National Science Foundation to set up the Center for Interfacial Microbial Process Engineering. One of the Center's research projects is using microbes, once again, to break down contaminants in soil and water. In Butte, Montana Tech is now devoting about half its research time to mine-waste cleanup. Tech also recently won a grant from the U.S. Forest Service to assess ecological damage at abandoned mine sites on public land, potentially a huge business.

Last spring, Tech's associate dean for research, Sam Worcester, unpacked a new machine called an "inductively coupled plasma-mass spectrometer." It looks like a big photocopier (left), but it's used to detect metals in water down to unimaginably low concentrations. Why does Tech need it? "We're getting ready for more and more work related to Superfund," Worcester says, "and the quality of our data has to be very high in case it ends up in court."



Mark Reavis, Butte's historic preservation officer, stands in cage that lowered men down shaft to mine.

Superfund does what no other environmental law has dared try. It holds individual companies responsible retroactively for cleaning up their own mess, even if that mess was not illegal at the time it occurred. And if the offending party no longer exists, the company that bought its assets inherits the liability for cleaning up the site and maintaining it safely. Forever. "Superfund is *potentially* the most effective piece of environmental legislation ever, and the most loathed by industry," says Bill Chaloupka, political science professor at the University of Montana and a close observer of how Superfund works in the state. The EPA, which administers Superfund, has forced firms, by legal and other means, to spend more than $5 billion on cleanups since 1980, and it has spent that much again of its own money, which it now plans to recover from the responsible companies.

In the case of Butte, the main such party is Atlantic Richfield, or ARCO, the Los Angeles-based oil producer that bought Anaconda in 1977. Sandy Stash directs ARCO's Silver Bow Creek/Butte cleanup project. "We expect to be out of here in ten years, max," she says over a breakfast that's interrupted every few minutes by the cellular phone in her handbag. "If Butte's going to develop a new waste-tech industry, they'd better do it fast. We're on a path."

Economic development is not the main point of the Butte Superfund program. The primary goal is to make this tainted place safe to live in again. After a 1986 study by the Centers for Disease Control found elevated levels of arsenic in the hair, blood and urine of children living in the small community of Mill Creek, 20 miles downriver from Butte, the EPA had the town evacuated, the houses destroyed and the whole area fenced off in a style reminiscent of Times Beach, Missouri, and Love Canal in Niagara Falls, New York. The EPA won't do that again in the Butte area, says agency official John Wardell. "That's not a good way to deal with the issue," he maintains. "I think there's almost a social contract between the government and the folks who support it to allow people to live where they want to live in a clean and healthful environment."

From boomtown to national landmark

At the same time Butte is looking forward to a healthier future, it is also looking back at its colorful past. Uptown Butte—a six-square-mile area containing 4,000 structures—has been designated a National Historic Landmark district by the U.S. Department of the Interior, a largely honorary title that also requires federal projects within it to be scrutinized for potential damage to historic buildings. Butte's is a bigger historic district than any in Boston, New York City or Philadelphia—one of the biggest in the country, in fact, along with Lowell, Massachusetts.

Although prospectors had been finding small gold and silver deposits in southwestern Montana since the time of the Civil War, it took three disparate events in 1876 to turn Butte into "the richest hill on earth." On March 10, Alexander Graham Bell sent the first telephone transmission down a copper wire in Boston. Exactly two months later, the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia unveiled a fascinating new world of gadgets and gizmos powered by copper-conducted electricity. And then in June, a young miner named Billy Parks was digging in the morning shadow of the Continental Divide when he hit a four-foot-wide vein of pure copper 150 feet below the surface. Within two generations Parks' muddy camp near Butte Hill had blossomed into a full-blown metropolis whose density and extravagant architecture were reminiscent of lower Manhattan.

There's so much talk about the past in Butte that it's civic slogan could be, "Butte: You Shoulda Seen It." The National Park Service is considering including Uptown Butte in a proposed National Historical Park to illustrate the West's mining heritage. Toxic wastes and

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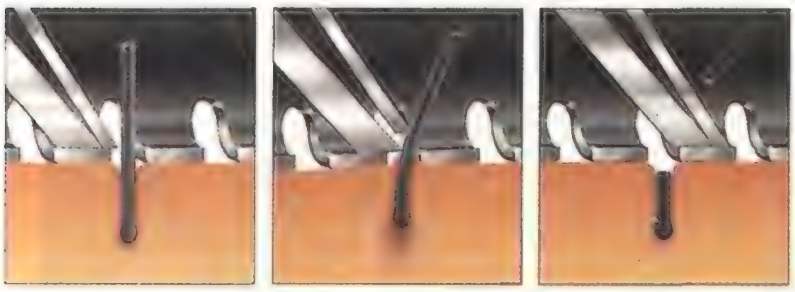

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Empty ore truck skirts terraced mountain of waste rock taken out of Berkeley Pit between 1955 and 1982. Area became part of Montana Resources' Continental Pit operation, the only active mine in Butte, in 1986.

ARCO cleanup specialist Sandy Stash confers with a contractor about plans to remove tailings (bleached soil in background). Copper, zinc, arsenic and lead from tailings have wiped out fish in creek behind them.

national parks don't usually go together, but earlier this year an extraordinary meeting took place in the basement of the Silver Bow County Courthouse in Butte. It brought together ARCO, environmental and historic preservation officials, local government officers and representatives of private companies. The topic of discussion, essentially, was how to do everything at once: clean up the toxins, restore the historic buildings, preserve what's left of the city's mining heritage and develop Butte as a national park. Robert Spude, the National Park Service's chief of historic preservation, is enthusiastic, as is Alan Stanfill of the federal Advisory Council on Historic Preservation. "We're starting out on a path nobody has walked before," says Stanfill. "If we're successful in this effort, we'll have achieved a dream."

Ultimately, Butte wants to run a train on the old rails that snake through the city, connecting the mines with the Anaconda smelter site. It wants to reopen one of the old mine shafts and take tour groups down the tunnel. It would be a Western mining equivalent of the Lowell, Massachusetts, National Historical Park, which was created in 1978 to preserve and illustrate the history of a prototypical Northeastern industrial town.

ARCO and the EPA say their main responsibility is to make Butte's environment safe—not pretty, not historically accurate, just safe. Given a free hand, they would remove as much of the tailings as possible and cap the rest with topsoil and wheatgrass, which helps hold the soil in place. But that's not good enough for Butte's history buffs, and it doesn't satisfy the legal obligations. "If we let them loose here, we'll end up with wheatfields all over the place," explains Mark Reavis, Butte's historic preservation officer. "It won't look like a mining city anymore. It'll look like Kansas."

Butte wants the toxins removed without altering the city's historic mining character. For every shovelful of historic, toxic dirt ARCO carries off, Reavis wants something in return, such as interpretive signs explaining what used to be there and money for restoration. There is room for compromise and, in fact, the parties concerned are well on the way to achieving one. A National Historical Park, for instance, would help maintain Butte's public areas, relieving ARCO of the perpetual responsibility of caring for them.

In the nearby town of Anaconda, where the biggest of the old smelters stood, a vast plain of toxic smelter waste needs to be capped—sealed from the elements and covered with topsoil. Caps are notoriously fragile and require constant maintenance. Anaconda worries about future contamination, and ARCO dreads looking after the place for the next millennium.

So they agreed on a novel idea: ARCO would cap the site and then build a golf course on top of the whole thing. Anaconda would get a golf course, and the revenue it generates would go toward maintaining the cap. The EPA is wary. It worries about health hazards if some duffer takes too deep a divot, but it generally likes the idea. "We'd be disappointed if something like that couldn't be worked out," says the EPA's John Wardell.

Butte's optimists are convinced that someday the city could become a huge tourist attraction. It stands at the junction of Interstates 15 and 90, through which pass millions of tourists every summer, making their way between Yellowstone and Glacier national parks. It already has a splendid mining museum, a tourists' trolley and a copper baron's opulent mansion restored as a bed-and-breakfast. Attempting to turn a city whose name is synonymous with ruin into a tourist destination is a big gamble, no doubt about it. But what could be more appropriate?

Butte has always been a refuge for dreamers and gamblers. Marcus Daly, an Irish immigrant, took a gamble when he bought the original Anaconda mine in 1880 for $30,000; two years later it proved to be the world's richest copper mine and the wellspring of Butte's fortune. Butte miners took a gamble when they organized the first strike in Montana in 1878; their union grew into what labor hero "Big Bill" Haywood called "the greatest single social force of the working class in the Western part of America." The Socialist Party and the Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies, took a gamble in 1911 and elected in Butte one of the country's first Socialist city governments. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company took a gamble in 1913 when it began operating the world's first electrified railroad that carried heavy freight.

It's impossible to predict whether Butte will ever become the Silicon Valley of the toxic-waste treatment industry, or a million-visitor-a-year national park. Certainly there is plenty working against both dreams. But Rick Foote, the crusty editor of the local *Montana Standard*, says that if nothing else, Butte has felt a lot different since all the dreaming began.

"There used to be nothing going on here, and I mean *nothing*," Foote says. "You could just feel this dead weight on the city. Now, at least people are talking about a future beyond mining. Every day, somebody's got a new plan. I admit, some of these proposals are pretty wacky. But at least there's optimism here—something to work toward."

Man's best friend relaxes outside a local landmark that dates back to 1890s. Café is open 24 hours a day.

Butte's past and future converge as youngster bikes toward old mines slated to become tourist attractions.

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By Doug Stewart

Hail to the jeep! Could we have won without it?

The flying jeep trick was a cinch, except when overly boisterous soldiers misjudged the trajectory.

Part packhorse, part Swiss Army Knife, the ubiquitous World War II vehicle, with its four-wheel drive, was up to almost anything

In the exigencies of wartime, the breakdown of an olive press in some out-of-the-way village behind the front lines can seem like a minor detail. But to the struggling farmers of a hill town in western Sicily in 1943, the failure of a local villa's water-powered olive press was a catastrophe. Mountains of olives had been harvested. Now the whole crop, its oil the town's lifeblood, was doomed to spoil.

As luck would have it, U.S. troops had just invaded the island and had a jeep they didn't need. Why don't we put it to work crushing olives? the soldiers suggested. But the press is on the villa's second floor, the villagers pointed out. Perfect, said the G.I.'s; jeeps are great at climbing stairs. When the staircase turned out to be too narrow even for jeep traffic, the ingenious Yanks hoisted the vehicle up the stairs on its side. In the days that followed, with its rear end up on blocks and a belt looped around a wheel, the jeep squeezed 44 tons of olive oil.

A year earlier, when the first standardized jeeps began rolling off assembly lines in Ohio and Michigan, it is unlikely that anyone imagined the Army's boxy new scout car would soon be coming to the aid of Italian cuisine. But from the beginning, the wartime jeep—also known as a peep, beep, beetle bug, blitz buggy, Leaping Lena and puddle jumper—proved itself an overachiever. One part packhorse, one part Swiss Army Knife, the jeep carried out with aplomb an improbable assortment of missions. It spearheaded raids and towed disabled tanks, rushed stretchers from the battlefield and hauled crates of ammunition across swinging bamboo bridges.

In the eyes of none other than Gen. George Marshall, the Army's square-cornered midget car was "this country's most important contribution to the war." The jeep, newspaperman Ernie Pyle concluded, "is a divine instrument of wartime locomotion." "Good Lord," he wrote in a dispatch from North Africa in 1943, "I don't think we could continue the war without the jeep. It does everything. It goes everywhere. It's as faithful as a dog, as strong as a mule, and as agile as a goat. It constantly carries twice what it was designed for and still keeps on going. It doesn't even ride so badly after you get used to it."

High praise indeed for a machine that was specked by committee and intended as a lightweight reconnaissance car, one that could haul a few supplies and maybe tow a gun. As late as 1940, with America beginning to mobilize for war, the Army was still struggling to mechanize its system of transport. "The humblest citizen rides proudly and swiftly to his work in his Model T or his shivering Chevrolet," wrote a disgusted Army colonel at the time. "The infantryman alone, sole contemporary of the sodden coolie or the plodding Hindu, carries the supplies and implements of his trade upon his stooping back or loads them upon two-wheeled carts drawn by himself or by a harassed and hesitating mule."

To be sure, trucks were useful in rear areas, but they bogged down easily and offered a tempting target to enemy gunners if they rumbled too near the front lines. Motorcycles were agile and low, but they made a

In 1941 Senator James Mead shows off the new jeep by driving a load of noncoms up the Capitol steps.

Jeeps could be delivered via landing craft, but most came disassembled in crates stacked in freighters.

racket and were too fragile for bushwhacking. Looking for a tougher, nimbler cross-country vehicle, the Army had considered and rejected a stripped-down Model T fitted with airplane tires, a variety of midget racing cars, and a low, motorized gun platform whose driver lay on his stomach and steered with his feet.

Finally, in the summer of 1940, with the war in Europe already raging, the Army drew up a list of specifications for a "low-silhouette scout car." Weighing no more than 1,300 pounds and standing barely three feet above the road with its windshield folded down, the hypothetical vehicle sounded more like a toy than an implement of war. The Army invited 135 manufacturers to use its specifications and design a car. Only two bothered. Throughout the 1930s, the American auto industry had been moving toward longer, heavier and more stylishly streamlined cars; the idea of building little slab-sided, open-air buggies seemed like an unappealing step backward.

American Bantam of Butler, Pennsylvania, best known for a line of minicars that got 45 miles to the gallon, was first to deliver a prototype. Virtually all the mechanical parts were standard off-the-shelf components, but the body was custom-made. Its fenders were hand-fitted; its hood was a reworked trunk lid from a junked car. Bantam designer Karl Probst babied the assemblage during its 230-mile shakedown drive to Camp Holabird in Maryland by keeping to 25 miles an hour the whole way.

The Army's field testers were not so tentative. In the ensuing weeks they sent the car racing through sand

Crossing a river near Volterra, Italy, after a flash flood, four jeeps are temporarily hors de combat.

traps and over log roads, careening through a lovingly tended 300-foot mud pit known as the Hell-Hole, and flying off the end of a four-foot-high loading platform, at up to 30 miles an hour. After some 3,400 miles of this abuse, old No. 1's frame began to crack, but the testers were impressed. The car's chief failing was that it was half again as heavy as the Army had specified, a problem that Bantam's sales manager had sidestepped earlier by slyly underreporting some 600 pounds when typing out his company's bid to build a vehicle. The matter was resolved at the testing grounds one day when a 6-foot-3 cavalry general stepped forward and

Before arrival of self-rescue winch kits, in 1944, stuck jeeps had to wait for help from other vehicles.

Ships of the desert in battle against Rommel's Afrika Korps, jeeps carry British Eighth Army commandos.

lifted the car's back end clear off the ground. Its weight ceased to be an issue.

What did remain an issue was Bantam's precarious financial health: it had recently closed down its assembly line, and only 15 employees remained. It was desperate for a big government contract. The Army, understandably, was nervous about entrusting the national security to Bantam's fragile capabilities. It had taken the unusual step of inviting representatives of Willys-Overland and the Ford Motor Company to watch the field trials, which they were doing with keen interest, sketchbooks in hand. To make sure they didn't miss anything, an officer handed out copies of Bantam's blueprints. Willys and Ford soon delivered their own prototypes, both remarkably similar to Bantam's. The Army liked them all enough to place large orders with each of the companies. Fleets of jeeps soon began arriving at Army camps around the country for further abuse. (The nickname "jeep" caught on quickly, though its derivation is obscure. Some attribute it to Ford's Model GP. Others cite a Popeye cartoon character named Eugene the Jeep who "was neither fowl nor beast, but knew all the answers and could do most anything." Most likely, it was a pejorative Army term for anything insignificant or not yet proven reliable, like a new recruit or a test vehicle.)

Spartan, cramped and unstintingly functional, the first jeeps were something entirely new in the automotive world. What other car had slots for an ax and a shovel on the driver's side? There were no doors. The windshield wipers had to be pushed back and forth by hand. The front fenders were metal slabs, the rear fenders nonexistent. The springs were stiff; rumor had it there were no springs at all. And the ride: one reporter said it was "something like falling downstairs." But it performed like nothing else on wheels.

The jeep's secret was four-wheel drive, unheard of in a vehicle barely 11 feet long. Each version of the jeep was so equipped, as the Army specified, but the 60-horsepower Willys "Go-Devil" engine was half again more powerful than called for. The result was the peppiest, fastest and hardest-climbing car of the three. To squeeze it under the new 2,160-pound weight

Jeeps were "all-terrain vehicles" before the term was invented, but sometimes even they got bogged down. G.I.'s, like those here in the rain-plagued Italian campaign of 1943, then struggled to extricate them from the muck.

limit, "we even spread the paint thin," Willys designer Delmar Roos later recalled. In mid-1941 the Army gave the nod to Willys. Ford later agreed to mass-produce its rival's version. Bantam had to content itself with an order for truck trailers and torpedo motors.

The prewar press was enthralled by these peppy little machines that climbed out of holes that would trap a tank, yet were small enough to hide behind a bush. In a May 1941 *American Magazine* article entitled "Flivvers from Hell," writer Gordon Gaskill breathlessly profiled the jeep for a curious public: "It can hurdle ditches, butt its way through underbrush, and run down inch-thick saplings as if they were hollyhocks. It can turn on a dime and leave 9 cents change. It can climb at an angle that would scare a mountain goat; if it can't climb the outside wall of a skyscraper, it could probably make it via the stairways."

Newsreels, too, gave the jeep a starring role. As orchestras played chirpy march music in the background, jeeps burst through log fences, clambered into and out of gullies, and crashed gamely through underbrush. At the outbreak of war, even *Scientific American* joined the excitement, calling the jeep a "clawing, climbing hellion" and anointing it as "the United States Army's answer to Schicklgruber's Panzer Divisions."

The suggestion that a jeep could somehow go toe to toe with one of Hitler's 20-ton tanks was absurd, of course, as Paul Fussell points out in his recent reflection on World War II, *Wartime*. Fed a steady diet of photographs of jeeps flying jauntily through the air, all four wheels aloft, the public, and perhaps the military, believed at first that Nazi brute force could be foiled "with speed, agility, and delicacy—almost wit," Fussell writes. But jeeps, though unprecedentedly capable, were still open, unarmored, vulnerable little cars. Their fundamental military value wasn't that they were "vicious jalopies" or "almost impossible targets," as the popular magazines boasted. It was that they were plentiful and cheap, and thus expendable. A jeep cost $900; a tank, $35,000. "It's like David and Goliath," said an Army jeep driver at the war's outset, musing about fleets of gun-towing jeeps swarming around a confused German tank, "only there are ten Davids for every Goliath."

One of the first chances the jeep had to prove itself in wartime came during Gen. Joseph Stilwell's legendary march out of Burma in 1942. Stilwell had been the unofficial commander of several Chinese divisions assisting the British defense of Burma after Japanese troops unexpectedly swept in from Thailand. Amid the chaos that followed, the bowlegged and irascible "Vinegar Joe" bullied a motley column of Allied soldiers and civilians into following his brisk pace through hundreds of miles of uncharted jungle until they reached India and safety. Only part of the retreat, in fact, was on foot. For much of the journey the party drove, and the vehicles under Stilwell's command included several early jeeps.

"All of us soon began to develop a profound affec-

Topics covered by Doug Stewart in these pages run from pelycosaur tracks (July) and movie production designers (May) to virtual reality (January 1991).

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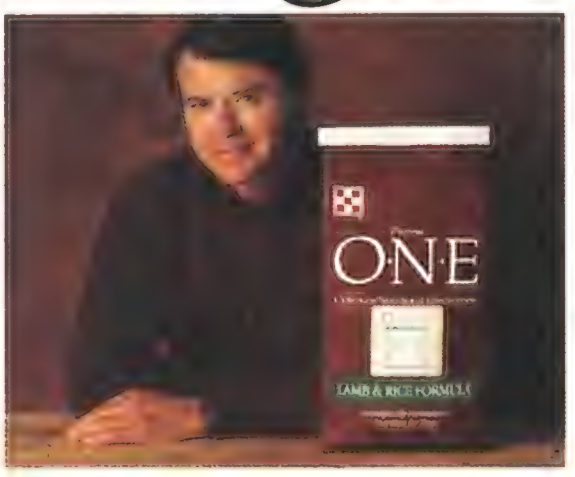

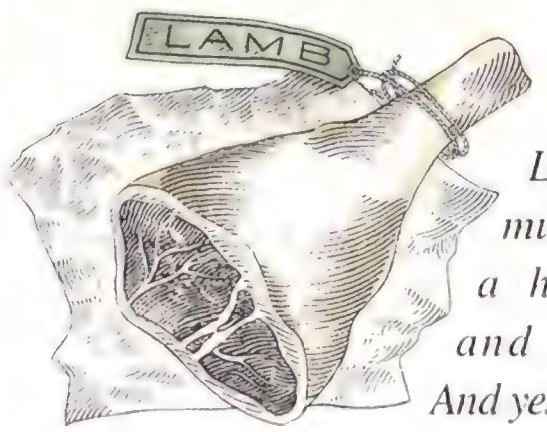

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With a belt around its left front tire, a jeep powers a buzz saw used to cut wood for a field hospital.

On modified wheels, a jeep rides the rails in France after D-Day, to maintain phone lines for Signal Corps.

Near Nijmegen, Holland, soldiers of the 82d Airborne armored their jeep, "Little Ironsides," to the teeth.

tion for these jeeps," wrote civilian Jack Belden in his 1943 memoir, *Retreat With Stilwell.* "Ugly, ineffectual-looking green boxes on wheels, they proved themselves the salvation of our column, ferreting out pathways through the woods, pulling sedans out of ruts, hauling trucks through streams and up slopes too steep for them to negotiate under their own power, and rushing back along the track, bringing aid and succor to other stricken cars." At one point, the company encountered a series of steep earthen ridges several feet high, a sure jeep-stopper. After some experimentation, the drivers began looping back like fullbacks, to gather speed before attacking the ridges at an angle. This sent their fully loaded jeeps airborne over the tops. "The spectacle of the jeeps roaring in circles and bucking high off the ground, throwing out boxes, and once a driver, looked like a wild West rodeo," Belden wrote.

Later, two wire-service reporters fleeing Burma in a jeep took a different route to India and managed to drive all the way. "Your geography is mixed," suggested the British officer who greeted the pair in Imphal. "There isn't a single road across these jungles and hills." "Not so loud," one of the reporters replied. "Our jeep hasn't found out about roads yet, and we don't want to spoil it."

Where mules balked, a jeep would always try

The roads in Russia weren't much better in early 1942 when the Red Army welcomed its first shipments of lend-lease jeeps. Riding in a car at the Eastern Front one day, *Chicago Daily News* correspondent Leland Stowe was "backing, snorting, and crawling along a particularly abominable, mud-infested stretch of creation" when an American jeep came bounding down the road ahead at high speed. The four Russian soldiers aboard it, Stowe reported, "looked contented with life." As he watched, the jeep "plunged down a two-foot embankment, hurdled several pine logs, and dashed nonchalantly on its way."

Jeeps managed to reach places even mules couldn't get to. A veteran mule driver observed, "Lots of times a mule will balk if he doesn't think his leader is using good judgment, but a jeep will always try." Soon American military maps began designating rough trails as "jeep roads." In Libya, a document found on a German prisoner revealed that enemy reconnaissance teams had been ordered to switch to jeeps whenever the opportunity presented itself; German trucks, the memo explained, "stick in the sand too often."

That jeeps had superior traction was not startling news to the Army. They were designed, after all, to help supplies from the rear catch up to rapidly moving troops at the front. Where the jeep excelled unexpectedly was in the multitude of other chores that warfare

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Wanting never to be seen "retreating" by his troops, General Patton rode his jeep to front, but flew back.

Liberian president Edwin Barclay liked meeting FDR but seemed more interested in checking out the jeep.

In the Korean War, the Army adapted a civilian jeep for military use, including a tour by Marilyn Monroe.

throws a soldier's way. Mounted with a machine gun, it became not just a means of transport but a combat vehicle. In Egypt in 1942, commandos from the British Eighth Army swept across the western desert in a wide arc behind the German lines. Traveling by night, hiding by day, the raiders rode in sand-colored jeeps drastically modified for long-distance desert travel: everything nonessential had been stripped away to make room for extra gas cans, armor plating and heavy machine guns with incendiary shells. Late one night, a few miles behind the German lines, the British watched as a convoy of German trucks lumbered into view. The trucks were laden with fuel for the gas-hungry Mark IV tanks at the front. The commandos pounced on the convoy in a 60-mile-an-hour flying wedge. Within five minutes they were racing homeward, the sky behind them ablaze with flaming gasoline. The British later counted the loss of German fuel as a key factor in Rommel's defeat at the pivotal Battle of El Alamein, shortly afterward.

"That's easy—Americans, they come in jeeps!"

"Where the jeep went, victory seemed inevitably to follow," wrote an impassioned A. Wade Wells in his 1946 paean, *Hail to the Jeep.* "From every corner of the globe, from every fighting ally-in-arms, the cry went up: 'Send us more Jeeps!' " Willys and Ford were only too happy to oblige, turning out more than 600,000 of them by 1945. (By contrast, in early 1940 the Army had owned a grand total of 12,000 motor vehicles of all kinds.) The new jeeps were immediately broken down and squeezed into wooden crates somewhat larger than upright pianos, then stacked in freighters bound for Liverpool and Casablanca, Rangoon and New Guinea. Overseas, astonished natives came to believe all G.I.'s had been issued jeeps with their dog tags. In Tunisia one night, the story goes, a Free French sentry guarding a command post heard a group of soldiers approaching on foot. Challenged to identify themselves, the soldiers called out that they were Americans. Depending on whose account you believe, the sentry either arrested or machine-gunned the group on the spot. The intruders turned out to be Germans disguised in American uniforms. Asked how he knew, the sentry said, "That's easy—Americans, they come in jeeps!"

The olive-drab buggies were indeed far-flung. They plowed snow and delivered mail to foxholes at the front. Their engines powered searchlights, and their wheels agitated washtubs. Their hoods served as altars or card tables, depending on the occasion. They were dropped by parachute and delivered by glider. With a special waterproofing kit, which included snorkels for both air intake and exhaust, and asbestos-laced goo to

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The Good Neighbor Award was developed in cooperation with the National Science Teachers Association (NSTA).

Back home again in 1945, a prototype "civilian" jeep handily pulls a reaper and binder for an Ohio farmer.

Fancier peacetime model, unveiled for postwar market, was called the Jeepster and sold for $1,885 in 1948.

coat the engine, jeeps crawled through water up to their hoods. And the Army ordered new special-purpose designs, notably a fully amphibious jeep (the seep) and a lightweight jeep just for air drops (the fleep). A jeep fitted with railroad wheels in the Philippines once pulled a 52-ton supply train for 19 miles, averaging 22 miles an hour. In the spring of 1944, while waiting to land in Normandy on D-Day, jeeps helped plow fields in southern England.

The jeep became the four-wheeled personification of Yankee ingenuity and cocky, can-do determination. No longer merely the humblest of the U.S. Army's many trucks, it blossomed into a status symbol prized by Chinese generals and Middle Eastern diplomats. When President Franklin D. Roosevelt reviewed American troops in Casablanca and Tehran, he sat not in a limousine or a touring car but in a jeep—and looked all the more Presidential for it. In 1945, Liberia even chose a picture of FDR in a jeep for a set of commemorative stamps. Generals took to using jeeps as their command cars, often doing the driving themselves—unheard of with earlier vehicles. The Third Army's Gen. George Patton, always a believer in high visibility, had his personal peep outfitted with a cushioned red-leather passenger seat and a pair of oversize air horns on the hood. On February 13, 1945, Patton made his triumphant crossing onto German soil under fire while riding in a jeep. Because the unfenced pontoon bridge over the Moselle was largely submerged, and an Allied smokescreen was adding to the confusion—and because jeeps, after all, were designed for low visibility—a rumor soon spread that "Old Blood and Guts" *swam* into Germany "in full regalia to rush dripping into the fierce battle raging on the further shore," as Charles Codman, his aide-de-camp and sometime driver, later recalled with amusement.

While the war was being waged, publicity about the jeep was unwaveringly positive. But all the boasts about the little war wagon's unstoppability and acrobatic talents created trouble when those driving it took the propaganda to heart. The jeep wasn't infallible. It wasn't even particularly safe to ride in. Attempts to perform the flying jeep trick led to many a wreck, and optimism about the vehicle's off-road abilities led to many more, often fueled by alcohol. Journalist-turned-infantryman Ralph Ingersoll wrote of a flood-bogged advance in Tunisia in 1943: "When the peeps, whose drivers don't believe any terrain can stop them, tried to ford the streams, as often as not they would be washed downstream, turned over, rolled and wrecked." In the estimation of cartoonist and enlisted man Bill Mauldin, "Jeeps killed about as many people as any other weapon in World War II." Mauldin treasured his own jeep, and he once termed the vehicle the closest thing to a Rolls-Royce that America had ever produced, but cautioned that it "had to be driven with respect." And even then, a jeep's ride could be painful. "I survived a tour of 150 miles in a jeep," Ernie Pyle disclosed in a 1943 column; after that distance, "it takes 24 hours to stop vibrating." Pyle reported that otherwise uninjured soldiers had been hospitalized after too much jeep riding. Gen. Omar Bradley, a veteran jeep rider, downplayed the problem by insisting that riding jeeps was good for one's liver.

While everyone from comedian Bob Hope to writer Joseph Heller joked about its rough ride, the jeep

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unquestionably earned a special place in the fighting man's heart. Admittedly, so might have any alternative to marching through mud with a rifle and a 50-pound pack, but a fierce emotional bond often developed between soldiers and their jeeps. As an Army sergeant explained in 1944, "It's something deeper and more lasting than the soldier's feeling for the picture of a pretty pinup girl. When he goes up to fight, the picture stays behind, but the jeep goes right along with him." One jeep, its windshield shattered after surviving two bloody landings in the Pacific, was officially awarded a Purple Heart and shipped home. And to the G.I., deprived of so many of the other liberties of stateside life, the jeep offered a chance to enjoy that most fundamental of American rights, especially among young males: the right to have a car.

The possessiveness that soldiers felt toward their jeeps was reflected in the efforts they made to give these utterly look-alike vehicles a distinctive personality. G.I.'s carefully painted their girlfriends' names on the hood. Some added ornamental grilles to the front or welded extra seats to the rear. Members of the 644th Ordnance Depot in Europe enclosed a jeep with a dome made of salvaged Plexiglas. The jeep-G.I. bond sometimes defied rationality. A pair of newspapermen in North Africa once came across a corporal who was sitting dazed and teary-eyed in a wrecked jeep. The battle-weary veteran had just crawled back from a foxhole to find his jeep destroyed by shellfire. One of the reporters tried to cheer him up by predicting he'd soon be issued an identical replacement. The corporal was inconsolable. "You don't understand. You see, I loved *this* one."

By war's end, the jeep was legendary. "The jeep, the Dakota [airplane] and the landing craft were the three tools that won the war," said Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, with a politic nod to each of the three services. Willys-Overland had to fight in court to get a trademark, transforming "jeeps" into "Jeeps," and it hoped to parlay their worldwide reputation into lucrative postwar sales. (Ford made its last jeep in 1945.) From the beginning, Willys had been priming the public's appetite with advertisements extolling this bloodstained war-horse before which the Axis cowered. One ad depicted the population of a liberated French town in 1944 welcoming "a modern deliverer who came, not on a prancing white horse, but in steeds of steel called 'Jeeps.'" As early as 1941, the company had commissioned a series of paintings showing peacetime jeeps of the future serving as farm tractors, fire engines, log skidders and ambulances.

But Willys underestimated the difference between the strictures of wartime and the tranquil comforts of peace. A grubby infantryman might be willing to drain greenish water from a jeep's radiator in order to have a hot shave, and a desperate medic might aspirate a bleeding soldier using a rubber hose ripped from the engine, but back home, people had other options available. The thousand-and-one errands, large and small, that a jeep could perform suddenly seemed less useful. Though Willys marketed Jeep station wagons and even a short-lived sports car, the Jeepster, the postwar car-buying public preferred bigger, more stylishly molded cars. Only with the boom in sport-utility vehicles in the early 1970s did sales of the jeep's far cushier descendants (from American Motors and now Chrysler) and their competitors begin to surge.

Today, G.I.'s ride in Humvees, which are bigger and faster and much more expensive than jeeps. But the legacy of the World War II jeep remains indelible. Vintage jeep restoration is now a cottage industry, and one collector has offered $50,000 to anyone who can find a jeep still packed in its original crate. Egyptians have reportedly dug wartime jeeps out of the desert sands and, after fixing them up, driven them away.

In one of the more unlikely tributes to the jeep's multitudinous achievements, New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1951 saluted it as one of the world's eight automotive masterpieces. The other seven included a Bentley, a Mercedes and a Cord. Although the jeep looks "like a tray, or perhaps a sturdy sardine can on wheels," and though "those who have used the jeep will recall certain limitations of comfort," the exhibition catalog concluded that the jeep had "the combined appeal of an intelligent dog and a perfect gadget." And more personality, most people would agree, than the other seven cars combined.

After liberating Paris in 1944, Allies parade along the Champs Elysées, with jeeps rolling four abreast.

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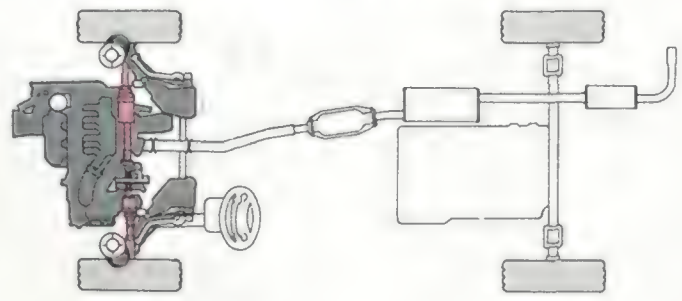

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To the delight of the child at rear, Gayleen Aiken leads a parade of her imaginary cousins.

By Joe Sherman

An arts program in Vermont that draws people out

It's called Grass Roots Art and Community Effort—'Grace' for short—and it proves that no one has a monopoly on creativity

Photographs by Gail Mooney

The fun-loving Raimbillis get to do all of the things she wasn't allowed to do while growing up.

On an Indian summer day just a year ago, a dozen or so senior citizens gathered in a well-lighted room in a converted post office in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, to paint. One of them, Will Nutter, had just gotten some watercolors and a sketchbook for his 90th birthday. "Will's taken off," said the workshop facilitator, Don Sunseri, admiring Nutter's yellow-winged butterfly. At the adjoining table, Mary Gershuny, 81, continued to explore spiritual themes. "He wanted me to express myself," she said, glancing skeptically at Sunseri. Swiveling, Gershuny gazed up at one of her watercolors pinned on the wall. In it a giant vagabond sang joyfully toward the sky from the stern of his ship. Words like "considerable," "evil," "heart" and "alone" were stitched on the billowed sails. "LOVE IT" spanned the hull.

At the conclusion of the workshop, Sunseri and his assistant, Michael Gray, drove to the St. Johnsbury Convalescent Center on the outskirts of town. They climbed out of Sunseri's old Subaru with its hem of rust. Dressed alike—Birkenstocks, shirttails out—Sunseri, who is short and gnomish, and Gray, who is gangly and birdlike, looked like the odd couple. Yet the local people who know them both call them "kindred spirits."

"Yeah, this is where it all started," Sunseri explained to a curious visitor. To the question of how many Grass Roots Art and Community Effort (Grace) workshops he had led, Sunseri frowned and glanced over at Gray.

"Four a week?" he said slowly. "Forty-four weeks times 16 years?"

Gray thought the figures were about right. They totaled approximately 2,800 Grace workshops.

"You should not know what you're doing"

Grace is an art workshop program Sunseri founded in 1975 after he had fled the New York art scene where, he recalled, "I felt like an alien; art had become just another commodity."

In his mid-30s, separated from his wife and broke, Sunseri had moved to Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. It was a tundralike region better known for hardscrabble farms and poverty than for art galleries. He found a job washing dishes in the St. Johnsbury Convalescent Center. Soon he realized that "a well of untapped creativity might be lurking in the halls and common rooms around me." He talked the administrators into letting him swap his apron for a box of paints and began Grace's first workshops during the residents' activity period. Sunseri's program promptly tapped into the dormant creative juices of the old, the infirm and the disabled.

Grace's credo was simple: "Training is nice, but not necessary." And Sunseri's method was simpler yet: "At Grace our message is that you should not know what you're doing." Even naysayers who had trouble believing such a program could work soon understood a fundamental truth: with art, there was nothing residents could do wrong. In fact, many residents painted and drew with spontaneity, focus and uncanny skill. As Dave Yacovone, administrator of the nearby Greensboro Nursing Home, put it, "This is a cut above cards and bingo."

For the 2,800th or so Grace workshop, Sunseri joined Gray (a farmer-teacher, Gray had first volunteered for Grace, then become Sunseri's assistant two

At Greensboro Nursing Home, Don Sunseri, program's founder, discusses painting with Lillian Thompson.

years ago) in the large, sunny activities room at the St. Johnsbury facility. The men handed out works-in-progress, clean paper, Craypas, watercolor sets, crayons, markers. They urged the half-dozen residents who were already there to start working. Others rolled in, guided by nurses.

Bent over a large work-in-progress, Marion Nelson, 86, meticulously filled in a large geometric sampler of pie shapes, squares and triangles with blue, red, green and pink markers. A former housekeeper who liked to make quilts, Nelson's artwork includes what she laughingly describes as a "fancy turtle," one with a quiltlike shell, as well as landscapes with polka-dot fields, swaths of green and furrowed browns, and purple and black hills.

A few feet away, canted to his right, Harrie Griggs, 82, wielded a colored pencil. "Believe it or not, this part is a mountain," he said, touching a tip to black hillsides, a belt of orange across them. Disabled since the invasion of Germany in World War II ("A mortar shell got me; I left part of my brain there"), Griggs said the landscape reminded him of the scene out back of his house in North Troy, Vermont, where he'd lived before becoming a soldier.

Pondering whether she could give a penguin a pink, rather than a traditional white, breast, 93-year-old Ida Hughes pinched a pink crayon and grimaced. Charles Robinson, 73, a former Methodist minister, refined one of his minimalist watercolors with its Rothko-like bands. Michael Patoine, a 41-year-old paraplegic who sometimes likes to lift his brush high and let it ride in gleeful momentum across a blank sheet of paper, today concentrated on a Halloween theme: orange.

It was a peculiar art scene, no doubt about it. Fourteen old and/or disabled people making art. A couple more, including Louise Bessette, 88, who usually likes to "doodle around" but today had a slight case of artist's block, were staring out the window at the light and shadows. A woman in her 20s, visiting her grandmother, 91, sat by her at a table, both of them deep in concentration, drawing away.

Ritchie Delisle, an old hand at Grace, rolled in late. He didn't mess around. Gray put his work-in-progress on a table and flipped open Delisle's markers, which were labeled with his name. Delisle, 87, swirled blue sky above green trees webbed with red flowers along a road. Two houses, their windows flattened two-dimensionally, had been sketched but awaited color.

Like Griggs, Delisle was a veteran. He had served with Gen. George Patton's troops when they liberated the Dachau death camp toward the end of the war. That heinous place, like Griggs' backyard, was seared into memory. Several years ago, at his first Grace workshops, Delisle had drawn haunting scenes of emaciated prisoners and guns. "The leftovers of violence," the center's admissions coordinator, Mary Ann Gessner,

Joe Sherman's book on the Saturn car project is coming out next spring. He last wrote for SMITHSONIAN *about log cabins in March.*

Grace staff member Michael Gray served as model for a clay-and-acrylic-paint sculpture by Ellen Grizzle.

A visitor studies works by Grace artists at the annual Bread and Puppet Circus exhibit in Glover.

called them. But then a day-care facility opened at the nursing home. For a month, Delisle had sat to one side, watching children play. He spent the next four workshops focused on a crossover painting populated with kids and toys.

Horrific, nostalgic or anywhere between, the Grace artworks always surprise the public, Mary Ann Gessner said. Particularly the middle-aged children of the residents creating it. For instance, Gessner recalled the time Ida Lyster's daughter came in, feeling stressed-out about her mother's condition.

"Have you seen your mother's paintings?" Gessner said she had asked her.

"My mother doesn't paint."

Gessner showed her Lyster's Grace file. "She was awed." The daughter framed several pictures and gave them to Lyster's grandchildren so they would each have something she had made.

To see more Grace art, one day I went with Sunseri to the Greensboro Nursing Home where "10 Years of GRACE," a retrospective drawn from more than 3,000 works produced during the program's first decade, brightened the hallways. The town of Greensboro (pop. 717) was the final stop for the show, parts of which had toured to sites in the United States and Europe. This was not the first time Grace art had been exhibited outside Vermont. An earlier show, "Images of Experience," which included works by Grace artists, drew raves. "A sense-cleaning experience," art critic Roberta Smith had called it in New York's *Village Voice*. "The artists begin with the kind of open-mindedness and spirit of fresh inquiry that Pablo Picasso had to struggle for," added Ellen Schwartz, then the director of exhibitions at the Pratt Institute.

Stopping now before a self-portrait by Margaret Fife, now deceased, Sunseri said, "She said she got old enough so she wasn't afraid to make a fool out of herself." Staring at an abstract by Theda Baker, a retired English teacher, Sunseri murmured, "She did a series called 'Bad Dreams.' Then she died."

Around the corner, by a doorway to a room in which two residents were napping, hung several quirkily beautiful assemblages by Roland Rochette. A jack-of-all-trades, Rochette had taken up art in his 80s. "When I met Roland, he was selling worms and collecting Social Security," Sunseri recalled fondly. "When he died at 99, I was selling his paintings for a thousand dollars." Rochette made memory paintings of his past—a logging camp, a maple-sugaring scene, his farmyard—with tiles, wood chips, stones, even brightly colored aquarium gravel.

Sunseri's favorite, though, was Curtis Tatro, a Vermont farmer, also in his 90s. "He went into a trance. He would draw for two or three hours. His work went back thousands of years." Probably for the hundredth time, Sunseri gazed raptly at one of Tatro's bison. It would have been at home in the caves of Lascaux, France, where hunters had painted deer, aurochs and bison by torchlight during the twilight of the Ice Age.

When I asked Sunseri how many Grace artists did

Putting magic on the walls

good work, he replied matter-of-factly, "Dozens. For them art is a kind of praying. There's a need; there's a wanting. They make this magic and put it on the wall."

The Grace artist who has put the most magic on walls has been Gayleen Aiken. A Vermont gallery owner introduced Sunseri to Aiken in 1980. She lived with her mother in an apartment in Barre, home of the Rock of Ages granite quarries. It took Sunseri five years to gain Aiken's trust, he said, but gradually he had brought the isolated painter, who has a severe personality disorder, under Grace's wing.

During that time Catamount Film and Arts, a regional arts organization in St. Johnsbury, started administering Grace and providing much-needed support. Since its inception, Grace has been a perilous economic venture. Originally funded by CETA (Comprehensive Education and Training Act), workshops had been confined to St. Johnsbury and nearby Lyndonville. To make ends meet, Sunseri supplemented workshop fees with commissions on Grace sales to collectors and through local galleries. Prices were low, usually between $25 and $50. Then when the CETA money dried up, he broadened Grace into more convalescent homes as well as into community town halls, where senior citizens began attending. But the administrative load became too much. Although Grace is now an independent nonprofit organization, the 12 years of association with Catamount Arts saved Sunseri's sanity and resulted in a double-barreled win for the irrepressible Aiken.

In 1987 her one-woman show of about 30 paintings opened in the Gallery at Lincoln Center in New York City. Well-known collector Herbert Waide Hemphill jr. bought several. *Gayleen*, a documentary by then Catamount Arts director and filmmaker Jay Craven, who had become fascinated with Aiken, had been released a couple years earlier. *Gayleen* focused on the artist and her interactions with the Raimbilli cousins, a fantasy family of 24 she had created in painted and clothed life-size cardboard figures to populate her loneliness with their music, antics and joy.

The afternoon Sunseri, myself and my 9-year-old son, Andrew, visit Aiken, the painted sign on the door of her apartment reads: "ART Music Camp."

A little tenuously Aiken lets us in. Sunseri advised me to bring Andrew because Aiken, 57 and single (her mother died, and Social Security, along with a good social worker, looks after her), is uncomfortable around strangers. Yet she loves kids.

"It's very sacred here," says the artist, a pixieish woman with white hair and red fingernails.

And very crowded. In the small kitchen a path circles a table laden with small plastic musical instruments, including guitars, a flute, a xylophone, drums and harmonicas. At 30, I stop counting her paintings on the walls. Eyeing us as we shift in single file around the table are the Raimbillis, all of them crammed together as though posing for a family portrait. A large, octagonal, Art Nouveau clock juts out of a box. In *Cousin's Old-Time Parlor*, one of Aiken's paintings on the wall, a glowing version of the clock casts a haunting light from a porch window. On the lawn and steps some of the Raimbillis play versions of the instruments on the table. Others laugh, dance, sing into the night sky.

"Come in and meet the family"

Though she doesn't feel well today, Aiken's energy and sense of hospitality can't be constrained. Ignoring Sunseri's repeated suggestions that we go for a ride, she blows on several instruments for Andrew's pleasure. She encourages him to beat a drum. She leads us carefully to the Raimbillis and, changing her voice for each, begins to introduce them.

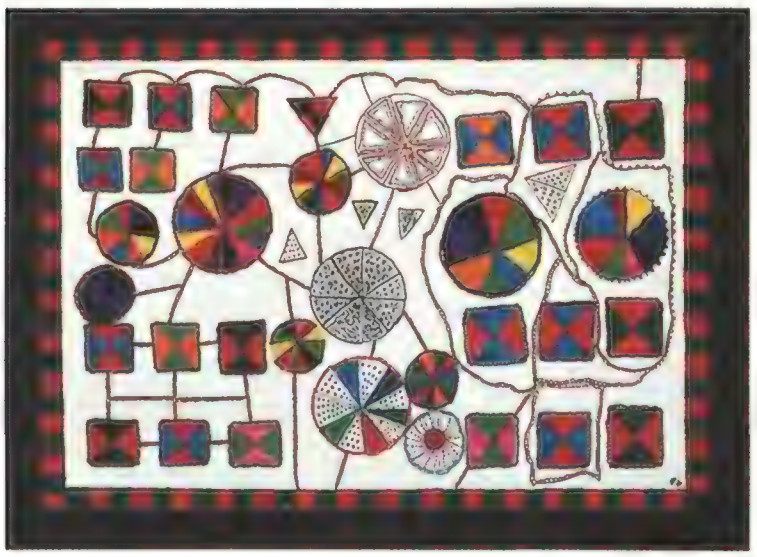
"He's an old-time talker," she says about Dad Raimbilli in a deep basso. "Ha ha."

"Here's Cousin Gawleen." Gawleen is Gayleen Aiken's alter ego. She appears often in the artist's work. A rather mischievous girl, Gawleen gets to do fantastic things, like play a grand piano in front of grandmother's big house in the moonlight, and fun things, like go sledding on hills by the granite quarries, that Gayleen, overprotected by her parents and taken out of school, could never do.

"This is my telling book," Aiken declares, unfolding a painted comic book, one of many she has made for all occasions. Out tumble tiny instruments attached to a long piece of string (her "lifeline"), including a ukulele and bells. She jingles the bells. She purses her lips to a harmonica and plays a brief tune, glancing excitedly at Andrew through her glasses. "Why is it a telling book?"

Dot Kibbee's autobiographical painting even includes her nursing cap.

Garden scene is by Ritchie Delisle.



A former quilter, Marion Nelson draws geometric works with markers.

The activities of Raimbilli cousins are a major theme of Gayleen Aiken's.

Roland Rochette's collages evoke past way of life.

Phyllis Putvain's haunting work is *Arctic Wolf*.

Volunteering at a Grace workshop, Dot Kibbee gives Martha Coe a painted rock as a sign of friendship.

Della Gillman concentrates on her acrylic painting in workshop at adult day-care center in St. Johnsbury.

Andrew asks. "Because it tells about what I miss."

Gayleen Aiken, living alone in her little apartment, makes the "missings" of her childhood the obsession of her art. Like most Grace artists, she developed free of art history and art education. Like the Rev. Howard Finster, the religious outsider from Georgia who switched from preaching to painting at age 60 after God told him art would reach more people than Sunday sermons, Aiken writes on her art too. Her theme is not salvation, however; it's nostalgia for an idyllic past. "Gayleen Aiken, Artist, Music Writer of Mostly Comic Books," she signs her pictures, typically followed by a little text with a list of her wantings: fancy chandeliers, old pretty wallpaper, old porches, country hills, the granite sheds of her childhood. "I miss those saws," she says now, almost dreamily, looking at a tiny drawing of a granite-cutting shed in the telling book. "They roared so loud. We used to go down there after dark."

"I don't want her to be taken advantage of," Sunseri says afterward. As Aiken's friend, mentor and reluctant agent, he has his work cut out for him. Recently a collector mailed her a check for a hundred dollars and a note: "Send me something."

Gayleen Aiken can probably expect more such notes. So-called outsider art is hot. Making art in old-age homes, in prisons, in rural backwaters, the self-taught have become the darlings of therapists and the sought-after properties of the commercial art scene. New books, magazine articles and art openings have been fanning the bright sparks of a contemporary art phenomenon: the outsider artist getting "in." Finster, the self-proclaimed "Last Red Light" before the Apocalypse, has become an art superstar. Mexican laborer Martin Ramirez, diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, created much of his oeuvre in the 1950s on paper bags glued together with a paste made from mashed potatoes and water. He has attained equal status, albeit posthumously. Grace's Gayleen Aiken and Larry Bissonnette, a developmentally disabled painter in his mid-30s whom Sunseri worked with for several years, are not in that galaxy. Not yet. But Pat Parsons, owner of the Webb & Parsons North Gallery in Burlington, Vermont, regards them as "major minors."

Both Vermont artists appear in the recently published *Museum of American Folk Art Encyclopedia of Twentieth-Century American Folk Art and Artists*, a mouthful of a book by Chuck and Jan Rosenak. Crammed with works by 257 artists, along with brief, often fascinating biographies, the book is a companion to "The Cutting Edge: Contemporary American Folk Art," a show touring museums around the country until next January. Even Sotheby's now auctions outsider art.

The growing interest in outsider art has generated some angst in the therapy art world. With a mother lode possibly lurking in hospitals and nursing homes, programs like Grace, Hospital Audiences Inc., which has been operating in New York since the late '70s, and Creative Growth Art Center in Oakland, California, where buses bring the disabled to a central studio to work under the supervision of artists, can find themselves being accused of panning for gold regardless of how well intended they are.

Until recently in America, outsiders and their art didn't capture much attention. The reasons were many. Outsiders tended to be rural people in an urban

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– Sandy Milne, our Resident Sage.

Sandy Milne holding forth on the pistols.

The men, a brutish lot, were clearly intent on dirty doings.

The scene was the desolate inn at Cock Bridge, in the Highlands. George Smith, maker of The Glenlivet single malt Scotch, was on his way home from a sale of his much prized whisky, his money belt stuffed with gold sovereigns.

Also at George's belt, fortunately, were a pair of hair-trigger pistols, given him by the laird of Aberlour. Before the men could jump him, he cocked one of the pistols and fired into the peat fire. A cloud of white ash filled the room. By the time it had cleared, George was on his horse and well away.

"If that pistol had misfired," says our Sandy Milne, "there might not be such a thing today as The Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate."

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

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Bernice Johnston, who learned to paint in a Grace workshop, holds up painting; she died early this year.

Michael Patoine, a convalescent-center resident since a 1973 car accident, paints in broad, sweeping strokes.

age. Few if any had attended the colleges or universities where modern art flourished and young artists were educated. Most tended to be late bloomers. Some claimed that they'd talked to God—or He to them. Whichever, it was a conversation guaranteed to hinder public acceptance. Still others were locked in hospitals or prisons, probing psychic depths normal people preferred to enter only in nightmares. Their artwork, whether religious, nostalgic, surreal, visionary, weird or ordinary, got lumped under the umbrella category of folk art. And folk art was "low" art, as opposed to the "high" art found in museums and galleries.

Not everyone agreed with that assessment, of course. Ahead of his time in more than his painting, Paul Gauguin, writing in a notebook for his daughter from Tahiti in 1892, said, "You will always find vital sap coursing through the primitive arts. In the arts of an elaborate civilization, I doubt it!" Likewise, scattered collectors bought works, drawn by their innocence, naiveté and otherworldliness.

In 1938, writing a preface to *Masters of Popular Painting*, Alfred H. Barr jr., then director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, claimed that popular, or folk, art was a major art movement. It was a movement, pointed out one of the book's authors, Holger Cahill, that had "an ancient and honorable lineage . . . very close to the sources of American expression."

Most critics and intellectuals whose business it had become to define what art was in America rejected this commonsense observation. As for the general public, they went along with the intellectuals. The "hum of authorized satisfaction," as English writer Roger Cardinal called it in his 1972 book *Outsider Art*, referring to a protracted cultural conditioning that drowned out the artistic voices of outsiders. Too hard to pigeonhole, too lacking in identifiable paths of growth, they got shuttled aside from so-called mainstream art.

Then, in the mid-'70s, Hemphill's collection began drawing attention, and New York gallery owner Phyllis Kind started showing outsiders, in particular Martin Ramirez. "I just about fell over when I saw Ramirez's work," remembers Elsa Longhauser, presently the director of the art gallery at Moore College of Art and Design in Philadelphia.

In 1981, a landmark exhibition organized by the Milwaukee Museum of Art, "American Folk Art/The Herbert Waide Hemphill, Jr., Collection," began a six-museum tour. (In 1986, the Smithsonian's National Museum of American Art acquired 427 pieces of Hemphill's collection; SMITHSONIAN, October 1990.) Also in 1981 Longhauser curated "Transmitters: The Isolate Artist in America." A selection of 98 works by 21 self-taught artists, "Transmitters" opened at the Philadelphia College of Art. It included Ramirez's astonishing vision of a sleek train entering a tunnel (pp. 86-87), Joseph Yoakum's magical landscapes, and portraits by Inez Nathaniel-Walker, who had begun to draw while in a correctional center in New York.

During the '80s, fascination with outsiders slowly gathered a head of steam. Today, "younger artists aspire for the same level of honesty," observes Connie Butler, a former curator at Artists Space, an alternative gallery in New York. Butler organized an outsiders' show, "Arts' Mouth," in the spring of 1991. Young artists "seem struck by the integrity—it's so direct," she

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says. For much of that decade, she adds, "you could work very little and make a lot." But not now. Galleries have closed and many stars of the '80s have faded, leaving newcomers seeking inspiration elsewhere.

There is a price, of course, for the inspiration now engendered by outsiders and their art. Although the art is clear and fresh, working out a fair relationship with the artists can be anything but. Ethical questions abound. Financial transactions can get sticky. For instance, who should deal with and/or represent the artists—facilitators, gallery owners, therapists? Who assures they won't be exploited? How should works that may have sold originally for $25 get priced? Who monitors an outsider's growth? Is there growth? One school of thought holds that outsiders burst forth fully formed. "There are some real opportunists out there," warns Elsa Longhauser.

It's not only the ethical areas that have become gray. So has the meaning of the word "outsider." As some outsider artists have gotten into the art mainstream, the insiders don't seem to know exactly what to call them. "Outsider," for instance, has become a mild pejorative. "Folk artist," claims Barbara Cate, director of the Folk Art Institute at the Museum of American Folk Art, "has joined the pantheon of misleading terms in art history." "Self-taught" is too broad. "*Art brut*" ("raw art"), a term coined by the French painter Dubuffet, is too foreign. "Naive artist" seems a little misleading now that some outsiders show up at openings with their own business cards.

Randall Morris, co-owner of the Cavin-Morris Gallery, which represents a number of outsiders, got visibly riled when expounding about the rhetoric. "This is world art!" he declared. "It's closer to the source of what art is about: mystery and wonder. The great art goes on making that point—no matter what!" Maybe outsiders are simply awaiting their own "ism." Offended by what he sees as a meaningless rhetorical debate, Sunseri called Grace's most recent show "Insider Art."

Up in the Northeast Kingdom of Vermont, to weather tight times without commercializing Grace, Sunseri has recently expanded his staff to four, once again increased and broadened the workshops and initiated a Grace-in-the-schools program. Peter Gallo, 31, an art writer and critic, runs some workshops and has assumed the curating chores. Like Sunseri, Gallo recognizes the paradox of popularity and the challenge of making Grace grow while "this whole science of connoisseurship is starting."

The key to the future at Grace seems to be a com-

Elizabeth Bunsen's Passepartout Gallery (above) in Winooski, Vermont, sells works of Grace artists. At right, *Untitled (Tunnels and Trains)* by Martin Ramirez (1953) is now a classic of "outsider art."

bination of shepherding painters like Aiken toward national recognition, while at the same time grounding them and their work locally, such as with the school program. "It uses the art without getting into commodity stuff," Sunseri says. Small exhibits with names like "Gayleen Aiken's Granite Show," "Fromawesome" and "Birds n' Beasts" bring works into classrooms, followed in some instances by the artists themselves.

Dot Kibbee, 76, completed her first teaching stint for Grace at the Craftsbury Elementary School in 1991. Kibbee is an effervescent former nurse whose art credo is: "You gotta go free!" Her work includes the back of her coat, across which she has splashed "GRACE" in big letters, and rocks, one of which she gave me. She loved teaching kids, she said. I asked how she had gone about it. Laughing and reaching into her purse, Kibbee pulled out three brushes and a handful of acrylics. "That's the whole story!"

In Hardwick, where she lives in senior citizen housing, Kibbee showed me a recent major work of hers on exhibition at the Buffalo Mountain Food Co-op. Called *All That Glitters*, the painting is a painstakingly rendered autobiography made up of 216 two-inch squares on plywood. Looking up at it proudly, arms crossed, Kibbee reminisced about a few of the squares.

"I know hunger and abuse," she said. "I worked with the blind." She pointed at a small eye. "My family didn't have meat, so we had to eat woodchuck." Sure enough, there was a woodchuck, along with a registered nurse insignia, a cornucopia, the Vermont State Seal, miniatures of her mother ("I guess I was too much for her") and of her father, a stern-faced invalid. Repeated motifs—a pond, the four seasons—wove the whole together.

Kibbee's best-known painting, *Take My Hand*, wasn't in the co-op, though. "It's a classic ex-voto-style painting," Sunseri told me later. That is, a painting that thanks God for something that did not happen. What didn't happen was that Kibbee didn't die.

As a teenager, she said, she had been given 24 hours to live. She lay in bed with double pneumonia, and a hand had reached down and saved her. As a Grace artist, Kibbee had painted a rough rendition of the hand with a nail hole in it. The artwork had gotten a reputation for its healing powers. Kibbee insists that it doesn't work miracles, but these days sick folks around Hardwick regularly borrow *Take My Hand* and hang it near their beds.

"And they get better!" exclaims the usually unflappable Don Sunseri.

Gladys Nilsson and Jim Nutt

Occasional river guide DORSEY-GAY HOWSER asked if we'd think about expanding our product line.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the 1993 Saturn SW2 is $12,295, and $11,495 for the 1993 SL2 (pictured with Dorsey-Gay Howser), including retailer prep. Tax, license, options and transportation charges are extra. © 1992 Saturn Corporation.

We said okay.

Most of the time, Dorsey-Gay is a solo white-water canoeist. And her Saturn sedan is all the car she needs to get her canoe and her gear out to the river and back.

But every now and then, she allows herself to be talked into taking friends out onto gentler waters. Which means, of course, that she has to accommodate passengers and more gear.

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Since it first appeared in 1792, The Farmer's Almanac *has captured America's fancy with its homespun admixture of fact, fun and folklore*

It is mid-May as I start writing, and outside my studio a fog has rolled in off the Chesapeake. That means yesterday's bleak chill, with heavy rain to the south of us, is over, and this day will be warm again. After years in this place I know my weather patterns.

With a confident smirk I open the 1992 *Old Farmer's Almanac* to the proper page, headed "MAY hath 31 days" above a woodcut of Taurus the Bull. A quote from John Milton starting "Hail, bounteous May" leads off. The weather prediction runs downward beside the calendar, in italic rhyme. Opposite mid-May it says: "First a cold, then a fever—this month is a gay deceiver."

Not bad. But of course that's "Fitted for Boston and the New England states." I look up the forecast as adjusted for the Middle Atlantic Coast and find that yesterday falls roughly into the section where "Rain, heavy south; cold snap" occurs, and today is just about in the region of the page neatly designated "Clear and warm." No wonder Bill Koch, successful defender of the America's Cup, threatened to pull out his 1992 *Old Farmer's Almanac* to help figure what weight of sail he would need on various days.

Other editions have played dramatic roles during the past two centuries. A Nazi spy, nabbed as he arrived in New York after landing from a U-boat, carried the 1942 *Almanac* in his pocket. Could have been for the tide tables as well as the weather forecasts. The news story didn't hurt circulation a bit.

The 1857 edition, or so the story goes, allowed defense lawyer Abraham Lincoln to pull a Perry Mason trick and clear the suspect in a murder rap. His client, said Abe, couldn't have been identified skulking away from the scene because—and here he produced *The Old Farmer's Almanac*—the moon, in the first quarter on the date in question, "runs low." That meant it was right down on the horizon. It couldn't have given enough light to identify anyone.

In glancing through *The Best of The Old Farmer's Almanac,* compiled by the *Almanac*'s present editor, Judson Hale, I find no anecdote about President George Washington ever using the first edition. But, homesick for his farm at Mount Vernon, he'd have relished the pastoral notes in the 1793 edition: "Remember your bees, and if weak, feed them with cakes made of malt flour" (January); "Sprinkle hay with salt and water" to "make your cattle hearty" (March). Or for April, "Get out your winter dung." Refreshing reading, indeed, compared with the grim news from revolution-torn France and its political implications for his second term.

Since Robert B. Thomas of Massachusetts founded, edited and published *The Farmer's Almanack, Calculated on a New and Improved Plan* in 1792, it has given short shrift to news stories. But its calendars, notes on planting, home remedies, hints, recipes, bits of nostalgia, humor and natural history have paid off. R. B. Thomas started with 3,000 readers, increased his sales to 9,000 copies by the second year and might well have foreseen that the edition for the year 1993 would reach 4.5 million readers in October '92, right on time, with 200 years of vanquished deadlines stretching into history behind it.

Still keeping tabs on the sun and moon

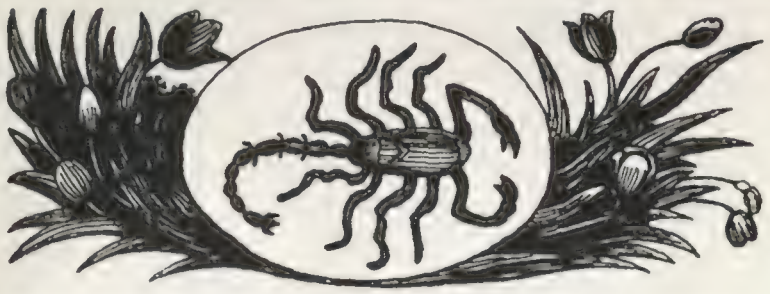
Today's *Old Farmer's Almanac* (it first assumed the "Old" in 1832) is the nation's oldest continuous periodical. It's changed little except in size—now a bit longer, wider and certainly thicker (the 1992 bicentennial issue has more than 300 pages). It still keeps tabs on the doings of the sun and moon, notes happenings associated with various dates, genuflects briefly toward the church calendar, skirts around astrology with a slightly embarrassed nod and bravely tackles the weather with what its present editor always seems able to prove as "80 percent accuracy."

Of the 12 editors of the *Almanac,* 8 are easily forgotten and 1 is remembered for a disastrous editorial decision. In 1936, near the nadir of the Great Depres-

Presiding over issues past, editor Jud Hale marks 200 years with trusty talismans: stuffed chicken, wasps' nest.

Photographs by Susan Lapides

NOVEMBER hath 30 days. 1992



The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
Ya-honk! he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation;
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen closer,
I find its purpose and place up there toward the November sky.
— *Walt Whitman*

D.M.	D.W.	Dates, Feasts, Fasts, Aspects, Tide Heights	*Weather* ↓
1	D	21st S. af. P. • All Saints • Tides {8.7 9.4	*Farewell,*
2	M.	♂♄☾ • All Souls • North and South Dakota statehood, 1889 •	*summer!*
3	Tu.	☾ at apo. • *Politics makes strange postmasters.* • {8.6 8.9 •	*Rain's a*
4	W.	Mass. Bay Colony declared heresy punishable by death, 1646 •	*drummer,*
5	Th.	☾ on Eq. • Fawkes's Plot (it's never forgot) • Roy Rogers born, 1912 •	*beating*
6	Fr.	St. Leonard • First U.S. football game, Rutgers vs. Princeton, 1869 • {9.4 9.0	*retreat.*
7	Sa.	Bolsheviks led by Lenin seized government, 1917 • Marie Curie born, 1867 • Tides {9.7 9.2	*Snow*
8	D	22nd S. af. P. • 25" snow, northern Plains, 1986 • {10.1 9.3	*betrays*
9	M.	*The hole and the patch should be commensurate.* • Boston in flames, 1872 •	*the deer;*
10	Tu.	Full Beaver ○ • Marine Corps created, 1775 • Tides {10.6 9.5 •	*days*
11	W.	St. Martin • Veterans Day • ☿ stat. • Indian summer begins. •	
12	Th.	☾ at ♉ • ☾ rides high. • Skunks hibernate. • Tides {9.5 10.9 •	*warm*
13	Fr.	Holland Tunnel opened, N.Y.-N.J., 1927 • Louis Brandeis born, 1856 • {9.5 10.9 •	*and*
14	Sa.	☌☉ • Sadie Hawkins Day • *Ideas never work unless you do.* •	*clear.*
15	D	23rd S. af. P. • ☌☌☾ • William Herschel born, 1738	*Dark*
16	M.	Oklahoma statehood, 1907 • Premiere of *Sound of Music*, N.Y.C., 1959 • Tides {9.4 10.3	*and*
17	Tu.	St. Hilda • William Larimer founded Denver, 1858 • {9.6 10.1 •	*sopping,*
18	W.	☾ on Eq. • ☾ at perig. • Congress adopted std. time zones, 1883 •	*mercury's*
19	Th.	*Art is the elimination of the unnecessary.* • Tides {10.2 9.9 •	*dropping.*
20	Fr.	St. Edmund • ☌♃☾ • Indian summer ends. • {10.6 9.9	*Count*
21	Sa.	☿ at inf. ☌ • Mayflower Compact signed, Provincetown Harbor, 1620 • {11.0 10.0 •	*each*
22	D	24th S. af. P. • St. Cecilia • Prune grapevines • Tides {11.3 10.0	
23	M.	St. Clement • Franklin Pierce born, 1804 • {11.5 10.0	*snowflake*
24	Tu.	New ● • *The best way to study human nature is when nobody else is present.* • {11.5 9.9	*as a*
25	W.	☾ at ♌ • ☾ runs low • 28" snow, Pittsburgh; 108 mph winds on coast, 1950	*blessing;*
26	Th.	Thanksgiving Day • ☌♀♁ • Draft lottery estab., 1969 •	*just like*
27	Fr.	☌♀♆ • ☌♁☾ • ☌♆☾ • ☌♀☾ • {9.5 10.8	*turkey*
28	Sa.	*If there be ice in November that will bear a duck, There'll be nothing thereafter but sleet and muck.* •	*and*
29	D	1st S. in Advent • ♂ stat. • ♂♄☾ • {9.1 9.9	*walnut*
30	M.	St. Andrew • Winston Churchill born, 1874 • Tides {8.9 9.4	*dressing!*

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere. – Sir Walter Scott

sion, Little, Brown & Co. of Boston took over as publishers and named Roger Scaife editor. He was a formidable Boston *literatus*, frequenter of the renowned Atheneum (a private library), friend of great authors. Sanctioned by Little, Brown to nudge the old annual forward with the times, Scaife enlisted notable literary, artistic and political figures (e.g., poet Robert Frost, painter N. C. Wyeth and FDR's Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace) to contribute. All well and good. But in 1938 Scaife dropped the weather forecasts.

I found out about this as a lad when, having just gone through the great New England hurricane of 1938, I checked our family *Almanac* to see what it had prognosticated for H-day, September 21. No forecast at all. Just some dreary generalization about the vagaries of early autumn.

I—apparently along with the entire readership—was outraged. It didn't matter what that particular weather forecast might have said. If it had called for a bad storm at that time it would have been spooky; if it had foreseen calm, sunny skies it would have been funny. For it to have been left out was pitiful.

Circulation was down, anyway, and Roger Scaife's omission didn't help. He quickly restored the forecasts, but by 1939 the publishers were ready to sell. And so Robb Sagendorph, who'd recently started up *Yankee* magazine in Dublin, New Hampshire, bought it one day—after, he used to say, two stiff martinis.

During the *Almanac*'s 200 years, three of its editors have proved to be inspired. Robert B. Thomas, who held the post for 54 years, implanted the little book's tone: busy pages bulging with small facts, all offering a modicum of knowledge, entertainment and instruction with which to pass winter evenings before the roaring fire. All subsequent editors hewed to the Thomas mark—except Roger Scaife, of course—and have kept the Thomas byline on the traditional yellow cover. But the last two, Robb Sagendorph and Judson D. Hale, qualify for greatness by having turned the *Almanac* into a thriving, yet still "uncitified," annual—and right in television's glass face.

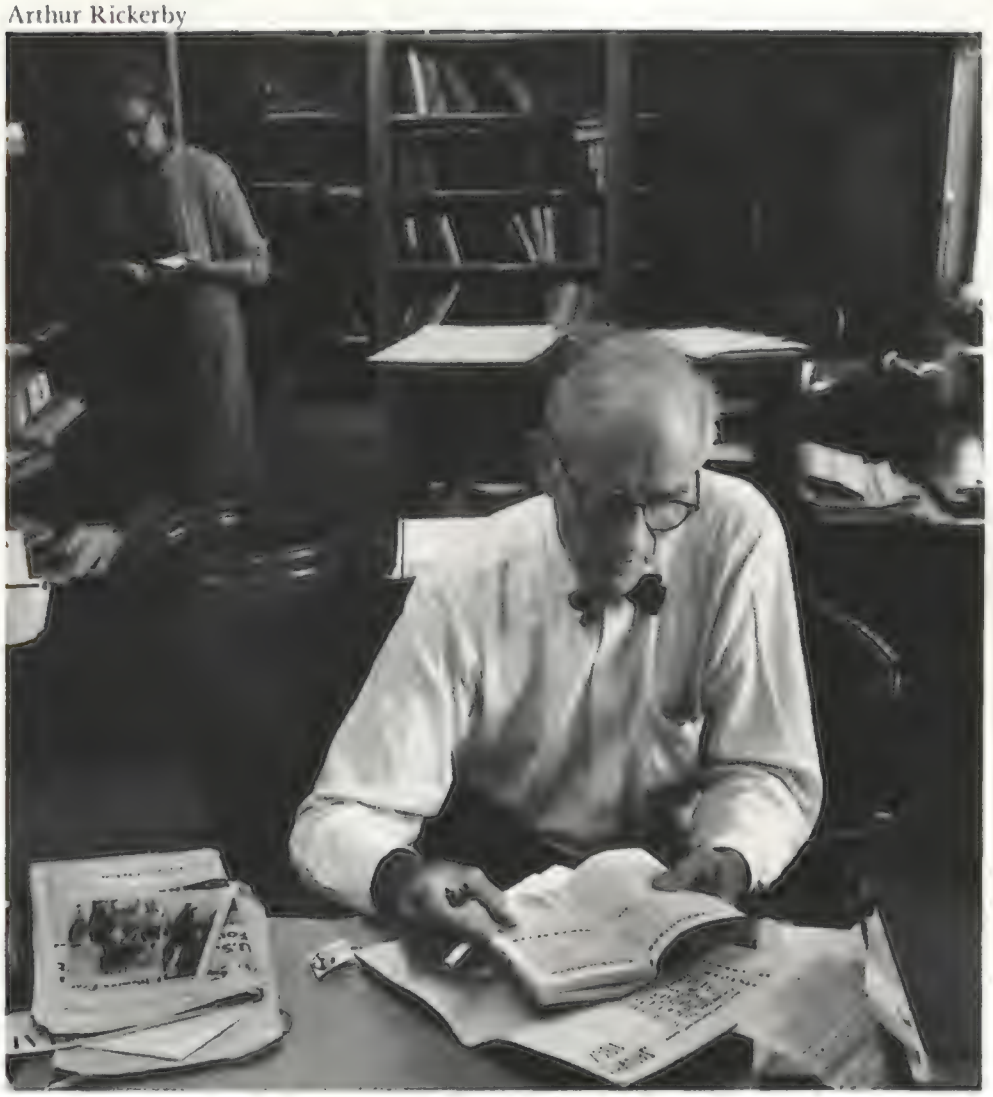
One subtle reason for the *Almanac*'s present success may be the site of its editorial offices. Dublin lies close under the northern hump of Monadnock, not a big mountain but a great one, a favorite of Emerson's, Thoreau's and thousands of other New Englanders. Monadnock is a regional god to those who live near it, reminding them, with its endless presence and ever-changing moods and colors, of the nearness of nature and all its rhythms. Those are the elements that have

Page from 200th-birthday issue, freighted with facts and arcane lore, limns November's austere charms.

Founder Robert Thomas, marketing genius, tripled *Almanac*'s sales by its second year.

Robb Sagendorph, editor until 1970, bought *OFA* in 1939 "after two stiff martinis."

Arthur Rickerby



nourished *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, especially since Robb Sagendorph took it over.

Growing up in Monadnock country, eight miles from Dublin, I knew of Sagendorph's reputation for crustiness and unpredictability. But everyone agreed that his revitalizing the *Almanac* was a fine thing. What's more, his *Yankee* had been the first magazine to buy a story of mine. Some years later, on the strength of that triumph, I hit him for a job. I'd work for *Yankee* or for *The Old Farmer's Almanac*—either one, I didn't care.

Tall, Lincolnesque, with long legs coiled at his antique desk, Sagendorph listened patiently to my spiel. I stared at the lines around his mouth and cut it pretty short. He then let me down gently: there might be a spot if I had a private income to support my family. I didn't. Not too long afterward, he hired his nephew, Judson Hale.

I suppose I should bear a grudge. But with Jud that's not easy. Tall, his blond hair beginning to gray, he speaks of his career with charming self-deprecation: "People ask me how I got to be the editor here and I tell them 'nepotism.' " It was his mother who first suggested, in some desperation, that Jud, jobless yet about to be married, contact her brother for advice.

"She warned me that Robb Sagendorph was 'a funny duck.' She was right. He called me 'John' for the first few months and paid me less than he'd promised. But over the years we became like father and son."

Hale and I met on an early morning in late fall, under a threatening sky ("Clouds congregate and dump their freight," said the *Almanac*) in the red clapboard building on Dublin's Main Street that still houses both *Yankee* and *The Old Farmer's Almanac*. I noted that on the two mastheads he calls himself Judson D. Hale sr. The reason, I discovered, is pure New England: when his son started work in the advertising department at *Yankee*, he was dealt his dad's paycheck by mistake. J. D. Hale jr. liked the idea, but Dad didn't and made sure it would never happen again. Arming us both with coffee, J. D. Hale sr. sat me in his big, friendly office beside a shelf cluttered with memorabilia—everything from a large wasps' nest on a branch to a photograph of Chief Sitting Bull. We reminisced affably, and I was struck by his air of almost Californian mellowness. Then I realized that it cloaks an old-fashioned New England fetish for hard work. He hadn't showed up at 8 in the morning just to see me. It was also to get stuff done before the rest of his two staffs appeared.

Contributing Editor Edwards Park, who grew up in the shadow of Mount Monadnock, is the author of SMITHSONIAN*'s regular Around the Mall column.*

Managing editor Susan Peery tends *Almanac* garden, created to commemorate the periodical's bicentennial.

From his Vermont farmhouse, Castle Freeman jr. crafts the *OFA*'s distinctive, eloquent calendar essays.

To prepare his 200th-anniversary book, *The Best of The Old Farmer's Almanac*, Hale read every page of all 199 editions. "I'd start at about 3 every afternoon and go on until suppertime," he said, "and after the first day I found myself looking forward to it—all the boring anecdotes and horrible jokes and silly advice. They put me right into the year 1833, or whatever. I became part of the time, and I'd leave it thinking eagerly about going on in the 1830s tomorrow."

In *The Best*, Hale notes the strange tale of how one 19th-century weather forecast helped build the *OFA*'s reputation. Robert B. Thomas considered his formulas for predicting weather a vital secret and kept them locked in a tin box—it's still there in Dublin (p. 96). The story goes that while Thomas was laid up with flu, the printer slipped in a phony prediction for July and August of 1816: snow.

Hey, it was only a joke. But when Thomas discovered it, he wasted little time laughing. He pulled all the copies he could find and substituted a corrected forecast. Even so, he apparently took a ribbing from a lot of readers when the 1816 *Almanac* appeared.

Then along came summer, and damned if New England didn't get snow! A volcanic eruption in the Dutch East Indies had produced a haze of ash that cooled the planet. For many people 1816 became the year without summer, and Thomas presumably pointed with pride to those copies of his *Almanac* that survived his exorcism. Trouble is, Jud Hale hasn't been able to find any of them, so the whole story remains a legend. Nevertheless, it adds to the *Almanac*'s mystique.

Playing the "Old Farmer" to the hilt

Jud finds that people smile at him when they see him clutching his publication in his hand—as he does wherever he goes. He knows that the very words "Old Farmer's Almanac" evoke a hint of feyness, and he learned to capitalize on it from Uncle Robb, who took him along on trips and lectures to beef up circulation and woo advertisers.

"I watched Robb come to the podium with the wasps' nest that's beside you and tell his audience not to worry—the wasps were asleep and wouldn't wake up until the weather got warm. And a little later, while he was talking about something else, he'd take out a big red handkerchief to mop his brow, and say, 'Whew! Getting pretty hot in here, isn't it?' He played the role of the 'Old Farmer' to the hilt. He'd pick up a book and blow a cloud of fake dust off it, and then he'd open it, and a windup moth would flutter out."

According to Jud Hale's fine memoir, *The Education of a Yankee*, Uncle Robb was a most complex man who could play a wide range of roles but generally settled for a personification of New England, a

WHAT TO DO WITH THE KIDS' ROOM... AFTER THEY'RE GONE.

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Relics of founding editor Thomas' era include his notebooks, hygrometer, lockbox for weather formulas.

6-foot-4 Brother Jonathan, terse yet courteous, canny yet abruptly generous, cautious yet often blandly eccentric. He'd answer, with perfect solemnity, incredible questions posed by *Almanac* readers. When a woman wrote in asking the actual number of snowflakes that fell in New England in December 1947, editor Sagendorph replied: "Our staff reports that the actual count they made, which came to quite a figure, remains inaccurate inasmuch as several of the flakes that fell on the eastern side of Mount Mansfield, near Stowe, Vermont, became mixed up with some that had blown up from the ground (already counted). Sorry."

Jud recalls a dazzling brunette writer trying to pry Robb's credo out of him for a *Life* magazine profile. "Robb," writes Jud, "decided to be the epitome of the crusty, shrewd laconic old Yankee." He indicated that the really important things in life were "fleecing the summer people, marrying smart women, doing about anything that comes to hand but avoiding really hard work, and of course, keeping the town taxes down."

Jud learned enough showmanship at his uncle's knee to carry on the "Old Farmer" act when he must: for instance, when people ask the best time to castrate a bull, he uses Robb's old line, "When he's asleep."

"But," says Jud, "I refuse to wear overalls and carry a pitchfork." Despite that—or perhaps because of it—audiences remain fascinated that this Ivy Leaguey guy produces the ancient *Almanac* crammed with arcane lore. They have trouble sorting him out. Once, he recalls, on display in Cleveland "I appeared after the world's tallest woman—almost eight feet—and a man who played 'America the Beautiful' with his armpit. When I got back to my hotel I tried the armpit act."

Jud found it handy during TV appearances to display a real brown-tail caterpillar, or "woolly worm," famous for indicating the severity of a coming winter by the thickness of its dark band. He kept it in a jar with holes in the lid and gave it leaves to eat and made friends with it. Its name was Garth.

"In one show, the emcee complained that Garth wasn't moving. I said he was just asleep, and all he needed was a poke to get into action. So we poked Garth, and he broke in two. Been dead for weeks."

Jud Hale inherited the editorship of both *Yankee* and the *OFA* in accordance with his uncle's wishes. Sagendorph was stricken by cancer in the late '60s and for too long refused treatment, preferring his rock-solid faith in Christian Science. As he lay dying, he whispered another wish, not to let the two publications get too big.

"Why not?" asked Jud and publisher Rob Trowbridge, Sagendorph's son-in-law. They expected, says Jud, a last inspired flash of deep philosophy. "Because the plumbing won't take it," answered Robb.

In the big red building next to Dublin's fire station, the plumbing is indeed a little tricky. Before Jud led me through the clutter of small rooms that provide office space, he pointed out the bathroom. It's a large central room walled by much-used research files. The enamel throne rises disconcertingly in the very center. "That used to be my office," said Susan Peery, as I emerged from it. "Obviously, we have a good many funny stories about it."

Office one-upmanship, Almanac-*style*

Susan, managing editor of the *Almanac*, took me in tow to her present office. The space is private but small, as is mostly the case here. There's a story that when Sagendorph saw the size of the publisher's new office, he got a carpenter to add five feet to his own so it would be bigger.

Susan's an adopted Yankee. She came out of the University of Wisconsin, worked on *Wisconsin Trails*, married, divorced, moved to Vermont for a job on a small press in Brattleboro and finally contracted to index 40-odd years of *Yankee*. "Jud put me on the staff because I was the only person he'd ever met who'd read every copy," she told me. "Then I moved to the *OFA*."

Out of 36 editorial names on *Yankee*'s masthead, a good number—including Susan's—also appear on the *Almanac*'s. Despite the seemingly relaxed schedule of putting out an annual almanac, her assorted tasks keep her busy. I found her working on a calendar—an *Almanac* spin-off—which for each month offers house-

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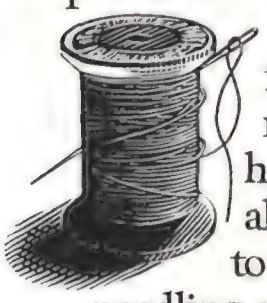

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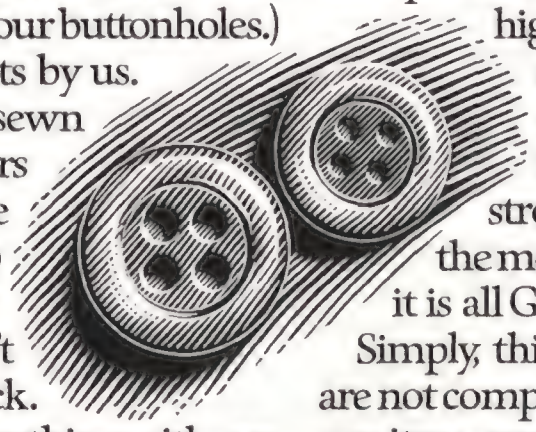

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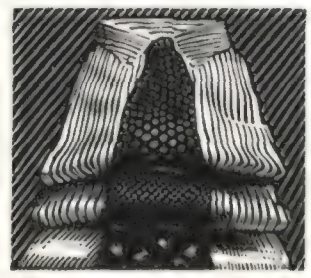

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The Almanac, *a tried-and-true tome*

At a shop in *Almanac* headquarters, visitors can stock up on *OFA* gear, from seed packets to garden hoses.

hold hints (use halves of eggshells filled with loam to start seeds for the garden), recipes (cherry scones) and cooking hints (check oven heat for baking by putting your arm inside for varying counts). She was also still sizing up submitted articles and looking for new ideas for the 1993 *Almanac*, which by now has appeared in an issue almost as big as 1992's huge bicentennial edition.

You might think that the articles that fill a large chunk of a 200- or 300-page *Almanac* would all deal with "how to" subjects: growing vegetables, raising cattle, fixing a tractor or baking an apple pie. Plenty of them do. And certainly, over the centuries, readers have been able to glean all kinds of practical advice from *Almanac* pages. In the course of 200 years, you could have learned how to combat a cold (place a mixture of butter and onions on throat and chest) or why counting sheep may cure insomnia (sleep researchers have concluded that the sheep exercise "puts both sides of the brain to work, providing enough distraction from worries or other intrusions to allow sleep to sneak up on our consciousness"). You might have discovered how to banish fleas (one suggestion: "Vacuum your pets if they will let you") or conduct oneself at an afternoon salon ("When it is time for a second or even a third cup of tea, always ask for 'some tea.' Never ask for 'more tea' ").

Cows even a city slicker can love

But major articles on broader subjects also appear, witness the history of lawns and the Death Valley story in the 1992 edition. In the 1991 *Almanac* appeared a great baseball memory, a piece about fire ants and an article about "Our Foster Mother, the Dairy Cow" that is delightful even to city slickers. Staff man Mel R. Allen (not the sportscaster) wrote the first; freelancer Richard Conniff, whose article on grizzly bears starts on page 112 in this SMITHSONIAN, did the second; Susan Peery herself found time to knock off the third.

Susan's bookshelves are crammed with strange sources: an 1871 almanac, ecclesiastical calendars, studies of the saints—"Every May we note the three 'chilly saints' on the 11th, 12th and 13th. They're associated with three days of cold weather." They get a mention in each year's calendar pages, but the weather predictions now come from Richard Head. He keeps careful track of such matters as solar activity and its relationship to cyclical changes and atmospheric phenomena, and sometimes doubtless peeks into R. B. Thomas' legendary locked tin box. Despite all this, the bicentennial *Almanac* warns that "neither we nor anyone else has as yet gained sufficient insight into the mysteries of the universe to predict weather with anything resembling total accuracy."

Cappelletti "Little Hats"
Stuffed pastas often need no sauce, only melted butter and herbs. For a more divine dish, try Cappelli di Prete – "Priest's Hats".

Fettuccine "Small Ribbons"
Best with butter and cheese sauce. Italians say twirling it against a spoon is "for milquetoasts". Be warned.

Gemelli "Twins"
For cheese sauces. Colors add little flavor. Squid ink in black pasta, for instance, adds no taste. To the relief of many, we suspect.

Have you ever eaten little hats, large ears, or radiators?

Radiatori "Little Radiators"
Italians eat it al dente, or "firm to the bite". Radiatori al dente is "Radiators, firm to the bite". Tough, those Italians.

Orecchioni "Large Ears"
Can be stuffed with wild boar, lobster, or – the most popular – leftovers.

Linguine "Small Tongues"
For delicate sauce. Or spicy or creamy or tomato or seafood sauce. Did we miss any?

The bewildering variety of pastas is intimidating. Choosing a wine, however, is somewhat easier. Only the original White Zinfandel, created by Sutter Home, has the hint of fresh berries and clean, crisp finish that brings out the best in any meal. Whether it's hats . . . or ears.

Occhi di Trota "Trout's Eyes"
For broths. Main course soups need pastas heavier than Trout's Eyes such as, you guessed it, "Wolf's Eyes" (Occhi di Lupo).

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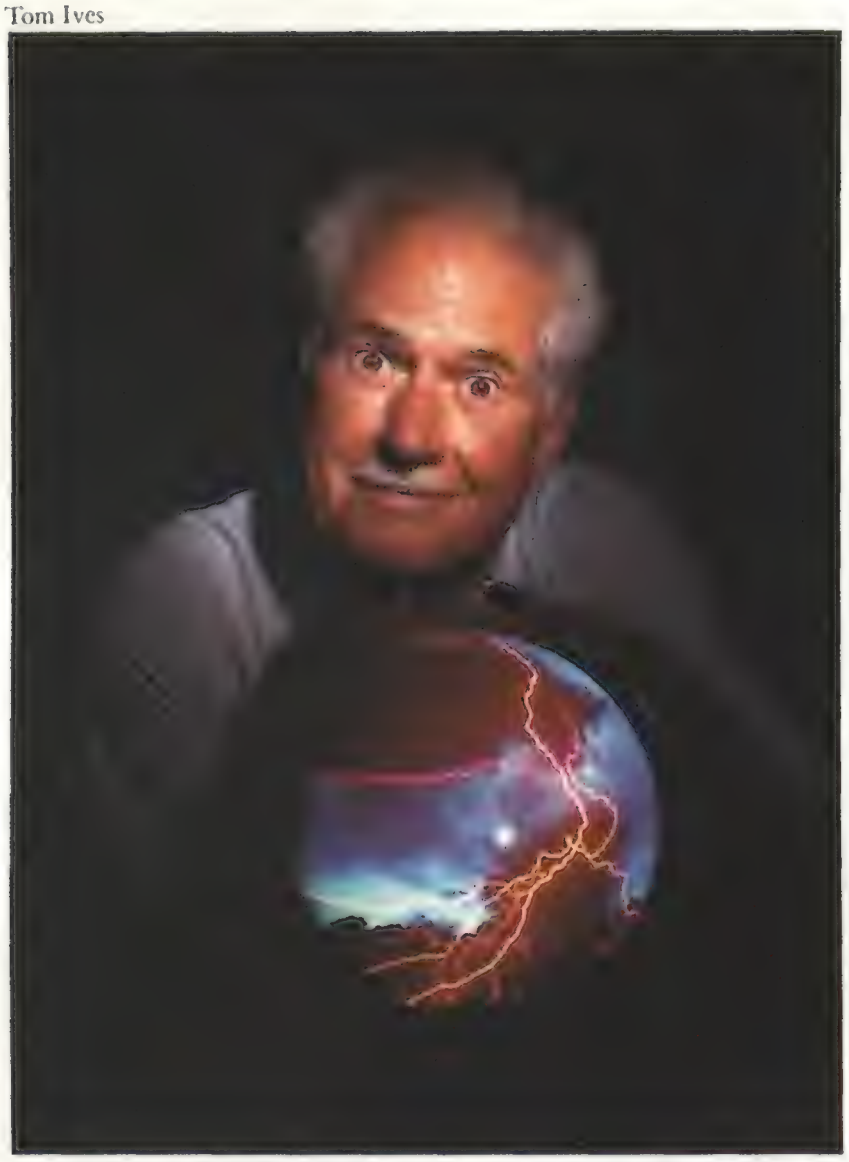
SUTTER HOME. IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, DO IT RIGHT.

Tom Ives



Almanac weather wizard Richard Head bases long-term forecasts on sophisticated amalgam of scientific data.

Almanac lovers may consider that a cop-out, for as executive editor Tim Clark points out, the old publication has been endowed by its readers with a mantle of authority, what he calls "mythic importance." He says that it's come to stand for "a spiritual resistance to technology, and to all the unease that comes with it," and that people desperately want the *Almanac* to be right about everything. "They say 'How come your weather predictions are always right, and the Weather Bureau is always wrong?' We deny it, but they think we're being admirably modest."

Tim is another crossover, serving also as managing editor of *Yankee*. As a student back at Harvard, he started majoring in folklore and mythology, quitting only because of the extremely daunting language requirements—such esoterica as Middle English. He says he felt wonderfully at home when his editorial peregrinations ended up at *Yankee* and the *OFA* 15 years ago. "When the *OFA* gets into something like folk remedies for insomnia, I know where all the right books are at the Widener Library. I've become the resident expert on folklore."

Ideas for articles may be dreamed up at the staff meetings, which are apparently a lot of fun. "We try to jar ourselves off the rails," Tim says, "so we won't become too formalized. We come up with hare-brained things like 'Why not dig up *all* the Presidents, not just Zachary Taylor?' Then we can settle into serious discussion, but not lose sight of the element of surprise."

Tim emphasized that the *Almanac* has become big business. "Nostalgia's in, right now. Back in the '30s, when circulation went way down, nostalgia was out. Lots of people could remember the days of the two-holer and didn't want to relive them in these pages." But today the old-time ads for curing piles and ruptures ring a bell with readers as sophisticated as CBS correspondent and Americana authority Charles Kuralt, who noted that "Publications come and go with their ads for designer gowns. *The Old Farmer's Almanac* offers remedies for aching feet. That's why it's lasted. . . ."

Tempting to tourists, Almanac *paraphernalia*

Almanac spin-offs sell briskly right there in the red building. Sherin Wight, associate to publisher John Pierce, led me to the shop, where I was fitted out with an *Old Farmer's Almanac* cap and shown display cases crammed with spices, calendars, seed packets, towels, canisters, clocks, oven mitts, garden hoses, potpourris—all bearing the *OFA* logo. Tourists who see the sign on the red building as they drive through Dublin are very apt to stop. Now they have a place to visit, instead of barging straight into the editorial offices, as a good many of them used to do.

Much of the mystic lore of the *Almanac* emerges in the short calendar essays that appear beside each month's weather. Over the years, R. B. Thomas' farming notes about getting out that "winter dung" gradually gave way to more general vignettes by assorted authors. Sagendorph sought to evoke the month in question rather than specify what the farmer should be doing at that time. He couldn't have afforded E. B. White, and few other writers could have caught the nuances and slow-paced rhythms of country living, the immense importance of weather, the simple dramas of everyday existence.

But Robb found a neighbor, orchardist Ben Rice of Peterborough, who did the essays to perfection for more than 30 years. Jud says he was a mystical sort of man, deeply affected by the mood of a month. He hated November. In November 1963 a note under the right-hand calendar page reminds readers: "Two full moons this month—Guard against crime." And Rice's essay, quoting a certain "Squire Brown," contains this sentence: "Night is coming on—and murder, perhaps. Has not half the world been murdered?"

Those sentences take up several lines beside Friday and Saturday, November 22 and 23. President John F.

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Kennedy was assassinated that Friday by Lee Harvey Oswald, who, in turn, was shot that Saturday.

Since 1981, Castle W. Freeman jr. has been the essayist. Slender, dark-haired, just old enough to have been slightly lamed by polio, he lives on a back road in Newfane, Vermont, maintaining a red house a little older than the *Almanac*. The house conceals mysterious structural problems in its cellar, which he explored ruefully with his readers in the March '92 essay. It also contains his artist wife, Alice, and a couple of teenagers, one of whom was about to star in a school play the day I dropped in. All that creativity makes you forget the "sorrowful air of profound decay" that Castle says he found downstairs.

In his writing, Castle fixes upon small, familiar events in country living and makes them meaningful: the abandoned way that people squirrel their cars around the town dump after getting rid of their loads of detritus; the symphony of several chain saws working in the quiet woodlands; how beavers work; how a cricket makes that noise. All the essays have wit and style. Some are seriously scholarly, some funny. All are carefully, specially wrought, as they should be for a publication that obviously intends to keep vigorously alive for another couple of centuries.

"I do them all at one time," he told me as we chewed hamburgers together at a pleasant tavern a few miles from his home. "Three or four hours for each one, using my memory and the notes I take during the year." Everyone at the tables around us seemed to know Castle and tossed out greetings, but he's not a born Vermonter. He used to work at *Country Journal* before coming here. Now he's got *The Bride of Ambrose*, a fine book of short stories, under his belt.

I wanted to see Castle's 50-mile view of my old friend Monadnock, something he'd described in an essay. Back at his house, he led me to a frost heave in the frozen turf of his yard and pointed eastward. But there was nothing. The clouds were low, and Monadnock was doing what it does so well—warning of bad weather to come by hiding its classic profile.

". . . and snows and snows until our toes are frozen," read the *Almanac* for that part of the month. Well, it wasn't snowing, but it sure did look threatening. You might even say that the prediction was about "80 percent accurate."

Ably assisted by Daniel and Dexter (donkeys from a nearby farm), executive editor Timothy Clark, resident folklore and home remedies expert, peruses reference to research adage "Kissing a donkey cures a toothache."

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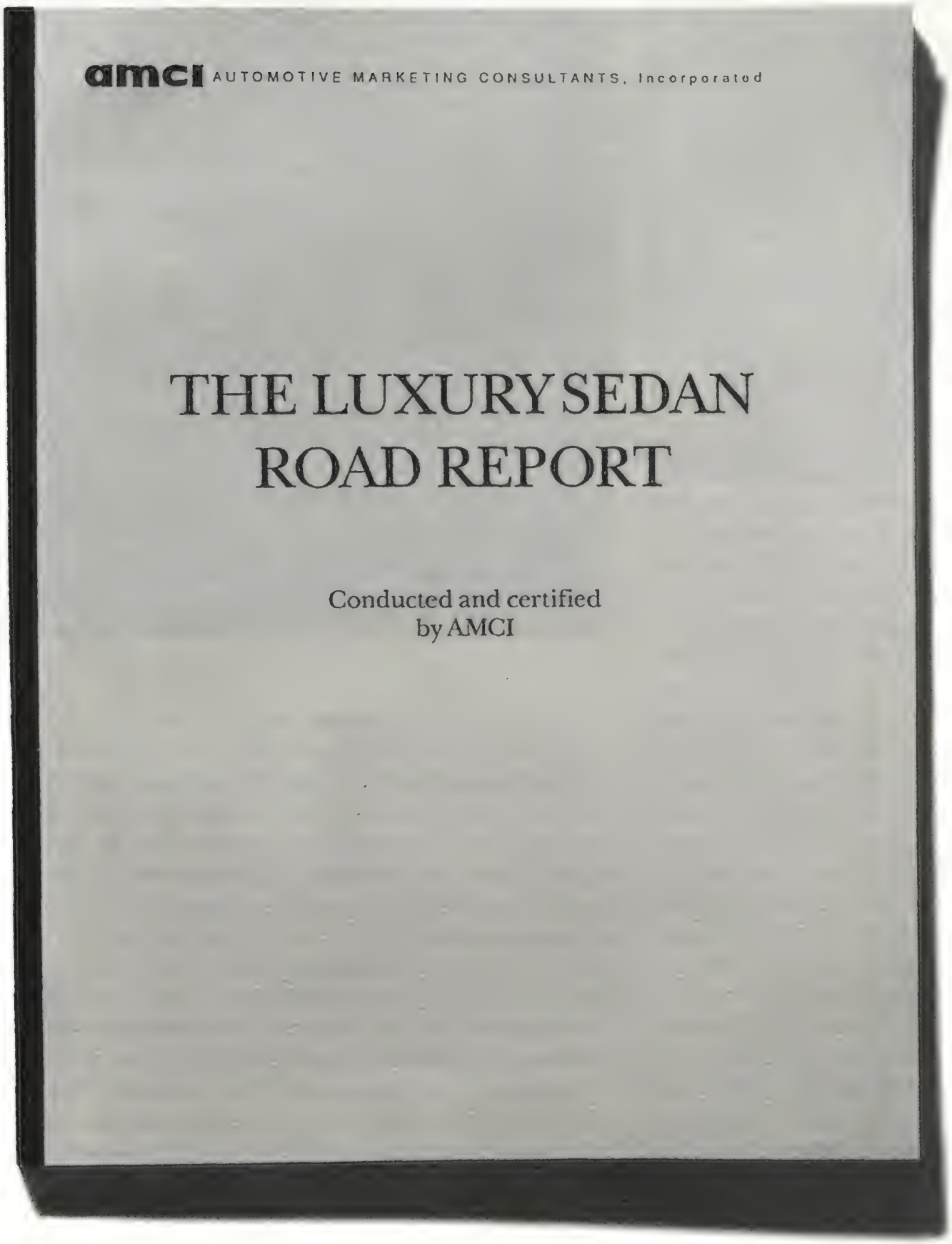

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By Richard Conniff

You can learn a lot about grizzlies by just watching them

Most bear researchers emphasize a hands-on approach, but Steve and Marilynn French document grizzly behavior without interfering

The previous night, grizzly bear No. 104 had killed an elk calf, out near the east gate of Yellowstone National Park. We knew she was still in the area, possibly bedded down for the day with her three cubs in the trees above the road. All that remained of the elk calf now were four lower legs and a spotted hide dressed out as cleanly as if a tannery had done the job. A government researcher made notes in a yellow pad. "You call that 75 percent?" he inquired, indicating the carcass with a pencil.

"I call that 100 percent," said Steve French, an independent researcher. "They licked the plate."

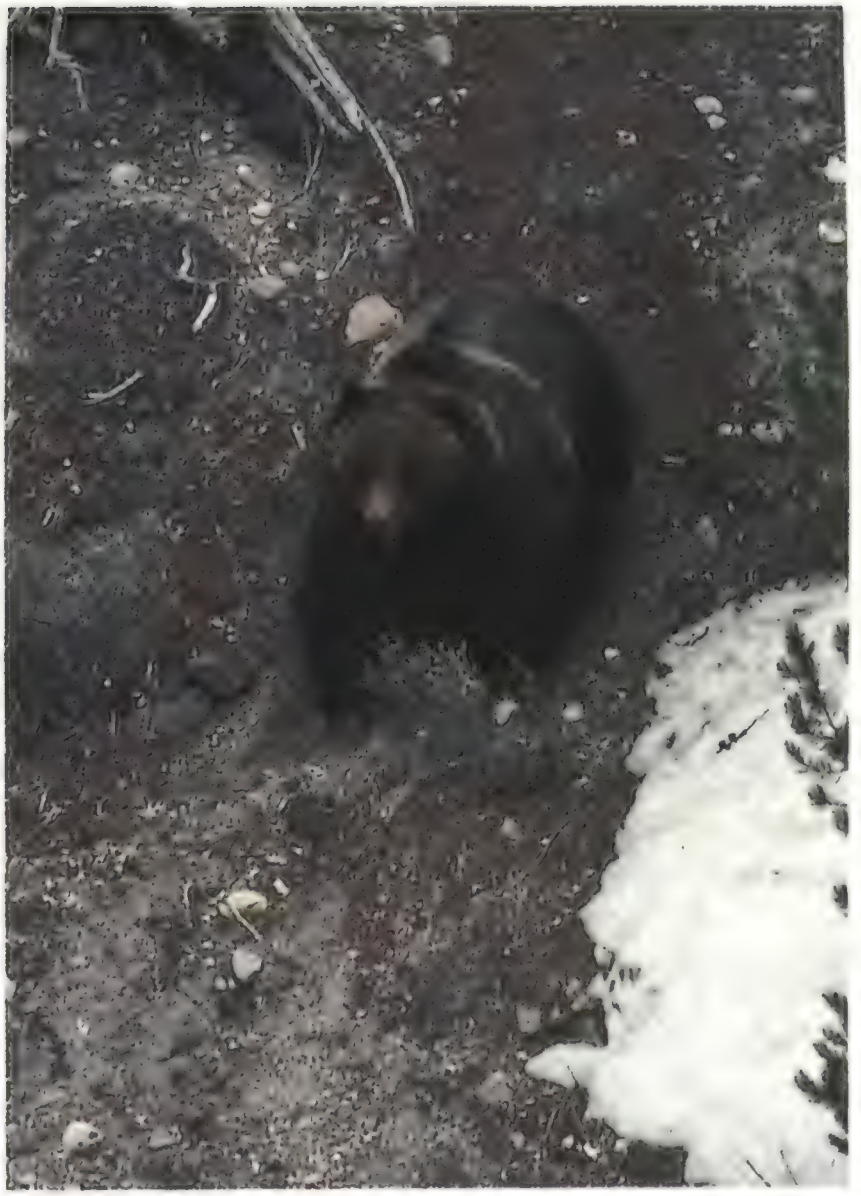
The government researcher raised his eyebrows in rueful assent and seized the opportunity to scan the hillside for movement.

"Calvarium," French remarked, picking up a splinter of skull. "Elk brain must be a real delicacy." He began to expound on the grizzly's dining habits, in an odd mix of Texas country-boy dialect and precise anatomical detail, meanwhile scouting through the trees to locate the flattened grass where the sow had bedded the night before, and the turned-up dirt where she had dug licorice root with her finger-length claws. "This is a magic place for these guys," he whispered. "They had cover. They had drinking water. They was eatin' elk. It was cool."

Back at the carcass, the government researcher was collecting bear droppings in plastic bags, less enthusiastically. "This is what bear work is all about," he remarked. "Being scared and picking up scat."

On the subject of being scared, the grizzly research world is in unanimous agreement. On almost any other subject, however, there is fierce dispute. This includes, above all, the question of what bear work is all about, which is why I had come West to spend time with Steve and Marilynn French, a husband-wife team of amateur naturalists.

As practiced by professional scientists, grizzly-bear work these days is mainly about numbers: fewer than 1,000 of the animals remain in the lower 48 states. They once roamed from the Mississippi, and possibly as far east as Kentucky and Ohio, to the California coast; today most live along the Continental Divide in northern Montana, with a concentration around Glacier National Park. A smaller population of about 200 bears survives in apparent isolation in the Yellowstone area, several hundred miles to the south. The federal government listed both populations as threatened in 1975. To find out whether these populations are re-



In April, a month or so out of its den, a grizzly snoops for food in vicinity of the Yellowstone River.

From a lofty vantage point, the Frenches use scopes to look for bears in wilds of Yellowstone National Park.

covering and when they can be safely "de-listed," researchers trap, tranquilize, ear-tag, lip-tattoo, radio-collar and radio-track bears. They also employ demographic tools—the "cumulative effects model," the "habitat quality index" and even the "volumetric analysis of grizzly bear scat by month"—all to crunch numbers on a computer and figure out if the government is doing a good job managing bears.

By contrast, the Frenches merely watch bears, something government scientists rarely have the time or money to do. They are throwbacks to the 19th century, when the most revealing discoveries often came from diligent observation in the field. But the Frenches aren't just interested bystanders. They also film grizzly behavior, providing vivid documentary evidence of the resourceful predators running down elk calves in grassy river bottoms and gorging themselves on rich pockets of moths estivating in the mountaintops. More than 20 years after Yellowstone shut down its garbage dumps, depriving the grizzlies there of a major food source, the bears appear to be holding their own. By sketching in the discrete details of their daily lives, the Frenches are helping park managers understand how.

The tradition of straightforward field observation has been revived in recent decades, most notably by such well-known ethologists as Jane Goodall and the late Dian Fossey. Unlike Fossey, the Frenches generally watch their subjects long-distance to avoid habituating them to their presence. They also avoid politics. In the disputatious world of the grizzly, this isn't as simple as it sounds.

French, at 45, is a short, athletic, neo-mountain man, given to spitting tobacco juice into an empty diet-soda can. He wears a battered Stetson over scraggly brown hair, bright blue eyes and a beard like the bow fender on a tugboat. In their lectures, Marilynn, who has the lean build and the understated manner of a runner, narrates their interpretation of basic facts about bear

Above, mother elk watches a grizzly sow search tall grass for elk's bedded calf. She charges when youngster is discovered (center). At right, other elk flee after making an unsuccessful attempt to distract the grizzly.

behavior; Steve handles the color commentary. For example, she describes how earthworms tend to bunch up under tufted hairgrass in wet weather. He talks about how the grizzlies "flip 'em over and, *thp-thp-thp*, it's like spaghetti."

Until he takes off the Stetson and puts his black reading glasses low down on the bridge of his nose, you would not guess by looking at him that he is a physician. For six months of the year he is director of emergency medical services at Evanston Regional Hospital in Wyoming. "I'm a Texas truck driver's son who happens to have a doctor's degree," he says.

French got interested in grizzlies as a surgical resident at the University of Utah in the 1970s, while patching together people that bears had taken apart in Wyoming and elsewhere. "The first time we had a patient who had been chawed on by a griz I thought, What the hell is this? If the guy had been beaten up with a pool cue, I wouldna thought anything about it. But what kind of animal does this?"

On vacations, he and Marilynn drove up to Yellowstone, but it was five years before they ever saw a grizzly. Other interests intervened. French weighed about 200 pounds in 1977 when he got disgusted with himself and started to run. He quickly became good enough to clock a 2:18:40 marathon and compete in the 1980 Olympic Trials. Marilynn had gone back to school and was also running, on the University of Utah's national championship cross-country team. Then she got pregnant and soon after, on a camping trip, she discovered that a canyon where her family had hiked for generations had been bulldozed, dammed and turned into a reservoir. "I saw how quickly things like that can happen," she says. "I wanted some place I could have memories with my daughter." Yellowstone seemed permanent, and the study of grizzly bears sounded, in 1983, like one good cause worth a lifetime of effort.

When the National Park Service abruptly shut down Yellowstone's open-pit dumps, the motive was sound: to return fat, Twinkie-eating bears to a more natural way of life. The bears then were habituated to human presence and conditioned to human food. Rangers hoped to break that connection, but their decision touched off a bitter dispute.

Frank and John Craighead, who had been studying Yellowstone's bears since 1959, argued that the dumps should be phased out gradually. Otherwise, they said, the starving animals would go after people's food in campgrounds and then have to be shot. When the Park Service began to kill or remove bears that continued to seek human food, other conservationists quickly joined the Craigheads' protest. By its own count, the Park Service eliminated 83 grizzlies in 1970-71, a huge percentage from a genetically isolated population later estimated at 234 bears. Steeped in that era's deep mistrust of government, many people believed the unreported losses were much higher.

The idea that the Yellowstone grizzly had been per-

Working on this story, Richard Conniff became enamored of grizzlies, but he admits he's happy to be living in Connecticut, where there are none.

manently subjugated, if not destroyed, became a set piece of environmentalist lore. The Frenches, who had read Frank Craighead's account of the debacle in his book *Track of the Grizzly*, generally accepted this grim view. But as they accumulated seasons in the field, and as the bear population seemed to recover during the 1980s, they began to think instead that the closing of the dumps may ultimately have helped set the grizzlies free. "The dump bears were like overfed pigs at the trough," says Steve.

The conclusion the Frenches arrived at, based on their observations, was that Yellowstone's grizzlies were indeed better off. Despite their aversion to politics, this idea put them on a collision course with the widespread perception that the bears were still out there starving—an idea that was vividly embodied in the person of Doug Peacock, an amateur grizzly-watcher of far greater renown than the Frenches. Peacock has done more than anyone to keep alive the memory of the grizzly debacle of the 1970s. Even now, he likens what the government did to Yellowstone's grizzlies to what it once did to the Blackfeet and the Vietnamese.

Peacock was the model for Hayduke, the beery, foulmouthed eco-saboteur at the heart of Edward Abbey's cult novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang* and its sequel, *Hayduke Lives*. He has also chronicled his own experiences among grizzlies in a film, *Peacock's War*, and in an autobiography, *Grizzly Years*. No less a writer than Peter Matthiessen has described him as having "more experience with wild grizzlies . . . than anyone alive." His life among the bears is a counterpoint to the Frenches'.

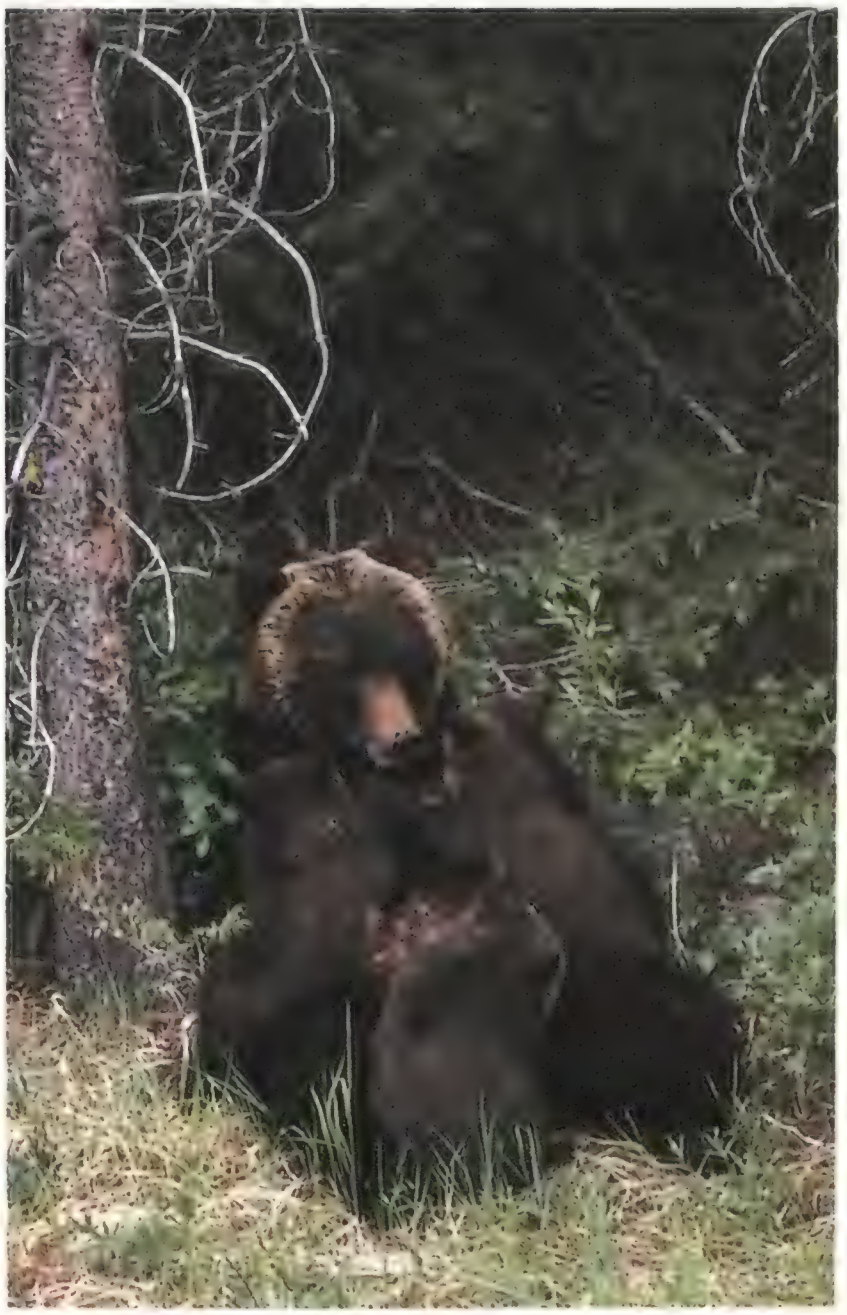
A fierce incarnation of wilderness

Peacock began to study grizzlies at Yellowstone and Glacier in the mid-'70s. In his book, he depicts his return to the American wilderness and its fiercest incarnation, the grizzly, as a kind of catharsis, a way of forgetting what he had seen during a two-year tour patching up soldiers and children as a Green Beret medic in Vietnam. The grizzly was also a way of reviving the war's intensity of feeling.

With the idea of talking about that era in Yellowstone and about the Frenches, I looked up Peacock at his home on the outskirts of Tucson, where a sign in the front yard advises "Remain At Your Car All The Time," and a bumper sticker in the window says, "Developers Go Build in Hell." I was expecting Hayduke, a one-dimensional sort of folk hero.

"Hayduke was a dolt," said Peacock, who turned out, in truth, to be a complex, intelligent and highly likable character. He was built like a bear, low and thick, with a broad, dishlike face, a grizzled beard and brown eyes. He grinned readily, talked loudly and was as criti-

Burly bear prepares to dine on a cutthroat trout. One grizzly may scarf down 100 to 200 cutthroats a day.



A Yellowstone mother nurses cubs. Fat content of her milk runs 25 to 35 percent (cow's milk is 3 percent).

Legendary grizzly advocate Doug Peacock displays punctured aerosol can at campsite trashed by a bear.

cal of himself as of anyone else—with the exception of the Park Service and the Frenches, whom he described as apologists for Yellowstone. For him, wilderness was the cardinal value, and Yellowstone Park (all 2.2 million acres of it) was a domesticated environment, "a little more than a zoo but a little less than an ecosystem, or anything wild."

In his book, after fulminating about the events of the '70s, Peacock draws an original conclusion about the bear itself. Yellowstone is not exterminating its grizzlies, he writes. But by continuing to remove habituated bears, even at the present greatly reduced level, it is domesticating them: "The predatory segment of the population had probably been killed off selectively, and continues to be culled . . . because predatory bears are bolder and more visible." The end result, he suggests, will be "an animal who looks like a grizzly, albeit a small one, but whose behavior will more closely resemble that of the meeker black bear." For Peacock, the Frenches are collaborators in this process.

His idea about the decline of predation appears, however, to be wrong.

In the summer of 1983, Steve and Marilynn French put in their first long stint of serious bear watching at Yellowstone, and what they began to document was the rambunctious life of a savvy hunter and scavenger that did not in any way resemble a loafer at a dump. Number-crunching scientists knew the grizzly population had gotten much younger. The bears also weighed less, which seemed to support the contention of those who maintained that they were starving. But the animals the Frenches were watching had a knack for finding natural foods and seemed to be adapting well.

Steve spent three days in a tree

If Peacock's approach to the grizzly was instinctive and characteristically haphazard, the Frenches' was more methodical. They backed up their observations on film and in detailed field reports, and they pushed themselves to see as much as possible. Steve French once spent three days in a tree, standing on a narrow, nailed-up crosspiece and sleeping in a "wall womb" hammock, to see how grizzlies fish in spawning season. He and Marilynn watched a single bear kill at least 98 cutthroat trout each day for ten days.

The Frenches believed they were witnessing the "re-education" of the grizzly bear as a predator. This was news the Park Service was eager to hear, since it vindicated the agency's policies in Yellowstone. Other researchers scoffed at the notion that the grizzly had ever been anything but a predator. Just because the bears had managed to survive, they said, did not mean that the animals had changed.

There was no gainsaying the rich texture of the

Bear makes off with "bag lunch" at one of the dumps frequented by grizzlies in Yellowstone until they were abruptly closed in 1970. The closings precipitated a major controversy over management of bears in park.

Frenches' observations, not all of which by any means had to do with predation. One day, for example, they watched as a number of adult bears and youngsters congregated on snowfields, appearing to play on the slopes, eating snow, making daybeds in it. On steeper inclines, the bulky creatures descended with conspicuous caution, backing down while keeping at least one paw anchored firmly in the snow. On another occasion, the Frenches documented the death of an injured cub—it apparently had been bitten by a much larger animal—despite the tender ministrations of its concerned mother.

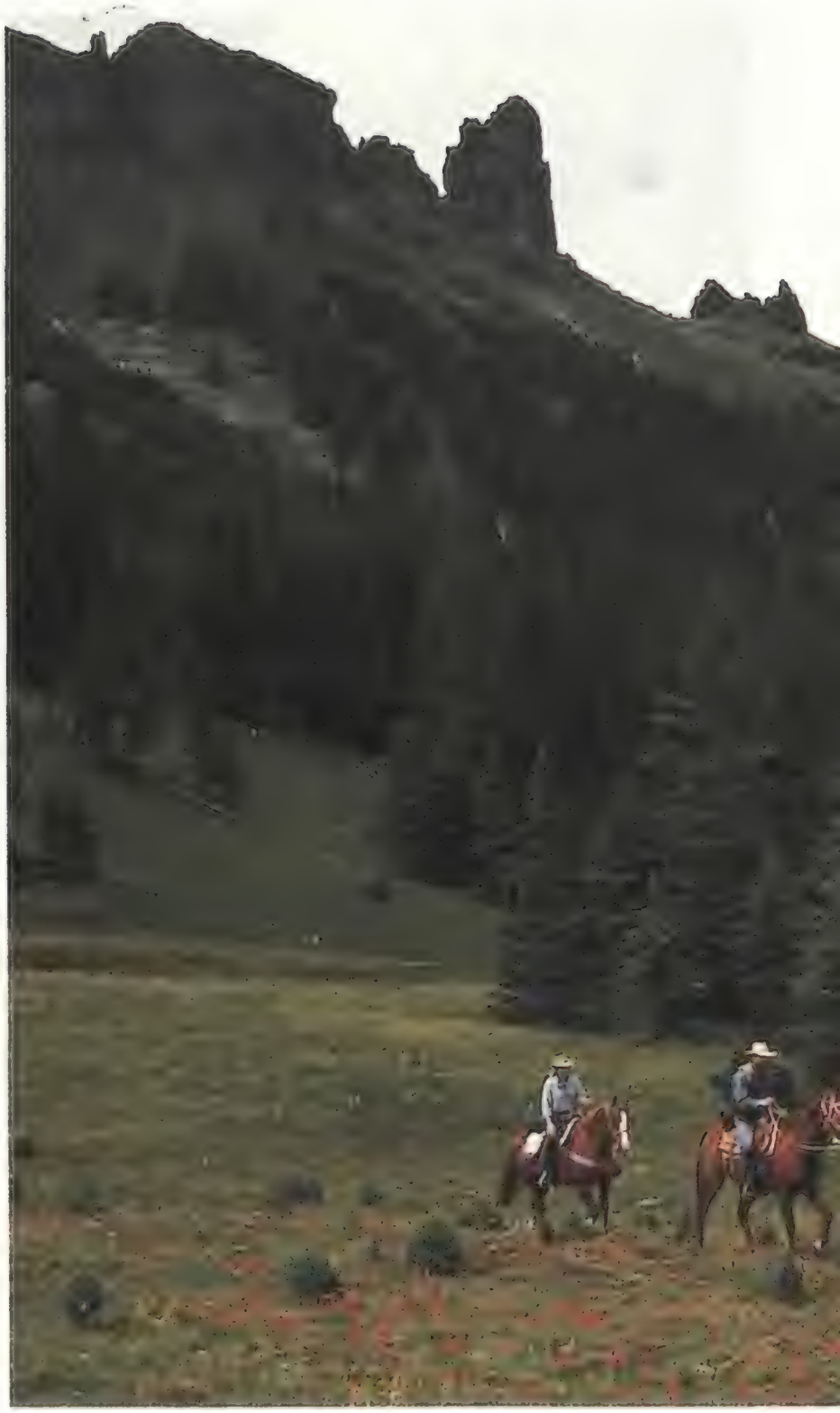
From late April into September, the Frenches spend about ten hours a day, seven days a week, in the field, starting out at 5 in the morning and again around 5 in the afternoon. They average three grizzly-sightings a day. In between they sleep, play with their daughter McKenzie and write up their field reports.

On the back of a typical field report, a hand-drawn map of one observation looks like a football play, all X's and arrows. Steve points to a pocket-gopher cache and says, "I've seen 'em dig a trench 20 feet long just to get this one little gooey gopher. I can't perceive that it's worth the energy, but they get all excited when they hear that little guy squeak. It's kind of like a Twinkie." Except of course that it isn't a Twinkie.

Though they spend time in the backcountry, the Frenches do not hesitate to do much of their bear watching from one of the most heavily traveled roads in Yellowstone. Close calls don't figure largely in the Frenches' reputation, and this turns out to be one of the more intriguing political questions raised by their work. They pull in to Antelope Creek at 5 most mornings, coasting downhill to their viewing point with the engine off, and for the next two hours, they talk in whispers lest they disturb bears out on the ridges below them. As the day lengthens, tourists in Winnebagos whip past and sometimes stop to ask questions. "Elks and grizzlies?" one man muses. "Are they compatible?" Unperturbed, French peers intently through his spotting scope at a nervous elk on a distant ridge, follows its gaze to the treeline and at 7:25 says, "I got a griz." The distance turns out to be an un-macho three miles.

This is not the stuff that made Dian Fossey a movie heroine. Doug Peacock derides the Antelope Creek watch as a "travesty" of the tamed Yellowstone: "Watching the bears copulate through telescopes and giving them names." His own methods smack more of

Steve French writes in field book. He works part time as a doctor to support grizzly research and family.



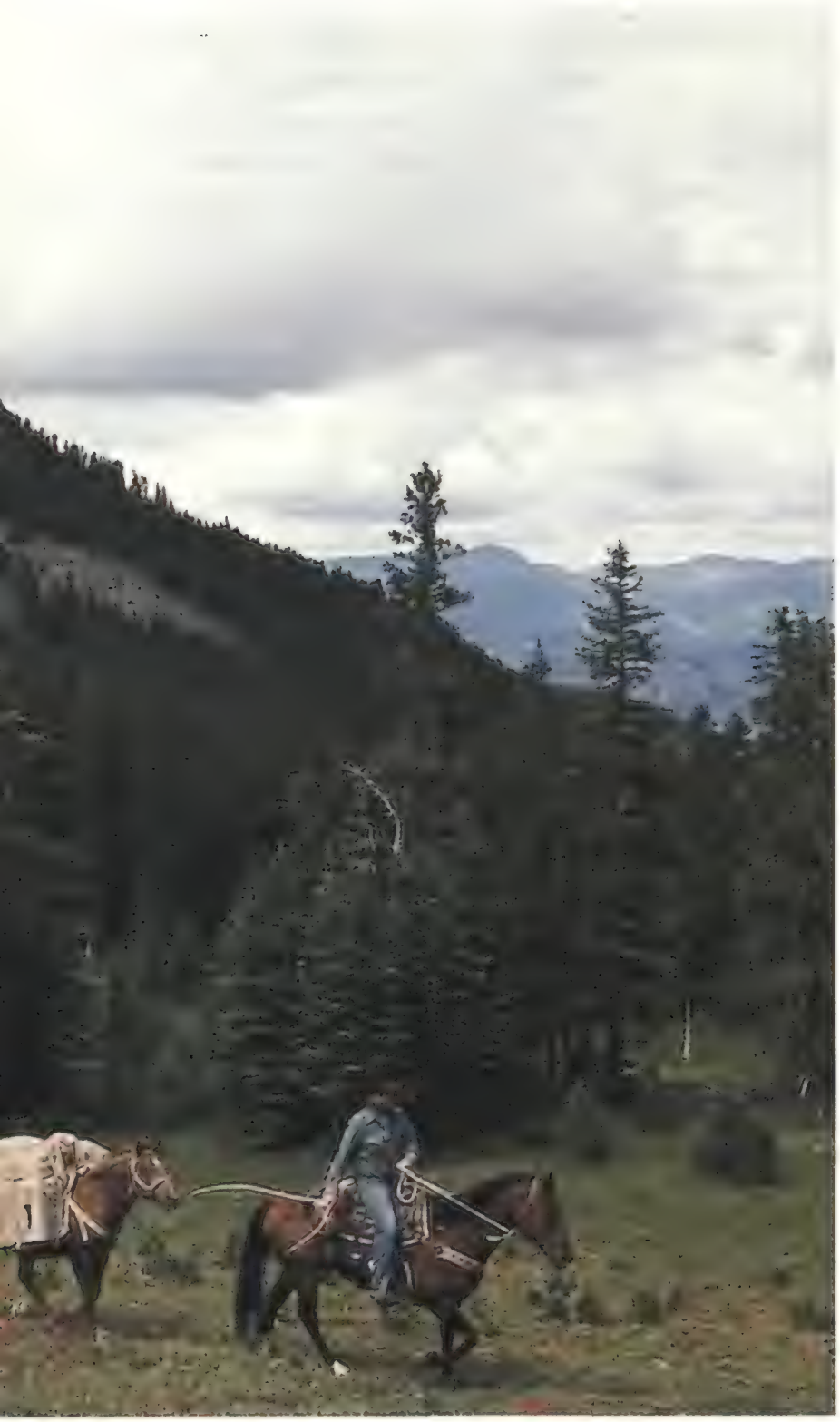
Preceded by outfitter and packhorse, the Frenches ride toward their base camp in the Absaroka Mountains.

True Adventure: "When he's in bear country," a friend later told me, "he carries himself as a bear would, the way he moves through the bushes, like a bear foraging. We'll be walking along and he'll be taking the point and all of a sudden he'll stop, either point to his nose or point to his ears, and after a couple of minutes, there's a bear. He seems like he can sense their presence." But there was more than that, said the friend: "I don't know what it is with Peacock. It's like he's got this innate trait with bears where they seem to be tolerant of him." This ursine aura, and the sense of personal connection with individual grizzlies, are at the heart of Peacock's underground celebrity in the West.

Like the Frenches, Peacock argues that what the grizzlies need most is to be left alone, and he wages a personal campaign to safeguard their privacy. At Glacier, for example, he forced federal authorities to prosecute a helicopter pilot who buzzed the bears for the pleasure of tourists. But what Peacock cannot seem to do is leave the bears alone himself. He is drawn among them, like Fossey sitting among her gorillas, and he reports that they generally treat him "much as they do other, more dominant bears." Sometimes, with his head cocked to one side, he talks a bear out of charging. Sometimes he stares a bear down. You have to wonder. For me his stories have to do less with how bears react to their changing environment than with how they react to Doug Peacock.

What the Frenches give us, by keeping a discreet distance from the bear, is a portrait of an American animal in the wild.

These differences may not at first seem to matter much to the Yellowstone grizzly's future. The number-crunchers still matter more directly. In particular, their cumulative effects model allows them to evaluate every proposed new development in grizzly country in terms of the effect it will have on the population of breeding females. This effect typically amounts to a fraction of a bear per year, allowing each developer to tout his project as relatively harmless. But fractions have a way of adding up. When he reviews the developments now being built or proposed in the Yellowstone area, including expanded tourist facilities in the park itself, John Varley, the park's chief of research, sees little room for optimism. The cumulative effects are adding up to the point where society must now choose whether it wants grizzly bears at Yellowstone—or new hotels. Without some change in direction, he predicts, the bear population will decline in this decade.



Although they do most of their work in the wild, they also observe bears from parking lots and trailheads.

Marilynn French emerges from grizzly den. Dens often start with a long tunnel that leads to a cozy chamber.

The Frenches also foresee the decline of the Yellowstone grizzly. One of the proposed developments, for example, is a gold mine that is expected to bring 600 people to Cooke City just north of the park. "Everybody's going to kick and scream," Steve French says. But society loves a compromise. "In the end they'll come up with some environmental mitigation and call it a win-win situation." He pauses. "You don't have a win-win situation when you put 600 people into grizzly habitat. Three years down the road, it's going to be something else over here. Win-win. And then it'll be win-win over here. We will win-win the bear to death."

Here, however, one of Peacock's criticisms of the Frenches sticks. Peacock regards it as an environmentalist's obligation to resist such development, to oppose the continued removal of habituated bears, to blow the whistle on concessionaires who regard Yellowstone as a profit center and operate in flagrant disregard for park wildlife. (Bears continue to become habituated, for example, in part because of negligent handling of food and waste by park restaurants and hotels.) These are subjects on which the Frenches also have strong feelings, and yet they keep silent. They are disciplined enough about abstaining from politics that they will not even talk about Peacock on the record. One difference, perhaps, is that where Peacock is always drifting through, the Frenches have formed a Yellowstone Grizzly Foundation and talk in terms of a 30-year study. They are conscious that a previous research team, the Craigheads, had to go elsewhere after breaking publicly with the Park Service. Thus, even the Cooke City mine must be somebody else's fight. "Our drive is for conservation through long-term public education," says Steve French. "You read the government literature and they're talking about all the things they're doing for bears. You read the conservation literature, and they're telling people what they're doing for bears. *All we're telling people about is bears.*"

Under the circumstances, it is natural to wonder whether education alone is enough. If the Frenches don't speak out, it falls to people like Peacock to kick and scream, to act outrageously on the grizzly bear's behalf. But for all his folkloric appeal, Peacock lacks the credibility to persuade society at large that at least in this one small place, our dominion over nature ought to be on hold; moreover, the Yellowstone grizzly of his imagination is already a degraded, half-domesticated specimen, hardly worth the trouble of saving. If we want to know what Peacock is kicking about, if we

want to savor each small discovery about how much more marvelous the untamed grizzly bear is than another air-conditioned hotel, then it is the Frenches that society needs to hear. For them, as for every conservation scientist in the world today, the politics of survival are inescapable.

One morning we hiked out into a sagebrush bottom. Bighorn sheep crossed a high slope opposite, and a couple of sandhill cranes made their creaky, chittering sound like wood rubbing against wood. Across the river, a small herd of elk grazed. "We got to watch our flanks," said Steve, and he started to tell a story about a time when a bear inadvertently ran a herd of elk right at them from the side. Before he could finish, frightened elk bolted into view on our left flank. "Oh, heavens," he said. "What's going on? Get ready, Marilynn, there could be a bear over there."

"There's a bear, there's a bear!" she shouted back. "Right on 'em." The grizzly came into view at a rocky gallop, three-quarter speed, with its loose flanks rippling in the sunlight. Then it disappeared after the elk into a draw, direction unknown. The bear was 500 yards away, less than 30 seconds for a grizzly.

While we waited for it to reappear, Steve digressed in the anatomical mode: "They're plantigrade, like us; they walk on their heels. Elk are digitigrade; they walk on their toes. So why are bears so darn fast? Do they have incredibly fast twitch fibers? Sprinters have a high concentration of fast twitch fibers. Or does it have to do with the way the tendons cross the joints and the bones articulate?" He spat tobacco; it was a subject for future research. "If that bear comes up over the ridge," he concluded, "why don't we all bend over and kiss our butts goodbye. Because we're gonna be a helluva lot easier to catch than that elk."

Antsy elk keep the grizzlies in sight

The bear reappeared on the other side of the river, shaking off water like a dog. A half-dozen elk stood nervously on a knoll. They walked toward the grizzly, their usual strategy being to keep it in sight at least until the chase begins. The grizzly ignored them and lay down in the low meadow to work on a recent kill.

"Subadult, 250 pounds, dark brown," Marilynn remarked to Steve, who was making notes. After a few minutes, a cow approached to within ten yards. "That's real typical," said Marilynn. "That's the calf's mother. She's got to have the urge to nurse, and there's the separation. She's had that calf with her for a few weeks." Another cow moved in behind, popped up her calf from its day bed, and escorted it out on tiptoe. The grizzly continued to eat for another 20 minutes.

"He's walking," Marilynn said finally. "7:08."

"There's a calf right above him," said Steve. "Look at 'em run, look at 'em run!" Calves tumbled into the river in a panic and swam across, struggling up the cut bank. On our side of the river, elk suddenly started to pour up out of the woods. The air was filled with the screaming of the calves, like sea gulls, and the strangled barking of the cows. "There he is again," said Marilynn. "Coming around this way."

If the young grizzly was learning to be a predator, the elk already knew how to be prey. Steve started doing color commentary again: "For a while they were like domestic cows, they thought they could just get fat

and happy." But now they're refining defensive strategies. The Frenches have seen cows pull up beside a charging bear and attempt to shoulder it off the track of a fleeing calf, or cut directly across a bear's path. Sometimes the calf escapes. Sometimes it stumbles, or the bear butts it down with its muzzle.

Just then the elk came racing into view, the calves struggling to remain among them, their pink mouths open, eyes wild. The herd circled up onto a knoll. The grizzly's mouth was also open, with a look of pure joy. He flew up the slope and hurtled in among the elk, spinning one way and then the other, snapping wildly. The cows were all around him, confusing him, and the calves danced away just out of reach. Then the whole wild assembly disappeared down the far slope.

Later, on the hike out through head-high sagebrush, a perfect spot for stumbling into a grizzly, Steve remarked, "You think about this. This isn't the Serengeti. This is Yellowstone, with Old Faithful, the boardwalks, the Winnebagos, the two and a half million people." And later still he added, "One of those dump bears woulda had a heart attack."

Mother and cub investigating a nearby elk carcass stand up to look at Frenches, who are staked out with their camera 120 feet away. Such close encounters are rare because the researchers keep their distance.

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The enduring vitality of Plains Indian art

By Henry Adams

Effigy club, carried in victory dances, was carved about 1890 by member of the Hunkpapa Lakota, on the Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota.

Covering 800 years, the exhibit at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts is the largest ever of its kind

Recently, people driving by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts have been startled to notice a group of men and women erecting tepees, like the ghosts of those that once covered the whole region of the Great Plains. The reason for this activity is an exhibition that just opened inside the building, "Visions of the People: A Pictorial History of Plains Indian Life," a survey that extends all the way from A.D. 1200 to the present. Curated by Evan Maurer and Louise Lincoln, it is the largest and most comprehensive exhibition of Plains Indian art ever staged. The show, which was funded by the Henry Luce Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts, will be on view until January 3, after which it will travel to the St. Louis Art Museum and the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha.

More than size and ambition make this project unusual. "Visions of the People" enlists the support not only of white scholars but of their native-American counterparts. Native-American writers, holy men and tribal leaders have acted as advisers and conducted prayers and rituals to bless the exhibition. The work of many living native-American artists is featured in the show. The catalog includes essays by both Euro-American and native-American scholars: David W. Penney, a curator at the Detroit Institute of Arts; Father Peter J. Powell, an Episcopal priest who is historian and an honorary chief of the Northern Cheyenne; and George P. Horse Capture, a Gros Ventre Indian and art historian.

Research on the show involved not simply book work but a deep immersion in American Indian life. A few months ago I spoke for several hours with the chief architect of the exhibition, Evan Maurer, director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and his research intern, Joseph D. Horse Capture. Maurer is a scholar in three different fields of art history—Surrealism, African art and American Indian art. His interest in the latter began in the second grade, when a teacher set up a display of Arapaho and Lakota objects in the corridor of his primary school in Maplewood, New Jersey. Many years later, when he organized one of the first major surveys of American Indian art, at the Art Institute of Chicago, he went back and obtained some of these same objects for the show. Like many scholars of his generation, he is largely self-taught in native-American art: during the entire period when he was in college and graduate school, only one course was offered that touched on the subject.

Joseph Horse Capture is the son of George Horse Capture, perhaps the leading native-American scholar of American Indian art, who served for many years as curator of the Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. And Joseph's great-great-grandfather Horse Capture was a noted Gros Ventre warrior and horse raider who was photographed by Edward S. Curtis around the turn of the century.

"When they took away the Indian names and gave them white names," Joseph comments, "they asked him 'What are you noted for?' and then they gave him that name. That man was Horse Capture. For the Indians, raiding horses from an enemy was like stealing home plate in baseball. It was the highest form of honor. You sneak into another camp at night and you nab the horses. Or you take them in battle."

"Joseph and I first met each other at an Arapaho Sun Dance," says Maurer, "where he was a participant, a pledger, one of the men who made the vow. At that time there were almost 90 who were in the sacred lodge—Joseph as well as his older brother, George jr. The vow was for four years—two years have now gone by." During the Sun Dance, which takes about five days, the pledgers spend three days inside the sacred lodge, without food or water, dancing, saying prayers and performing rituals to give part of themselves to The One Above.

Over the past ten years, Maurer has visited many Plains reservations and more than 300 collections, some of them in Europe—London, Paris, Ber-

Crane-headed stick was the insignia for a group of Crow officials who took part in the Hot Dance, introduced by the Hidatsa to the Crow in 1875.

Photographs by Henry Groskinsky

lin, Stockholm and Bern—where much of the earliest material is located. Even well-known collections are often poorly catalogued. "Museums often don't know what they have," says Maurer. "In our research we were often able to help museums identify the material they had, either by culture or object type, or sometimes attribution to specific men or women. That's always fun."

The exhibition catalog contains a number of the icons of Plains Indian art, masterworks that are reproduced in all the books on the subject. These include the earliest surviving painted Plains buffalo robe, collected by Lewis and Clark in 1804; a blackstone pipe with a carving of a bear, collected by the painter George Catlin in the 1830s; and the watercolors and hide paintings of the great Mandan chief Mato-Tope, whose portrait was painted by both Catlin and Karl Bodmer. But the challenge of the show was to avoid simply repeating what had already been done. "There are certain objects that always get reproduced," says Maurer, "and we wanted to stay away from them as much as possible. We dug deep into famous collections as well as into some that aren't so famous to find new material to show. We have also tried whenever possible to locate objects made by men and women whose names we know, whose pictures we have."

Joseph Horse Capture, Louise Lincoln and Evan Maurer examine a modern buffalo robe painted by Yanktonai Lakota artist Herman Red Elk in 1965.

In a few cases, he and Horse Capture discovered whole collections of objects that were essentially unknown to scholars. One of the strangest such finds was the collection of a fraternal lodge in North Dakota. While doing research on Winter Counts, or pictorial calendars, Horse Capture found a reference to such a painting that belonged to the lodge. He and Maurer decided to swing by the place after visiting the nearby North Dakota Historical Society.

One of the lodge members met them there and took them down into a basement where old furniture was stored. Stumbling around in the dark, they got to a room with a big plywood door held by a little lock. When they opened the door they found a room full of Indian artifacts, some of which the lodge members used in their parades. There were more than 40 objects—some made by the same artists whose works they had just seen in the historical society museum. At the museum the objects had been delicately handled by curators with white gloves. Here they had been stored for years in old bins. In a box in the corner of the room they found an important tepee by the well-known artist No Two Horns. That tepee is now in the exhibition.

Some discoveries at the fraternal lodge and at museums presented Horse Capture with an uncomfortable dilemma in his role as a traditional Plains man who is developing a career as a museum curator. "A lot of Indians carry things with them which are sacred to them, like medicine, in a pouch," he comments. "I saw some stuff there that shouldn't be in the hands of people who are not traditional and don't understand it."

Henry Adams is the curator of American art at the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City, Missouri.

Hide painting (1902, detail) was done by famous Kiowa artist Silverhorn.

Along with this research into collections, Maurer, Lincoln and Horse Capture have put in long hours of fieldwork with Indian elders. "The early anthropologists collected a lot of good information," Maurer observes. "But there are a lot of frustrating times when you wonder, 'Why didn't you ask them?' You have a lot of these people who weren't asking the right questions. And that's frustrating because, about 80 or 90 percent of the time, the people with the answers are dead now. They're just not here anymore."

Unlike previous exhibitions of Plains Indian art, the Minneapolis show is not focused on a single historical period but looks at the whole expanse of Plains art, from ancient petroglyphs to modern star quilts. Indian people lived on the Plains as far back as 20,000 B.C.; the greatest florescence of the ancient culture took place between A.D. 1000 and 1600. This culture is documented mainly through stone tools and petroglyphs—the petroglyphs being generally very difficult to date.

"Then in the 17th century you get movement out onto the Plains of the people from the north and east," says Maurer. "For example, the Gros Ventre, the Arapaho and the Cheyenne had lived in present-day Minnesota and Canada for some 7,000 years, but then they moved out onto the northern Great Plains."

One of Coronado's foot soldiers, Pedro de Castañeda, who traveled through the southern Plains in the spring of 1541, left the first description of the buffalo-hunting Indians. He wrote that they had "no permanent residence anywhere"; they pursued the great herds of buffalo across the Plains. Troops of dogs lived with them, helping to drag their tents and

Beaded and quilled objects include: (from top left) tobacco bag and vest, bag by Charles Chief Eagle, cradleboard and cover, two pipe bags; (in bottom row) cradle decoration, hymnal made by Amelia Iron Necklace, small bag.

burdens from place to place. Nearly everything they had came from the buffalo: their food was buffalo meat, their clothing and shelter was made from buffalo hide, their fuel came from buffalo chips.

This culture was dramatically transformed through an animal that the Spanish brought with them, the horse, which had reached northern Mexico by the latter half of the 16th century, and which, during the next two centuries, spread northward into the Great Plains. "All of a sudden," Maurer continues, "you have a miracle—the horse comes back to the Americas after its demise in the last ice age. The Comanche, especially, become the great horse brokers out on the Plains. So Plains culture as we think of it—the great buffalo hunting culture—is really the late 17th century through the 19th century."

In the late 18th century an old Cree Indian described how, in about 1730, he and his friends had trekked to see a horse that had been killed in battle. "He put us in mind of a stag that had lost his horns," he recalled, "and we did not know what name to give him. But as he was a slave to man, like the dog, which carried our things, we named him Big Dog."

Horses soon became the primary form of wealth and prestige, and horse-raiding became the best means for the sons of poor families to move ahead, both economically and socially. Horse-raiding expeditions of anywhere from 4 to 20 young men would advance into enemy territory, camp nearby, and then sneak up under cover of night to take the enemy's horses.

Feats of honor in warfare, buffalo hunting and horse raids—these became the main subjects of Plains narrative art. A warrior gained honor by "counting coup"—that is, touching his enemy in battle—taking an enemy's weapon, killing him or scalping him. Sitting Bull, for example, was the bearer of 63 coups, 63 acts of honor as a warrior and protector of his people. These honors were then recorded on the warrior's clothing and paraphernalia—war bonnets, coup sticks and hide paintings.

"No native-American culture has a word for art," Maurer points out. "The closest I could come down to was among the Chocktaw, who have a word for someone who is skilled in making something."

The visual art of the Plains Indians is of two types—visionary or ceremonial images and narrative scenes. Visionary images form a far more ancient tradition. For centuries it has been customary among the Plains Indians for young men to go off to a lonely spot, often a hilltop, and fast and pray in order to receive a vision. This vision, which is often connected with the spirit power of some animal, can endow them with sacred power in war and the hunt, and provides them with spiritually protective images to use on their clothing, war shields and gear,

much of it made from buffalo hide.

Because buffalo hides wear out with use, none survive from ancient times. Even those from the days of the first contact with whites are extremely rare. The earliest known is the painted hide robe collected by Lewis and Clark from the Mandan in North Dakota in 1804, and only about a dozen survive from the period before 1850. "One of the reasons we have so few objects from before 1880," Maurer comments, "is because they were systematically destroyed as part of the military strategy of the U.S. Army."

Fortunately, petroglyphs—images incised, scratched or pounded into rock—survive to document Plains imagery from about 2500 B.C. up to the past century. These petroglyphs reveal that the tradition of visionary images has remained amazingly constant over hundreds, even thousands, of years. For example, a striking series of petroglyphs at Castle Gardens in west-central Wyoming contains 12 decorated shields, each about three feet in diameter, some geometric, others depicting birds, otters, buffalo and human figures. Similar images are found on Indian war shields from the period between 1870 and 1900.

Both modern visionary objects and ancient petroglyphs tend to take four basic forms: geometric patterns; footprints, handprints and animal tracks; images of animals; and anthropomorphic representations. The cultural and religious code guided the general significance of different elements. Generally, sets of four refer to the four sacred directions, as do the four pigments, usually white, red, yellow and black (or blue). Crosses and circles indicate stars; zigzag lines indicate lightning or spiritual energy.

Animals generally had specific connotations. Cranes, for example, go through an elaborate mating ritual, so crane imagery often appears on objects associated with courtship. The bull elk was associated with male power and sexual prowess. Young men employed "elk medicine" to ensure their success

Amulets hold umbilical cords of newborns. The three lizards on the left, for boys, are Lakota (c. 1900); turtle, used for girls, is Assiniboine (c. 1860).

Moccasins—three beaded, three quilled—were worn by members of the Mandan, Arapaho, Assiniboine and Lakota tribes in the late 19th century.

Horse effigy batons, roughly three feet long, made by warriors to commemorate fallen steeds, were used in dances.
No Two Horns, a Hunkpapa Lakota, made top, bottom, ones; painted triangles represent battle wounds.

in love, and elk imagery is often found on love flutes and whistles. In some tribes the turtle, which myth credited as the creature on which the Earth was formed, was associated with women. Thus, among many tribes, an umbilical amulet in the form of a turtle was often pinned to a girl's cradleboard or clothing. Such amulets were also made for boys in the form of lizards, which are tough and difficult to kill (p. 129).

The bear, as well as the eagle and other raptors, was associated with power. Eagles appear frequently on costumes and war shields. Their feathers were used for war bonnets and to decorate spears and costumes, and their preserved bodies were frequently placed in medicine bundles.

Most important to the Plains Indians on a practical level were the buffalo and the horse. Many Plains tribes had societies that honored the buffalo and performed buffalo dances to bring about success in the hunt. Shields were often adorned with buffalo imagery to ensure success in the hunt, and clay and stone images of buffalo (p. 132) were created to encourage the animals' return in spring. The horse was revered for its role in warfare. Horses killed in battle were remembered and mourned by their owners (above). Images of horses, frequently shown bleeding or wounded, commemorated success in battle and were often carried in dances and war ceremonies.

Although the visionary art of the Plains Indians often contained elements of biography and history, purely narrative painting developed fairly late, in the period from about 1750 to the present, beginning about the same time that the horse was introduced. Narrative painting has also changed much more radically than the visionary tradition, from decade to decade, partly because of contact with the white culture and its means of representation, and partly in response to changes in Indian society.

A warrior's shirt from the early 19th century, loaned by Harvard's Peabody Museum, seems to show the beginnings of the narrative tradition of Plains Indian art. In visual form the shirt is similar to ceremonial art, with columns of almost abstract human figures. The difference is in the serial order, which refers to specific enemies that the warrior had encountered or killed in combat. Such a shirt served as a mnemonic device when reciting bravery honors. A somewhat later shirt from a museum in Bern, dating from about 1830 to 1850, documents the next stage of this evolution.

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Prehistoric quartzite buffalo effigy (c. 1400-1650) was found in Alberta.

The figures now have better-articulated arms and legs, as well as more-specific rendering of hairstyles, clothing, military gear and weapons.

The earliest biographical hide painting, mentioned before, is the one collected by Lewis and Clark around 1804. Its figures are similar in style to the shirt in Bern, but the freer arrangement of the narrative elements—93 figures in 22 separate engagements—provides a more complex description of individual episodes of battle.

In 1834 the great Mandan chief Mato-Tope created several painted hide robes and a watercolor depicting combats he had engaged in. Perhaps under the influence of the white artists he had befriended, he created far more complex representations than those before him, endowing his men with facial features, rounded body forms, and very detailed renderings of war gear and costumes. A remarkable watercolor that he gave to Karl Bodmer shows a fight between himself and a Cheyenne chief, in which Mato-Tope pulls a knife from his enemy's hand. Blood streams from his own hand, and the clothing of the two combatants, down to the feathers in their hair and the fringe on their leggings, is precisely rendered.

By the 1860s, Plains Indians began to make drawings of their exploits in ledger and roster books that they obtained from the whites. Because the pages were small, each scene was often reduced to a single exploit. From 1870 to 1900 the range of subjects expanded. Early biographical art centered on personal combat and the capturing of enemy horses. Scenes of war honors continued to be the most popular subject, but to these were added the hunting (below) and processing of animals, ceremonies such as the Grass Dance or the Sun Dance, and even domestic activities, such as children at play, couples courting or women cooking. By the 1870s, Indian artists had also begun to place figures within a more naturalistic setting, including elements of landscape and perspective, making their paintings more understandable to a non-Indian audience.

By this time many of these images were being produced for the tourist trade. Sometimes work was created in response to specific directions from white patrons. The anthropologist James Mooney, for example, commissioned Silverhorn to make paintings of the Kiowa Sun Dance (p. 127).

Somewhat paradoxically, artistic activity was often encouraged by the military officers who supervised Indian prisoners. This was the case with Capt. Richard Pratt, commandant of the prison for Indian warriors at Fort Marion, Florida. As Louise Lincoln notes in an essay in the exhibition catalog, "Pratt subjected the prisoners to rigorous military discipline and an aggressive campaign of assimilation, from haircuts and military uniforms to English classes and religious training. Yet in his zeal to 'convert' his charges, he allowed them unusual latitude in their contacts with white St. Augustine residents and encouraged the men to produce drawings and other objects that they could sell to tourists to earn spending money."

Little has been written about the art of this period from the 1880s to the 1940s. "Most people just passed it off as reservation work, tourist work," Maurer notes. "Who wants a plate with a warrior image painted on it? Or a fan? Or a pillow? Well, we do. We want to show how the Plains Indian tradition changed and developed."

On the whole, narrative imagery was the exclusive province of men. Women did ornamental work in geometric patterns, such as those made with porcupine quills or glass beads to decorate moccasins and vests, or "box and border" and feathered-bonnet designs that are found on painted hides and quilts. In the late 19th century, however, because recognizable subjects brought higher prices, the women of some Plains tribes, particularly the Lakota, began to produce beadwork with warrior imagery. Most of these objects were made for the tourist trade, although in some cases, such as

Hunt scene was drawn in ledger book by New Bear, probably a Hidatsa (c. 1884).

dresses with scenes of combat, they were made for personal use to honor family members who had distinguished themselves in battle.

The imagery of earned honors still plays a role in Indian life today. "Sports are really big on the reservations," Horse Capture notes. "Basketball, running and so forth. If you win, you get your special T-shirts. All of them have certain elements, like feathers or eagles. They're the same kind of things as the traditional art where, when you do well, you get a special honor. A lot of the symbolism carries through."

Evan Maurer admits that coming from a traditional European Jewish background has given him a sympathy for the hardships the Plains Indians have faced over the past two centuries, when they fought against the destruction of their traditions and language and even the complete extermination of their people.

"We're going to be printing extra copies of the exhibition catalog," Maurer comments, "to go to every reservation school on the Plains, which we donate. This is one of the things you learn, one of the many things the white world can learn from the Indian world—this sense of giving and this sense of mutual support. The economic life of the reservations is horrible—an average of about 80 percent unemployment—not because people are lazy and don't want a job. There is nothing there to have a job for.

"There's a lot of frustration on the part of the older people," Maurer continues. "When we were at the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, visiting one of the Gros Ventre grandmothers who is caretaker of her tribe's Sacred Flat Pipe right now, she expressed a strong feeling that things must be renewed, must go on, must be reborn. The most important thing this show can do is to help the native-American community maintain their traditions."

Joseph Horse Capture shares this goal. "For my father's generation," he says, "it was very, very difficult. He had it a lot harder than I ever have or ever will. He went through the time where it was shameful to be an Indian. That began to change with the occupation of Alcatraz [in 1969]. Our family was there, which is really a neat thing. All the way up to now, when it is the hip thing to be an Indian. He kept the tradition alive."

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Buckle up, America!

By Ralph Graves

A club within a club where creativity elicits rich rewards

The American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, a bastion of quality since 1898, customarily gives out about $750,000 each year

Way up in New York City's Washington Heights stands the most palatial, prestigious, exclusive—and obscure—clubhouse in America. There are only 250 members of this club. They pay no dues or admission fees. Their meals and drinks are free. If they should bring a guest, the guest's meal and drinks are also free. At the end of an evening, members and guests are all given free transportation home by car or limousine. Altogether, it is a very nice deal.

As you might expect, this is not an easy club to join. Members are elected by a procedure so labyrinthine that it could have been invented to confound some hero out of Greek mythology. It is amazing that anybody gets elected at all. In fact, this year nine memberships were left open, not because worthy candidates were lacking but because they could not wind their way through the maze in time for election.

But this very exclusive club of 250 members seems composed of hoi polloi compared with its even tinier sister organization. For within this club there is a superclub with only 50 members, every one of whom must be chosen from the membership of the "big" club. Vacancies occur only through death or resignation, and resignations are rare.

These two clubs share the same grand limestone palace on West 155th Street, just off Broadway. They are rich in esteem and history, they have plenty of money, they pay no taxes, they host elegant freebie dinner parties, they give away all kinds of prizes and awards—and yet nobody ever hears of them. Most people don't even know they exist.

Welcome to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. The Academy is the elite superclub of 50 members. The Institute is the rowdy big club of 250 members. It is important for the reader to keep this distinction clearly in mind—although not for very long. By the end of this article, the distinction—which has lasted for almost a century—will vanish.

Aside from perpetuating itself, the sole purpose of the Academy-Institute is to "foster, assist and sustain an interest" in literature, music and art. This it does by enthusiastically handing out money. Annual cash awards are given to deserving artists in various categories of creativity: architecture, musical composition, musical theater, novels, serious poetry, light verse, painting, sculpture. One award subsidizes a promising American writer's visit to Rome. There is even an award for a very good work of fiction that flopped commercially—once won by the young John Updike for *The Poorhouse Fair* and, more recently, by Alice Walker for *In Love & Trouble.*

Academy's elegant building on out-of-the-way West 155th Street in Manhattan, was completed in 1923.

The awards and prizes total about $750,000 a year, but most of them range in size from $5,000 to $12,500, a godsend to many young practitioners whose work may not bring in that much money in a year. One of the two best things about the awards is that many go to the strugglers, rather than to the already successful. Members of the Academy and Institute are not eligible for any cash prizes. The other best thing is that, unlike our National Endowment for the Arts, the Académie Française (SMITHSONIAN, January 1990) or similar institutions all over the world, there is no government money involved. Aside from its tax-free status as a nonprofit organization, the Academy-Institute is on its own. This means there are no senatorial second-guesses, no newspaper headlines.

Awards are made by committee. Each of the three departments—Literature (120 members), Art (83), Music (47)—has a committee dealing with its own field. Committee membership rotates every year, so that new voices and opinions are constantly heard. For example, the Literary Committee, chaired by critic and Yale professor Harold Bloom, will make some 15 awards this year. When the seven-member group met for the first time last May to go over the long list of nominees, three had never served on the committee before, and

The Literature Award Committee for 1993 includes: (seated) author-critic Harold Bloom and fiction writer Hortense Calisher; (standing) poet James Merrill, fiction writer Ann Beattie, poet Mark Strand, author-critic Eric Bentley and poet Donald Justice.

two had been inducted into the Institute only the previous afternoon. Before they are finished, each member will have read at least one work by each candidate for each award, and many will have read more.

The juiciest of all the Academy-Institute awards are the Mildred and Harold Strauss Livings. Strauss was a devoted editor at Alfred A. Knopf, the New York publishing house, his wife Mildred had money, and they were childless. They left the Academy-Institute a unique bequest: for five consecutive years, two distinguished (and financially pinched) writers would receive enough money so they could devote themselves entirely to "prose literature" (no plays, no poetry and no paying job that might distract). In 1983, the first Strauss Livings of $35,000 a year went to short-story writer Raymond Carver and novelist-essayist Cynthia Ozick. By 1988 the fund had grown enough so that two winners, novelists Diane Johnson and Robert Stone, each got $50,000 a year for five years.

Any member of either club can nominate a candidate. But the committee that makes the Strauss Livings selection consists of E. L. Doctorow, Alison Lurie, Paul Theroux and Kurt Vonnegut. These four vary a good deal in the style and quality of their work. They were picked because they are well-established writers who are known to read a great deal of contemporary literature. They may add nominees and—as is true of all awards everywhere—their own prejudices will come into play. For months they have been reading the works of nominees and sending written comments back and forth to one another. The list of roughly 45 candidates is officially secret. Since the nominees almost never know they are under consideration, they cannot be interviewed or asked to submit their latest tax returns. Therefore no real "means test" (beyond hearsay and lifestyle) helps the committee determine just how great a candidate's fiscal need may be.

Overturn recommendations? Not likely

The Strauss Committee submits its final two recommendations to the board of directors. But unlike, say, the Pulitzer Prizes or the grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, there is little chance that recommendations will be overturned. Says executive director Virginia Dajani, "It's almost inconceivable—unless one of the directors just happened to know that a recommended winner had a lot of assets." A supposedly threadbare writer who turned out to be secretly wealthy would be unacceptable to the board—and, of course, to the committee itself, which cannot really be sure that its two anointed winners are respectably broke. Once the Livings are given, though, the two writers must report at the end of the year what they did creatively and whether or not they earned salaried in-

Portrait Gallery displays photographs of members taken on their induction into the Academy-Institute.

William Dean Howells
Writer-editor

Augustus Saint-Gaudens
Sculptor

Edward MacDowell
Composer

John Hay
Historian-statesman

Since the beginning, some 1,100 have been elected to the Academy and the Institute—994 men, 106 women.

Edmund C. Stedman
Stockbroker-poet

John LaFarge
Painter

The first seven members elected to the Academy in 1904 are shown here (clockwise from top left) in order of most votes cast for each. The group included a painter and a poet, a historian and a composer, a sculptor and two writers. Novelist Henry James missed as a charter member but was the next voted in.

Mark Twain
Writer

come. So far, says Dajani, there have been no problems.

One of the most imaginative awards was established by American Impressionist Childe Hassam (SMITHSONIAN, December 1990), a member of both the Institute and the Academy. Hassam willed the contents of his studio to the organization. When he died in 1935, his studio contained 326 oil paintings and 89 watercolors. The organization was to sell his paintings "from time to time in its discretion at private sale and not at auction." The income would be used to buy the works of living American artists and to present them, absolutely free, to museums across the country.

From the Hassam Fund, a stream of new works

For a decade the Academy-Institute dutifully sold his work. Hassam was no Winslow Homer, but his paintings have substantial value. In 1989-90, for example, a dozen of them sold for more than $100,000 each, three of these going for more than $500,000 and one for $3 million. However, none of these was disposed of by the Academy-Institute, which has placed a temporary moratorium on the sale of the 57 oils and 18 watercolors still in its collection.

Today the Hassam Fund is spinning off enough income to buy 15 works a year by living American artists, who are also chosen by an elaborate procedure. First a representative group of 90 museums is selected and invited to nominate ten American painters whose work they would like to own. An Institute committee evaluates not only the artists requested by the museums, but also the individual works of art submitted in slide form by the painters or their dealers or galleries. These are narrowed to one work by each of 60 artists. The paintings by the 60 finalists are shipped to New York and hung as an exhibition, to be studied and discussed by the committee before the 15 winners are chosen.

Last year the price limit was a modest $12,000 per work, obviously not enough to buy an important painting by a major artist—or even an Andrew Wyeth sketch. But the honor of being selected by a museum and purchased with the glowing endorsement of the Academy-Institute does wonders to lower a painter's (and a dealer's) asking prices. To be bought by the Hassam Fund is good business. Everybody wins, the museumgoing public most of all.

Childe Hassam himself was one of the original members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, brand-new in 1898. He was not, however, a founder. Nor were the other artists, writers and composers of that day. The distinction of inventing the Institute belongs to H. Holbrook Curtis, a New York doctor, and Simeon E. Baldwin, a Connecticut judge, both members of something called the American Social Science Association. After an 1897 Association meeting

Secretary Robert Johnson wrote himself a letter to announce his election to Academy—then answered it.

in Saratoga, the two gentlemen, sitting on the veranda of the United States Hotel, decided that it might be a good idea for the United States to have its very own institute for arts and letters. It was a bit like Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland telling each other, "Hey, we could put on our own show! Write our own songs! We could stage it right here in our own barn!"

A committee (of course) was duly formed. The following year the Institute was born and the membership chosen. But it was not long before some of these members began to feel that an Institute with 250 men (no women) was not really dignified, not truly selective. Look at the glorious Académie Française. Just 40 members, known as the "Immortals." And so, in 1904, the elite Academy came into being.

Turn-of-the-century Americans were a curious mix of we-can-do-anything optimism and a profound sense of inferiority compared with the venerable cultures of Europe, especially England (in literature) and France (in art). American achievements in the arts were already considerable, though. So it was natural for them to want to "put on their own show," ape the mighty French by creating a superelite Academy. But why 50 Academicians when the French had only 40? Was 50 just a nice round number? Or was it a sneaky gesture of one-upmanship? No one knows.

The Academy went about its self-creation through a procedure devised by the Institute's secretary, Robert Underwood Johnson. Johnson was only a minor poet, but he was, according to literary historian and critic Malcolm Cowley, "a master and slave of protocol."

First, all the members of the Institute would vote by secret ballot, and the top 7 vote-getters would become Academicians. These 7 charter members would elect the next 8. These 15 would elect the next 5. These 20 would . . . and so on. The first 7 men chosen provide an interesting portrait of turn-of-the-century arts and letters. May we have the envelope, please. In the order of votes received by secret ballot, they were William Dean Howells, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John LaFarge, Mark Twain, John Hay, Edward MacDowell.

Edmund Clarence Stedman? You may well ask. Stedman was the "stockbroker-poet," always a limited class. Today he is not represented by a single line in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, nor by a single poem in Mark Van Doren's *American Poets* or in *Great Poems*, Louis Untermeyer's collection of close to a thousand. But Stedman did much to popularize American poetry, including his own. Sixteen of his poems appeared in his own huge *American Anthology*, one more than he allotted to Walt Whitman. Whitman's view of him was, "You can't put a quart of water into a pint bottle. Stedman holds a good pint, but that is his limit."

The other six charter members seem much more worthy—and more familiar. John Hay is there not as a Secretary of State but as a poet and biographer of Lincoln. William Dean Howells, the top vote-getter, was the unchallenged king of American letters—editor, critic, essayist, novelist (*The Rise of Silas Lapham*). Mark Twain is a bit farther down the list, but then, the early Institute membership was a hotbed of Eastern establishment gentility, and in 1904 a lot of folks still considered Twain uncouth—as indeed he was. But Twain got in, at least. The same cannot be said for the 61-year-old Henry James, already the author of numerous extremely couth novels and an unquestioned giant of American literature.

The charter seven swiftly rectified this by electing James to the eighth seat in the Academy. Theodore Roosevelt also made it on this second cut, not as President but as historian and writer. (The only other President to get in was Woodrow Wilson.) In 1907 Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," became the first woman member of the Institute and, a year later at age 89, the first woman in the Academy. The next women didn't make it until 1926, but as Malcolm Cowley explained, Julia Ward Howe was "not so much a woman as a national institution."

The year Mrs. Howe was elected also saw the elevation of Robert Underwood Johnson, the Institute's

Ralph Graves, former managing editor of Life *magazine, has written four novels. His most recent article was on the Battle of Manila Bay (*SMITHSONIAN, *March 1992).*

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Executive Director Virginia Dajani administers day-to-day activities and programs of the Academy. At left is the 23,000-volume library.

most indefatigable enthusiast, who now became the secretary of the Academy. For the master of protocol, this called for something special, and Johnson rose to the occasion. He wrote himself a letter that, happily, still survives: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that on the 28th instant by vote of the Academy of Arts and Letters you were duly elected a member of that body.... Will you have the kindness to inform me of your acceptance of the election. Very respectfully yours, Robert Underwood Johnson."

He then wrote himself an answer, duly accepting.

Who gets elected and who doesn't is part of the fun—and a large part of the trouble—for this or any similar institution. The Académie Française, for all its grandeur, must live with the historical blot that it denied admission to Honoré de Balzac and Gustave Flaubert—the literary equivalent of keeping Joe DiMaggio and Christy Mathewson out of the Baseball Hall of Fame. What price greatness? And Emile Zola, prolific author and hero of the Dreyfus Affair, was a candidate 24 times but never made it. Technically, in our own Academy-Institute, unlike the Académie Française, one cannot declare oneself a formal "candidate," although grumpy John O'Hara complained so publicly about his failure to get in that he was finally elected in 1957. He resigned four years later because his name was not on the ballot to win a gold medal.

O'Hara's behavior was frowned on. You are supposed to wait humbly and patiently until the members, in their wisdom, pluck you out of the bulrushes. Once plucked, you are in for life, barring resignation—over pique or principle—or expulsion. In 1943 when poet Ezra Pound was indicted for treason for broadcasting pro-Axis commentary from Rome, some members wanted to expel him. Treasurer James Truslow Adams wrote: "It does grate a little on me when a man who has been indicted as a traitor by the United States Government can still be a member of the Institute." But Pound was not expelled. Years later, angered by a fierce speech from Academy president Lewis Mumford attacking American policy in Vietnam, painter Thomas Hart Benton rose from his seat on the stage, said "I'm not going to listen to this [hearty Missouri expletive]," stalked off and resigned. His resignation was accepted, but three years later the directors reinstated him. Whereupon Mumford resigned.

Only one member has ever been expelled (Wilhelm Diederich, in 1947, for writing anti-Semitic letters on the Institute's stationery), but longevity can be a problem. Commenting on the annual Academy meetings, novelist William Styron noted that "many of the members were too old, or too feeble, to come. Some have been gaga for years." In *Bech, A Book* novelist and Academician John Updike describes his hero's feelings on induction. When he sees so many famous old writers, he says, "I thought they were all dead." His companion answers, "We find it easier not to die."

Getting elected in the first place is a complex undertaking. Any member of any Academy department can nominate someone for membership. An artist can nominate a composer, a writer can nominate an artist. The nomination must be accompanied by a "citation" setting forth the person's credentials. The nomination must also be supported in writing by two seconders. Eventually the nomination is submitted to the full membership, again by formal written ballot. Far more lobbying occurs than might be expected at such an exalted level. Letters. Phone calls. Private huddles

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Short-fused novelist Sinclair Lewis rejected Institute in 1922 but accepted when elected again in 1935.

Novelist Edith Wharton, elected in 1926, was known for *The House of Mirth* and *The Age of Innocence.*

over drinks. You vote for my candidate and I'll vote for yours. "The process," president Hugo Weisgall says, "is full of prejudices and always has been."

Once elected, the successful candidates are supposed to rush into the Academy-Institute's embrace, uttering discreet cries of pride and pleasure. Some don't. In spite of furious opposition because of his scathing portrait of small-town America in *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis was elected to the Institute in 1922, but he politely declined. He was less polite in 1930, when he won the Nobel Prize. During his acceptance speech in Stockholm he lambasted the American Academy, charging "It represents only Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," who at that moment had been dead for 48 years. He named 21 writers he considered more deserving of Academy chairs than those who sat in them. But Lewis later relented and joined the Institute in 1935, and the Academy two years later. More recently, J. D. Salinger declined election. So did Gore Vidal, who said, "Thanks, but I already belong to the Diners Club."

The most famous and controversial rejection came from philosopher William James. Elected to the Academy in 1905, only three months after his younger and more famous brother Henry, William let fly in a letter objecting to "the notion of an organization for the mere purpose of distinguishing certain individuals (with their own connivance) and enabling them to say to the world at large 'we are in and you are out.' . . . On the whole it seems to me that for a philosopher with my pretensions to austerity and righteousness, the only consistent course is to give up this particular vanity. . . . And I am more encouraged to this course by the fact that my younger and shallower and vainer brother is already in the Academy. . . ."

Was William James just kidding?

A controversy arose decades later over whether William was serious or just kidding. Academician Leon Edel wrote in his five-volume life of Henry James that William's letter was further proof that the two brothers could not "live under the same roof . . . and occupy seats side by side." Jacques Barzun, then president of the Institute and a Columbia professor of history, answered in the *New York Times Book Review* that William's letter obviously consisted of "mock" insults, "marked from the outset by the mixture of self-irony and playful exaggeration characteristic of all the Jameses." Henry, he noted, was actually visiting William the day the letter was written. To this day the issue has not been settled. But whether or not William was kidding, he declined the Academy invitation and quit the Institute. Henry remained a member.

Through the decades many distinguished men and women have been elected, along with the less distin-

guished and even obscure. But perhaps the most valuable member in terms of the Academy-Institute's continued existence was a poet and Spanish scholar named Archer Milton Huntington, class of '11. He will never be remembered for his literary contributions, but he was rich and he was generous. "Wherever I put my foot down," he once boasted, "a museum springs up."

In 1914 Secretary Johnson persuaded Huntington to contribute the very large sum of $100,000 from his inherited railroad fortune as an endowment. This, together with a matching grant from Huntington's mother, made possible the building of the Academy-Institute's imposing home, designed by the firm of McKim, Mead & White (all three of whom were members). There were other Huntington gifts, for a total of some $3 million over 20 years.

A prolific membership, proved in the library

Today the Academy-Institute functions under a board of directors and an executive director, Virginia Dajani. Since most members spend only a minute amount of time in the limestone palace, chiefly for committee meetings, the executive director runs the day-to-day show. This is considered a most solemn commitment. Each November, Dajani presents a detailed budget to the board. This covers all awards and prizes, functions, exhibitions and committee meetings, as well as a full-time staff of ten and the upkeep for the 70-year-old building and its archives, including a unique library of historical papers and 23,000 books (all written by members, of course).

The many committee meetings on prizes and awards take place in the building. The committee members' expenses are paid—up to a point: a free plane ticket (economy class) and a room at the Mayflower Hotel. If a committee member prefers to stay at the Plaza, fine, but the reimbursement is only for what the Mayflower charges. Committee members also get a check for $125 for each visit ($250 for the literary committees, which have to spend so much time reading). The Academy-Institute is adamant that this check is not a "fee" but an "appreciation." It seems a delicate distinction.

The dinners, which *are* free, are designed to give members and guests a chance to talk to one another across the disciplines. Dajani works out the seating arrangements for the round, eight-person tables so that a composer is seated next to a writer, and an artist next to a composer. These rewarding occasions begin with cocktails and then move on to an excellent catered meal. As a guest, you recognize a few famous faces and wonder who the others are. It was sobering for me to attend a dinner, to enjoy the mushroom soup, broiled chicken, asparagus and fine wines, and then to look across to the next table at a balding

First woman elected, Julia Ward Howe (at 88 in 1907) was famous for "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Childe Hassam willed his work to the Academy; income from sales was to be used for special art purchases.

Special chairs carry individual nameplates for the Academy members who have used them in succession.

gentleman wearing a tie and jacket and a neatly trimmed beard. Surely not—but yes, it was Allen Ginsberg, author of *Howl* and onetime spokesman for the Beat Generation but now a member.

As a class, writers, composers and artists are not notably gifted at handling their own money, so the Academy-Institute's endowment is managed by an investment firm. Dajani gets quarterly and sometimes monthly reports. If the endowment income drops, she makes budget adjustments. "If it were to drop enough," she says, "I could cut back quietly, maybe even serve the members meat loaf and jello for dinner (heaven forfend) and arrange taxis to bring them home late at night, instead of the nicer, more comfortable cars we now use."

Such perks are pleasant, but they are homespun compared with those of the Académie Française. The French tradition is more than three times as old as the American, dating all the way back to Louis XIII and Cardinal Richelieu in 1635. There was a single brief time-out during the French Revolution, when the Académie was abolished because of its "incurable gangrene of aristocracy." Three members were guillotined, a distinction that has thus far eluded American Academicians. Today, fully restored by Napoleon himself, the Immortals outrank government ministers at formal dinner parties, and wear extravagant uniforms with plumed hats and very special épées. The whole regalia can cost as much as $30,000.

The panoply of the Académie's American brethren is a pitiful contrast. Back in 1949 a playwright named Austin Strong took a stab at remedying this by designing a special gown for official gatherings. Made of black cloth, it had a purple-and-gold silk hood and a cape, to distinguish it from an academic gown. The price was right, $35 apiece, and the Institute was prepared to spring for this. A photograph was mailed to members, who promptly voted it down. Literary historian Van Wyck Brooks: "I think the gown looks rather cheap and undistinguished." Playwright Robert Sherwood: "To me this makes it seem like a lodge." Poet Conrad Aiken: "What nonsense!"

Academy members do get something called the "Academy Key." This is not a key at all but a circular, one-inch pin of gold and purple-blue enamel bearing the figure of Pegasus, who looks a bit overweight for a winged steed. It is so ugly that no one ever wears it. Each member does wear a small rosette made, alas, in France. The only area in which the American Academy outdoes the French is with regard to armchairs; here it is generous to a *fauteuil.* Much has been made of the 40 Académie *fauteuils,* given by Louis XIV. But when Secretary Johnson took a look at them during a 1911 visit to Paris, he found them without "unusual beauty." He raised $5,000 for a set of American armchairs in gleaming walnut and brown leather. Each has a brass plaque on the back inscribed with the name and dates of each Academician who has held that seat. Among those inscribed on chair No. 5: Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1904-1910); William Carlos Williams (1958-1963); Padraic Colum (1963-1972); Leon Edel (1972-).

Goodbye to long-cherished exclusivity

The grandest Academy-Institute function is the annual Ceremonial in May, during which new members used to be inducted into the Academy and get their names inscribed on the backs of their assigned chairs. Not anymore. In a reversal of 88 years of history, the 50-member Academy, by its own vote, is surrendering its long-cherished exclusivity. As soon as the whole Institute votes its approval this month, only a single organization will exist: the American Academy of Arts and Letters, with 250 members.

Since the very earliest days, some members have felt that the existence of the two organizations, one within the other, was foolish, besides being hopelessly confusing to the public. Back in 1979 historian Barbara Tuchman wrote a statement signed by 11 other Academicians: "The selection of a fifth of these [the 250 Institute members] as somehow of special distinction serves, as we see it, no useful purpose (beyond an agreeable polishing of egos) and has no reliable criteria

as a basis." But it was not until last spring that a resolution proposing a single organization was carried by formal ballot. This month's meeting, when the whole organization votes, will officially make instant Academicians out of all Institute members.

The Academy-Institute will otherwise be little changed. The May Ceremonial will be much as it was this year, attended by members and many award winners and their guests. Cocktails in the spacious South Gallery of the palace. A sumptuous, tented lunch for 300 on the broad terrace. This May's menu is grilled chicken breast with mango chutney, lemon pepper couscous, haricots verts, lemon tart with raspberry coulis, wine and coffee. Experienced members have learned to go easy on the cocktails and wine because the next event is the Ceremonial itself.

A two-hour affair, it takes place in the auditorium before 850 gallant witnesses and is inducive to slumber. After opening speeches, two new honorary American members are inducted, but only after their citations are read. Then six new honorary foreign members, again with citations, as well as citations, handshakes and scrolls for the nine new members of the Institute. Then, mercifully sparing the citations, some of the 49 winners of prizes, awards and medals march to the podium to receive their handshakes and scrolls.

The only improvement over the Hollywood Oscar ceremonies is that recipients are not allowed to thank anybody, thus reducing the stupefaction from four hours to two. Afterward everybody is happy, especially the various book publishers whose authors have just been honored. Next morning the *New York Times*, that "newspaper of record" which has, as usual, neglected to cover the event, will run ads from 12 different publishing houses saluting 25 different authors.

Everyone who is inducted in 1993, of course, will be an Academician, without the lesser distinction of being merely a member of the Institute. But the old spirit of elitism (or at least of irony) is not totally dead. This spring novelist Louis Auchincloss, one of the five very last members to be elected an Academician under the old rules, turned to a fellow member and said, "Just my luck. As soon as I get elected, they let the mob in."

Nineteen of the 50 Academy members turned up for the 1992 spring meeting: (in the front row) painter Jacob Lawrence, author Elizabeth Hardwick, novelist Louis Auchincloss, composer Lukas Foss, critic Ada Louise Huxtable; (second row) painter Jack Levine, composer Milton Babbitt, poet James Merrill, composer Hugo Weisgall, historian Arthur Schlesinger jr., graphic artist Saul Steinberg, novelist William Gaddis; (third row) critic Alfred Kazin, novelist Ralph Ellison, historian C. Vann Woodward, poets James Dickey and Richard Wilbur, novelist Kurt Vonnegut, and historian-journalist Harrison E. Salisbury.

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By Peter Stark

From icy northern waters came the ancient sea kayak

A paddling enthusiast traces the evolution of a hunting vessel, once made only of whalebone, hides and driftwood, that can't be improved

At 10 P.M. the sun hung so high in the northern sky that it looked like midafternoon. The polar sea was mirror-smooth. Chunks of ice whispered lazily on the incoming tide and brushed against the ice floe to which we'd anchored our boats, about 15 miles out in Hvalsund—Whale Sound—a great notch cut into the mountainous coast of northwest Greenland. That's when I first heard it—a series of hollow, rubbery exhalations that surrounded us as if we'd stepped inside an air mattress that someone was inflating with enormous huffs.

Mamarut Kristiansen, an Inuit hunter, pulled on white gloves and drew his matching hood over his black, tousled hair so that only his weather-burned face showed. He wore soft sealskin boots, and now he stepped delicately into the cockpit of his off-white kayak. He wriggled his legs into the narrow, sharp hull, adjusted the harpoon lashed to the deck and, like a seal that flippers its way over the ice, palmed himself to the edge and slid into the sea. The other hunter, Sigdluk Miunge, stood beside me wearing a pair of polar-bear leggings. He gestured at my stop-sign-red parka; I let it drop to the ice. Immobile as statues, we watched Mamarut's kayak slice through the sea, aiming toward the rubbery breathing.

A few weeks later and several thousand miles to the

An Inuit man skirts the ice in the Arctic waters off northwest Greenland, where kayak hunting survives.

The kayak—born of the northern seas

In 1577 battle, the Inuit paddled circles around Martin Frobisher's men but were overwhelmed by firepower.

south, I recalled that suspended moment of white and ice and waiting. My wife, Amy, and I were then at Port Townsend, a quaint harborfront on Puget Sound, attending a kayak event of an entirely different spirit, not to mention dress—the West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium. Polar-bear pants were not in evidence here. Instead, participants walked barefoot through the warm sand in purple shells, lime-green shorts and fluorescent baseball caps embroidered with brand names. Scores of kayaks in hot pink, bright yellow and sky blue lay strewn along the beach, while out on the water a pod of 40 or 50 paddlers skittered about like waterbugs on a frog pond. I couldn't imagine what Mamarut or Sigdluk would make of this busy, benign, rainbow-hued gathering, but to me it underscored the point that the kayak—this ancient hunting tool—has traveled 8,000 miles and 9,000 years and recently has exploded into a Technicolor sport: sea kayaking.

Outdistancing 20 seamen in a longboat

Tracing that passage, Amy and I came to appreciate the kayak as one of the most ingenious craft ever designed. It's a boat whose lines one early Russian missionary described as "so perfect . . . that even a mathematician could add very little," and whose centuries-old hull shapes might teach something to the designers of modern ships. Today's recreationists likewise have discovered that, among paddle-powered boats, the kayak has no equal for its graceful combination of lightness, portability, seaworthiness and speed. And, too, that in its resemblance to a "kinde of strange fishe"—in the words of one of explorer Martin Frobisher's chroniclers—it is also unrivaled as a craft from which to view sea life. In short, the kayak is a boat that has been astonishing us southerners ever since Frobisher's party arrived off Baffin Island in the 1570s and learned the hard way that a single Inuit in a kayak could easily outdistance 20 British seamen in a longboat who yanked at their oars in hot pursuit.

It's impossible to pin down the exact time and place of the kayak's invention. One theory places it in the vicinity of Alaska's Aleutian Islands about 9,000 years ago. To settle the islands, the Aleuts would have needed the kayak's seaworthiness and extreme speed, because the Aleutian chain sits among some of the North Pacific's strongest currents and roughest waters, which remain ice-free year-round. The mummified remains of ancient Aleuts found in burial caves testify to their reliance on paddle power in the enormous size of their arm bones, compared to which the arm bones of Russian explorers look like "pipe stems," says University of Connecticut anthropologist William Laughlin.

From the Aleutian area the kayak probably spread north to the Bering Strait and east across the Arctic as

Harpoons at the ready, Aleut hunter wearing sea-lion hat to fool his prey sneaks up on a colony of fur seals. Print was made from field sketches done in 1816 by member of Russian expedition; ship is in background.

far as Greenland, according to Laughlin. Vikings encountered Inuit in kayaks during their explorations of North America and Greenland about A.D. 1000.

The Europeans who sailed north seven centuries later searching for trade routes and furs were struck with "amazement beyond expression" at these tiny, skinny boats in which the pilot sealed his torso to the deck with an apron of whale guts so that man and boat became a single, waterproof unit that paddled *through* the waves as well as over them. The boat was so remarkably strong but light that the kayaker could ride the surf to shore, hop out and walk down the beach with his kayak under one arm, while the envious Europeans foundered offshore in their heavy wooden boats, unable to land. Kayakers in some parts of the Arctic could flip themselves over if an unusually large wave approached, then swiftly right themselves with a sweep of the paddle and a flick of the hips after it had harmlessly washed past their overturned hull. "They are so confident in them," one trading captain reported, "and so vers'd in the guiding of them, that they shew a thousand tricks in them . . . diving and rouling themselves in the Sea three or four times together; so that they may be taken for perfect *Amphibia*. . . ."

Today, the kayak survives as a hunting vehicle only in the most remote pockets of the Arctic, such as areas of northern Canada and the Thule district of northwest Greenland. Unlike most of the North American Arctic, which relies on snowmobiles and all-terrain vehicles for getting around, the local governing council in northwest Greenland has banned the snowmobile in favor of the dogsled—in part because the machine's

Freelancer Peter Stark, who lives in Missoula, last wrote on the pleasures of sledding (December 1987), proof of his obvious affinity for the cold.

Modern sea kayaks, like these at Deception Pass on Puget Sound, are made of fiberglass and Kevlar.

racket frightens away game—and requires that hunters use the kayak when they stalk narwhals. These small whales, whose males sport a unicorn-like horn, grow to about 16 feet.

When I first tried Sigdluk's kayak, I couldn't squeeze my size-11 feet beneath the low foredeck or jam my thighs or rear through the hole of the tiny, round cockpit. This was slightly embarrassing. I removed my rubber boots at the hunters' suggestion and hopped about in my stocking feet over the ice, but, even as Sigdluk and Mamarut helped stuff me down into the cockpit, I didn't fit. "Each kayak is different, and each man builds his kayak to fit himself," Sigdluk explained as I struggled to extract myself. "It can't be too big, and it can't be too small."

We'd met the hunters only a few days before, on a sunny afternoon in early July, when Amy and I had found Mamarut Kristiansen standing in his hunting whites, eating a hamburger topped with shredded red cabbage at the counter of the Polar Grill. This resembled just another hot dog stand in, say, Ohio, providing you ignored the view out the front door of the five-story icebergs embedded in the half-frozen sound. The Polar Grill sits on a rocky street in the middle of Qaanaaq, a town of about one hundred houses that looks a bit like a Scandinavian fishing village dropped on a gravelly headland; there are a few bulk-oil tanks, radio masts, dozens of kayaks and hundreds of howling sled dogs. Qaanaaq is the administrative center for the hunting villages of the Polar, or Thule, Inuit. At just 800 miles short of the Pole, these are the farthest-north villages on the planet, which means that the Polar Grill is the world's highest-latitude hot dog stand.

A load of mattak *and a handshake*

That morning at 4—clocks don't count here in the endless light of summer—Mamarut had dogsledded across the ice of Whale Sound into Qaanaaq with a load of *mattak*, the hornlike skin of the narwhal that is a Greenlandic delicacy. With a handshake, Mamarut, a stocky, energetic, fun-loving man in his early 30s and son of a famous former walrus hunter named Masauna, agreed to take us out with him. Thus it was, a few days later, that we left his two-room house on Qeqertarssuaq (Herbert Island) and, with the kayaks lashed to the gunwales of his and Sigdluk's small motorboats, we headed across Whale Sound. We beached the boats, with a slow crunch of ice against fiberglass, on a great floe. "And now we can wait for hours and hours and hours," remarked our young interpreter, Vittus (Vito) Qujaukitsoq.

Mamarut sharpened his harpoon; his girlfriend, Tukummeq Peary—a great-granddaughter of the polar explorer Robert Peary—chewed a piece of sealskin to soften it for a pair of boots; and I poked my head into the cockpit of Sigdluk's kayak. I studied the way he'd lashed the ribs to the keel with tightly wrapped sealskin line, because, he explained, nails can break or work loose in rough seas. Now 60, Sigdluk said he had learned how to make kayaks from the old men when he was young. His had a spare, simple, elegant design with knifelike bow and stern, and low, slightly sweeping deck, that reminded me of the thinnest sliver of a new moon. Its canvas skin was stretched drum-taut over the stringers, and the carefully stitched seam formed a gentle S along the deck. He'd painted it light gray to mimic the skin tone of a narwhal calf.

In years past he'd used sealskin instead of canvas, but it was a lot of work to hunt five animals and scrape the skins, and very difficult to sew the seam inside and out. And then you had to replace the whole works periodically. Old kayak coverings were thrown to the sled dogs to eat, which explains why hunters store their kayaks up on racks out of the dogs' reach.

Sigdluk had used a measuring stick to build his boat. In some parts of the Arctic, hunters used proportional formulas: the diameter of a Hooper Bay kayak, for example, is the distance from the armpit to the fingers' first joints. In this way each kayak exactly fit the man

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who built it. Likewise, the kayaks of each region evolved over the centuries to meet the demands of local conditions and prey. The Caribou Inuit of Hudson Bay preferred a round-bottomed kayak for its extreme speed and maneuverability in chasing fast-swimming caribou, even though it was tippier. The Bering Sea kayaks incorporated a sloping, roof-shaped deck to shed the heavy seas that broke over them in those rough waters. The kayaks of the Aleuts—which some say represented the state of the art—featured a peculiar "wide-tailed" stern that, experts believe, caught trailing seas to propel the boat forward or reduced drag at high speeds, as well as a bifid bow that resembled a fish swimming along with its mouth open, its narrow lower jaw slicing through the water.

The exact function of this bifid bow remains something of a mystery and has caught the attention of nautical circles. Kayak historian and designer George Dyson believes that the upper part of the bifid bow provided dynamic lift to help the kayak rise smoothly to meet oncoming waves, while the lower jaw reduced the waves made by the kayak itself. Under certain conditions, explains Dyson, the underwater projection created a wave trough that countered some of the drag induced by the waves made at the bow. This is the same principle on which today's shipbuilders give freighters a bulbous underwater bow projection. For the Aleuts, the advantages would have been a quieter approach in stalking prey, as well as improved paddling efficiency and speed.

The Aleut kayak, which evolved over thousands of years, seems to have incorporated elements of hydrodynamic design that remain unclear to the still-imprecise field of fluid dynamics. Unlike our rigid-hulled ships, the elastic membrane of the Aleut kayak was supported by an ingenious skeleton that included a jointed three-piece keel. Both the skeleton and the keel were equipped with as many as 60 bone or ivory bearings that, according to anthropology graduate student Joe Lubischer, allowed the boat to flex easily and noiselessly over the waves. Other Aleut refinements included waterproof paddling jackets sewn from sea-mammal intestines; hulls stitched from the scarred and battle-toughened skins of the seal's or sea lion's neck; and, to shield their faces from rain and sun glare, hats of bentwood that looked like long-billed baseball caps and were topped with a mane of sea-lion whiskers that lent the paddlers the aspect of seagoing royalty.

In Qaanaaq, by contrast, kayak and dress were designed with great emphasis on stealth and invisibility during the narwhal hunt. "If you build it too wide here," said Minik Daorana, one of Qaanaaq's best builders, running his finger along the sharp bow of one of his boats, "it will make small waves, which make noise and frighten the narwhal." Qaanaaq's hunters stroke with long, narrow paddles that have slightly flattened ends to cut wind resistance, and also to minimize light reflection and drip, either of which can frighten prey. That first day on the ice floe, I watched Mamarut trim the stray wood fibers from the end of his paddle blade with a knife, so the paddle would come cleanly out of the water without dripping.

By then I'd managed to yank my lower legs from Sigdluk's kayak. Mamarut suggested I try his. Boots off,

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Wearing sealskin boots and polar-bear pants, hunter Angutikavssak Duneq threads a line through the ivory tip of his harpoon; tip is designed to break away from the shaft.

I was able to slither down into the slightly roomier cockpit. Mamarut grabbed the stern and slid me off the ice edge into the sea. Bobbing beside the floe, I held tightly to it with the paddle blade, reluctant to push off. I'd done a lot of canoeing and a fair bit of whitewater kayaking in my life, but this was altogether different. For one thing, I wore no lifejacket. In fact, I hadn't even *seen* a lifejacket in the Arctic; up here, they figure that the water's so cold, you'll die in a few minutes even if you're wearing one.

Also, I wasn't sure I could extract myself from the kayak if I tipped, I'd jammed myself in so tightly. I had a quick, dark vision of hanging upside down in the polar sea, legs trapped under the hull, as a pair of ringed seals frolicked past my burbling head. I'd read that champion Greenlandic kayakers know 27 different techniques to roll themselves upright. I knew how to do one of these "Eskimo rolls" in a river kayak, but I wasn't at all confident about executing the intricate maneuver in this one. Mamarut, to my surprise, didn't know how to roll it either. "So what would you do if you tipped over?" I asked him. "Drown."

Gingerly—very gingerly—I pushed myself away from the floe. I rocked my hips a bit to get a feel for the kayak. It was quite stable. I made a few cautious strokes. It glided easily toward the evening sun, which poured a quivering, golden film over the glassy sea. Gaining confidence, I paddled harder; the kayak responded by streaking along like a hollow-bodied arrow, seemingly straighter and swifter than the modern kayaks I knew. I remembered what Mamarut had said: "The most difficult thing is to paddle silently and so the sunlight doesn't reflect from your blades." Spray spun off my paddle blades in crashing waterfalls, and I was probably reflecting more light than a mirrored ball at a high school prom, but the ride sent a thrill through me as I cut between ice floes against the stunning backdrop of glacier-capped mountains.

For dinner that first evening on the ice floe Sigdluk fired up his campstove and boiled the party a pot of *inaluaq*—bearded-seal intestines. The snow crunched under our boots as we squatted around the pot and burned our fingers as we split open lengths of gut with our pocketknives. We stuffed them with wedges of seal blubber and gobbled them like hot dogs slathered with the works—fuel to stoke the body's furnace against the polar climate. The sun dipped slightly toward the northern horizon at midnight, chilling the air and congealing the sea with lacy fingers of ice. Amy and I huddled deeper in our sleeping bags in the bow of Mamarut's motorboat, while the hunters crowded into Sigdluk's boat for a raucous, all-night card game. It looked like Uno except that when they had one card left, instead of saying "Uno" they shouted "Olsen!" into the sun-charged midnight air.

For three days we remained camped on the ice like that, periodically moving from one floe to the next, up and down the channels, scanning and listening for the narwhals. We passed the time wrestling on the ice, sleeping, chatting on the walkie-talkie. The kayaks lay at readiness with harpoons tucked under deck lashings, and lines coiled on the foredeck as meticulously as a crocheted potholder. A fouled harpoon line, I learned, could kill the hunter. The system works like this: one

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end of the line is tied to the harpoon's detachable steel or ivory point, the other to an inflated sealskin that rests on the rear deck like a stuffed pig (plastic floats, they told me, are too brightly colored). Sneaking up behind a swimming narwhal, the hunter seizes the harpoon off the deck and spins it overhead.

As it strikes the narwhal, the shaft drops away and leaves its point embedded in the flesh. The alarmed narwhal dives, and the line sings out from the coil on the foredeck. At this crucial juncture the hunter adeptly knocks the sealskin float into the water. The float drags behind the fleeing narwhal to slow its escape and mark its place. When the tired animal surfaces, the hunter approaches for the kill.

The system is precise, difficult and emblematic of the exacting and finely focused nature of subsistence in so raw and cold a land, where it's not possible simply to sow a few seeds and grow a patch of wheat. I'd heard one account of a hunter whose paddle snared in the line so that the fleeing narwhal jerked boat and occupant down to the depths, like Ahab, until the hunter popped up some moments later and some yards away—minus one finger.

At times during those three days the game of Olsen in Sigdluk's boat was suddenly halted. The hunters paused in midhand with cards held up like fans, heads cocked. Off in the distance I'd hear that hollow, rubbery breathing; the hunters threw down their cards and jumped for their kayaks. I watched Mamarut, dressed in white and paddling his off-white kayak, as he slalomed between the broken floes. The rubbery breathing grew closer—the sound of inner tubes and hookah pipes—but when I looked again for Mamarut, he'd vanished. Now, where he'd been, I saw just another chunk of broken ice floating on the tide, but this one, I knew, carried a razor-sharp harpoon.

It's particularly ironic that the same features that have made the kayak such a lethal hunting tool—its stealth, low profile, unobtrusiveness—have brought it great popularity with whale watchers and other wildlife lovers. "There's something nice about the fact that you're going roughly the same speed as animals in the water," said kayak guide Michael Singer, one evening a few weeks later as we sat around a driftwood fire on a rocky beach in Washington's San Juan Islands. "Rather than whizzing by, when you see a seal from a kayak, you're kind of an equal."

Earlier that day, accompanied by Singer and fellow guide Jerry Lanz, Amy and I had paddled a tandem sea kayak across a choppy channel from Orcas to Cypress Island, with our tent and sleeping bags stowed—dry—in hatches in the beamy plastic hull. Lanz identified Bonaparte's gulls, Dall porpoises, and harbor seals that surfaced near our boats and, heads cocked to the side, eyed us curiously.

No hard statistics exist to document sea kayaking's explosive growth in the past decade, although one marker is that more than 200 sea kayak models have

Kayak maker Jorgen Daorana in northwest Greenland adjusts line that seals a hunter's torso to boat's hull.

Ribs inside finished kayak are lashed with sealskin line; nails would break or work loose in rough seas.

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Sigdluk Miunge heads out to hunting grounds; kayak, with sealskin float in hatch, is tied to motorboat.

appeared on the market only since the late 1970s. Annual sea kayak symposiums have sprouted up across the country; the one last year at Port Townsend, for example, drew 700 people to seminars and demonstrations that ranged from "Tides and Currents" to "Zen of Kayaking." Tour operators now offer trips to North America's sea kayaking hot spots, which include the desert shorelines of Baja California, the wooded isles and passages of the Northwest, Maine's rocky coast—where paddlers have established a 350-mile "sea kayak trail"—the Caribbean and, increasingly, inland waterways such as the Great Lakes. (A good source of information on routes is *Sea Kayaker* magazine, published in Seattle.)

Compared with, say, whitewater kayaking, sea kayaking draws a somewhat older crowd—paddlers in their 30s, 40s and 50s, some of whom, one guesses, are former whitewater kayakers who no longer hanker for the Class IV rapids and adrenaline bursts of their younger days. It also attracts a higher proportion of women than some outdoor sports do. "The trips that I've led always have more women than men," says Mary Van Cline, a kayak guide and glass sculptor. A whitewater kayaker herself, Van Cline sees whitewater kayaking and downhill skiing as technically demanding, high-speed sports, while sea kayaking's reflective nature more closely resembles cross-country skiing. "You stop, float, look at what's happening around you."

It's easy to learn the simple paddle strokes of sea kayaking, and you don't really need any more than a normal sense of balance to get started and paddle with a tour group. For more ambitious kayaking, however, you'll need to learn things like self-rescue techniques and an Eskimo roll. You'll also need to study up on currents, tides, wave patterns, navigation and a host of other nautical considerations. For some boaters, this is part of sea kayaking's attraction. "I tell people it's a cerebral activity," says Ken Fink, who got into the sport as an oceanographer at the University of Maine. "You have to ask, 'What's it going to be like when I paddle around the headland instead of in the bay? How big are the waves going to be today?' Your eyes are 26 to 28 inches above the water, and you're sitting down in it." Van Cline characterizes sea kayaking as "low-tech." "You actually have to get out there and work," she says. "It attracts a different type of person—someone who's not interested in getting someplace by speed."

We were getting no place by speed. I was learning that narwhal hunting is a game of endless waiting. Mamarut floated silently out among the spinning floes, and the narwhals' breathing filled the air. We still couldn't see them but knew they were working their way inland through the broken, melting ice floes, drawn to the rich food of the inner fjord. Tukummeq scanned the channels with binoculars and spotted black humps glinting in the sun, far off.

She pointed to three narwhals that were swimming up an ice passage toward our camp, their black shiny backs dolphining through the sea at a jogger's trot. Rhythmically bobbing closer, they looked enormous, bigger than our motorboats. That's when Mamarut appeared. I couldn't see from where. It was as if he'd sprung out of the background of glacier-crested headlands, a floating chunk of ice that had jumped to life. He swung his kayak into the wake of the trailing narwhal.

We stood frozen, not whispering or moving, as Mamarut's arms pumped furiously, his paddle blades flicking from side to side. Slowly he gained, the kayak moving swiftly and soundlessly through the wake cast off by the narwhal's undulating tail. The animal remained oblivious. The gap shrank to 75 feet. I sensed a hesitation in Mamarut's pumping stroke, and I watched for him to pluck the harpoon from his deck. In that instant, the eerie breathing burbled like water leaving a drain. The glassy surface closed over the shiny backs, and as the three narwhals simultaneously dove for safety, a frozen silence once more filled the luminous Arctic air.

Inuit hunter closes in on a dying narwhal (lower right), its energy spent from dragging three floats.

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By Richard Wolkomir

If those cobras don't get you, the alligators will

In the wacky world of urban legends, these tall but told-as-true tales speak to, and sometimes spoof, our deepest fears and cherished phobias

Illustrations by Lane Yerkes

A woman's at the mall here last week, in that big discount store. She's looking at these rolled-up carpets from Asia. She sticks her hand into one to feel the thickness, and something pricks her finger. Then her hand swells up. Whole arm turns black. She falls on the floor dead.

So they unroll the carpet. Inside's a cobra, and about ten baby cobras.

A friend of mine told me. His cousin knows one of the salesclerks.

Hey, it's a jungle out there.

Just ask Jan Harold Brunvand—"Mr. Urban Legend." A University of Utah folklorist, Brunvand collects modern told-as-true tall tales like the cobra-in-the-carpet story. More come in every day from his informants around the world. They are weird whoppers we tell one another, believing them to be factual. Haunted airliners. A hundred-miles-per-gallon car the oil companies keep secret. How about that guy who stole a frozen chicken at the supermarket and hid it

From fingers in pickle jars to worms in burgers, folklorists are cataloguing endless alarming rumors.

Beware, thief: chicken pilferer faints in checkout line after frozen bird, concealed under hat, ices up brain.

under his hat, then fainted in the checkout line because his brain froze? And did you hear about the guy who's eating fast-food fried chicken when he sees this scaly *rat's* tail sticking out of the batter?

The Pied Piper is still piping. But in our fiber-optic age he pipes an MTV tune. "These stories are like traditional legends—they reflect our concerns," says Brunvand. "But now we live in cities and drive cars."

In fact, many of the 500 or so modern legends that Brunvand has collected do involve cars. In previous eras, legends were often about specters, since ghosts bred like bunnies in the dark corners of candle-lit houses. Spooks still pop up, but now they ride in V-6's. That may be because cars offer a certain liberation. But freedom is scary. Out on that open highway, *anything* might happen.

Brunvand titled the first of his five urban legends books *The Vanishing Hitchhiker* (1981), after what he calls the classic automobile legend. Here's how it goes:

> Well, this happened to one of my girlfriend's best friends and her father. They were driving along a country road on their way home from the cottage when they saw a young girl hitchhiking. They stopped and picked her up and she got in the back seat. She told the girl and her father that she just lived in the house about five miles up the road. She didn't say anything after that but just turned to watch out the window. When the father saw the house, he drove up to it and turned around to tell the girl they had arrived—but she wasn't there! Both he and his daughter were really mystified and decided to knock on the door and tell the people what had happened. They told them that they had once had a daughter who answered the description of the girl they supposedly had picked up, but she had disappeared some years ago and had last been seen hitchhiking on this very road. Today would have been her birthday.

That version, says Brunvand, came from a Toronto teenager in 1973. But the story had begun going around North America at the turn of the century. The automobile motif had taken over by the 1930s. Usually the teller cites specific local streets where the driver picks up the spectral hitchhiker. Sometimes the ghost leaves a book or scarf in the car, which the bereaved parents then identify as belonging to their lost daughter. Sometimes the driver spies the hitchhiker's photograph on the family piano, wearing the same party dress in which she died, and which she wore when he picked her up.

Brunvand says "The Vanishing Hitchhiker" tale evolved from earlier European stories, usually about travelers on horseback. In Hawaii, the hitchhiker became associated with the ancient volcano goddess Pele. Brunvand even cites a prototype of the story in the New Testament (Acts 8:26-39) in which an Ethiopian driving a chariot picks up the Apostle Philip, who baptizes him and then disappears.

In his newest book, *The Baby Train* (scheduled for publication in March 1993), Brunvand discusses "The Slasher Under the Car": attackers hide beneath women's cars parked at shopping malls and slash their ankles when the women return to the parking lot. Brunvand says he's been hearing these stories for years but has never found any evidence that the attacks really happened. Such tales, he says, do not report actual events. But they are "carrying the folk news." We are issuing ourselves warnings: it's a dangerous world—watch your ankles!

Urban legends are kissing cousins of myths, fairy tales and rumors. Legends differ from rumors because the legends are stories, with a plot. And unlike myths and fairy tales, they are supposed to be current and

Author Richard Wolkomir wishes that his favorite urban legend were true: to find a parking space, all you have to do is visualize one—and it appears.

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true, events rooted in everyday reality that at least *could* happen. Like that woman given a microwave oven by her children. After bathing her poodle, she got the idea of drying it in the microwave—the poor poodle exploded! Other versions feature cats, parakeets and "one unfortunate turtle," says Brunvand. Before microwave ovens appeared, the ill-fated pets met their doom in gas ovens or clothes dryers. Apparently our appliances make us uneasy, perhaps because technology mystifies us, a sort of scientific magic.

Actually the entire modern world—as revealed in urban legends—is hexed. Libraries sink into the ground, and elephants mistake red Volkswagen Beetles for the stools in their circus acts and sit on them. A woman poaches her insides at a tanning parlor. And evil lurks in the night, as everyone knows who ever got the willies hearing that lover's lane classic of the repressed 1950s, "The Hook": a teenage couple is parked on a back road, when over the radio comes an announcement that a crazed killer with a hook for a hand has escaped from the insane asylum. The girl begs the boy to take her home. He gets mad, stamps on the gas and they roar away. When they get to her house, he gets out of the car and goes around to open her door. Hanging from its handle is a bloody hook.

People like to get scared, which is why Stephen King never misses a car payment. Teenagers in particular enjoy scary urban legends, says Brunvand, especially about kids like themselves. "As adolescents move out into the larger world, the world's dangers may close in on them," he says. The legends, he adds, deliver a warning: "Watch out! This could happen to you!"

Adults, too, use legends to remind themselves of dangers, such as Demon Rum. Did you hear about the drunk weaving his way home along the Interstate just south of here after an office party? A trooper pulls him over, but just then there's a fender-bender in the opposite lane. The trooper tells the driver to stay put while he attends to the accident. The driver gets out, wanders around and says to heck with it. He drives home. He tells his wife, If the police call, say I was home all night, sober as a judge. The next morning the doorbell rings and it's two troopers, including the one who pulled him over the night before. The man claims he was home all night. "Just ask my wife," he says. His wife backs him up. The troopers ask to look in his garage. Puzzled, the man says "Sure." They open the garage door and there's the police car, lights still flashing.

Such are the stories bulging the files in Jan Harold Brunvand's office in his Salt Lake City home. Every day he receives letters and telephone calls reporting the "folk news" of hospital patients who receive amputations by mistake, and Dobermans choking on what proves to be the fingers of burglars—who turn out to be cowering and bleeding in the bedroom closet.

Brunvand, who wears a gray mustache and horn-rimmed glasses, was born in Cadillac, Michigan, in 1933. Both his parents immigrated to the United States from the small Norwegian town of Kristiansand. Brunvand earned a B.A. in journalism and an M.A. in English at Michigan State. Then, with a Fulbright scholarship, he studied folklore in Norway. "Mainly, I just wanted to spend more time in Norway," he says. But when he began work on a doctorate in English at

Then there's the one about the phantom ankle slasher who lurks underneath cars in deserted parking lots.

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New York City has spawned its own legend cycles, including persistent rumors of gargantuan alligators mutated into albino monsters; they roam the sewers in droves, proliferating by leaps and bounds each year.

Indiana University, Richard M. Dorson, who is a leading folklore professor, persuaded him that folklore was the hot new field.

He began teaching at the University of Idaho in 1961. He served in the U.S. Army, taught at Southern Illinois University, then moved to the University of Utah, in Salt Lake City. By now he had studied folklore of the American West, decoration of Romanian houses, and folklore in literature—his dissertation was on Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is based on an old folktale. But he was mulling the idea of urban legends.

As a student he had assisted a leading folklorist with a textbook that had a chapter entitled "Urban Belief Tales." One was "The Dead Cat in the Package," about a trauma common to apartment dwellers: What do you do with a dead pet? That was in 1958. In 1959 Brunvand was stunned to see that same old tale reported on page one of a Bloomington, Indiana, newspaper as *news*:

> Chamber of Commerce Manager Jules Hendricks tells about a neighbor of his in Indianapolis who found a novel way of disposing of the remains of a dead cat. Knowing the city ordinance prohibited burying the body, the woman called a friend of hers who lived in the country and asked if she could bury the body for her. The friend agreed, and they planned to meet for the exchange at a downtown department store tea room.
>
> Carrying the cat in a brown paper bag, the woman stopped to do some shopping en route to her rendezvous—and carelessly laid the bag on a counter. When she returned, the bag was gone. A clerk sympathized, explaining that the store had been having trouble with shoplifters lately. Her problem solved (if not in the way she had planned), the woman started home.
>
> Just outside the store, she found a crowd of people had gathered. Squeezing among them to find out what the attraction was, she saw the unconscious body of a 200-pound woman, clutching to her breast a brown paper bag from which protruded the head of the dead cat.

"It was living folklore," says Brunvand. "When I started teaching at the University of Idaho, I discovered that students think folklore is always about somewhere else and another time—about getting to know your grandmother—and I wanted to show that it's also about getting to know yourself."

He began to teach about contemporary legends and collect them. He wrote *The Vanishing Hitchhiker*, which was used as a text in his course, then marketed successfully as a book for general readers. Brunvand found himself appearing on television and radio, including five appearances on *Late Night with David Letterman*, where he told a story about the popular talk-show host himself. The tale was inspired by the fact that after the show's opening monologue, the camera shifts to bandleader Paul Shaffer while Letterman takes his seat. Supposedly, Letterman's contract stipu-

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New technologies seem to engender any number of tales: the microwave oven figures in downfall of pampered pets, popped in to dry after a bath and zapped when ditzy owner pushes the fatal button.

lates that Dave will never show his posterior on TV. After Brunvand related the tale, Letterman stood up, turned his back to the camera and raised his coattails, proving that this story, at least, is rooted in apocrypha.

Sometimes, however, these tall tales have hints of real roots. For instance, we've all heard about the alligators in the New York City sewers. Vacationers returning from Florida supposedly flush away their unwanted reptile pets, and the alligators feed on rats in the darkness under the streets. They grow into huge, blind albinos. Marijuana flourishes down there, too—"New York white" grows from seeds hastily flushed away during drug raids. But nobody dares harvest these potent plants because of the alligators.

Folklorists studying the alligator legend have unearthed a February 10, 1935, *New York Times* story reporting that city workers found an eight-foot alligator in a sewer. Teddy May, who was New York sewer commissioner during the 1930s, told Robert Daley, author of the 1959 book *The World Beneath the City*, that he had found alligators in the sewers but had exterminated them by 1937. However, a sewer official told Brunvand that Teddy May was "almost as much of a legend as the alligators," a spinner of colorful yarns.

One story, at least, Brunvand has pinned down. Ever since the hit movie *Three Men and a Baby* came out in video in 1990, viewers have insisted that a ghostly boy appears in one scene, standing stiffly behind some sheer curtains. The scene is said to have been filmed in a New York apartment leased from a couple who had moved out after their son committed suicide there. But the movie was filmed on a Toronto sound stage, not in a Manhattan apartment, says Brunvand. And the "ghost" is merely a cardboard cutout of actor Ted Danson, whose character in the film, also an actor, decorated his apartment with his own advertising placard.

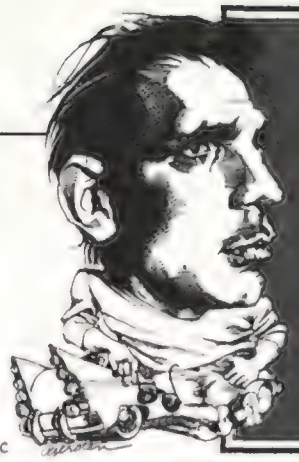
So who started the "ghost-on-the-videotape" story? Probably nobody in particular, Brunvand says. Real urban legends, he believes, are a group effort. "Most of them are communal. When a community circulates a piece of folklore, everyone participates in the creation, each performer adding something in his or her own style."

Legends are continually recycled. The *Three Men and a Baby* story, for example, is a version of much older stories about photographs of ghosts. Typically, says Brunvand, a house is photographed, and a strange face shows up in a window—the face of somebody murdered in the house. Or an extra person appears in a picture of lumberjacks or miners, somebody killed in an on-the-job accident.

Legends can be destructive. Once Brunvand served as consultant to a pizza chain that was besieged by false stories about disgruntled employees who were contaminating the food. He says such false tales of contamination are rife. Maybe we fear that beneath technological society's seeming order seethes chaos.

Teenagers still tell the story of the girl who teased her hair into a "beehive," a now passé style. Not wanting to mess it up, she just sprayed her hair and did not wash it. Black widow spiders nested in the beehive and bit her to death. The moral: wash your hair or you'll die.

We have banished nature, but it still lurks, apparently hopping mad. That is why, in our urban legends, supermarket shoppers who reach for bananas get bitten by tarantulas. Biting ants proliferate under plaster



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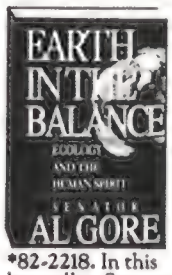

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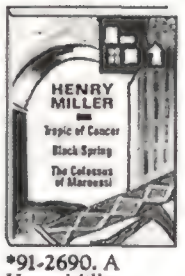

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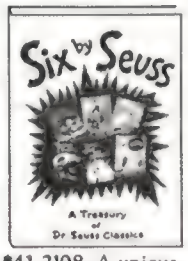

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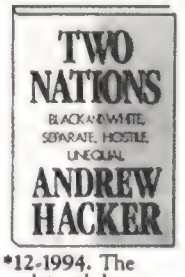

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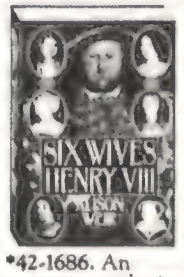

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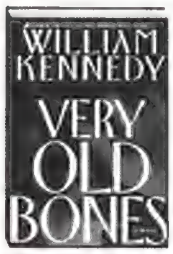

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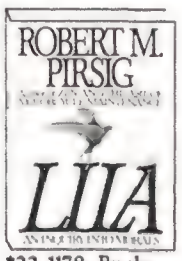

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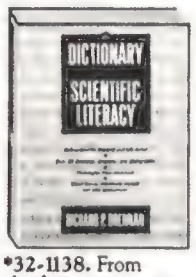

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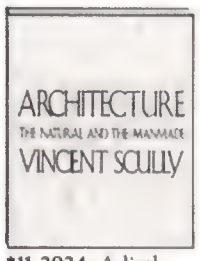

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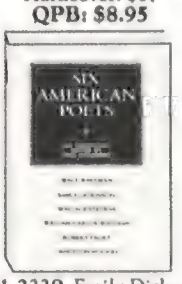

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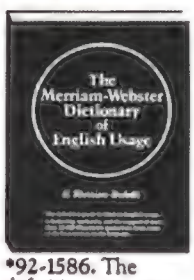

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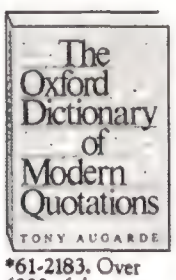

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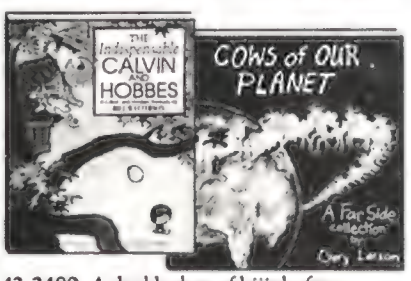

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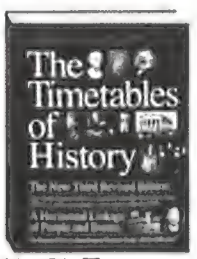

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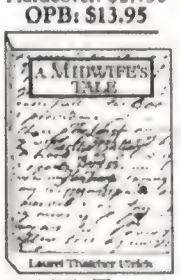

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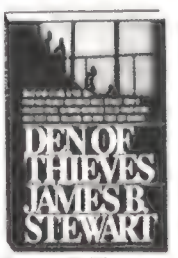

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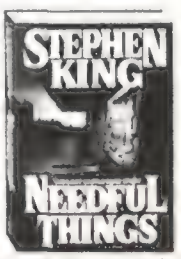

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casts. Someone brings home a potted cactus and watches, horrified, as it quivers, then splits open to spew out venomous spiders. A woman brings home a cuddly Chihuahua she found abandoned at Manhattan's South Street Seaport, only to learn months later from a veterinarian that her beloved pet actually is a sewer rat. And then there are those imported comforters that wriggle off the bed—they are stuffed with living maggots! Earwigs get in sleepers' ears and eat into their brains. The secret of successful diet pills turns out to be that they contain tapeworms. Burger emporiums use ground-up worms. And sometimes a pickle in a pickle jar actually is a finger!

Brunvand's books have made urban legends—or "contemporary legends"—a growing research field for folklorists. Members of the International Society for Contemporary Legend Research bore into the stories from all sorts of angles. Their writings carry such titles as " 'The Disappearing Hitchhiker': Narrative Acculturation among the Ramah Navajo"; " 'The Fast Food Ghost': A Study in the Supernatural's Capacity to Survive Secularization"; " 'The Superglue Revenge': A Psychological Analysis"; " 'The Devil in the Discotheque': A Semiotic Analysis of a Contemporary Legend."

Professor Bill Ellis of Pennsylvania State University at Hazleton edits the legend society's newsletter, *FOAFtale News.* "FOAF" stands for "friend of a friend," the usually cited source for a legend. Ellis says the stories often are true in the sense that they express real stresses in a community. Last year he turned his attention to a legend that had upset several college campuses. Supposedly, the 16th-century seer Nostradamus had prophesied that in 1991 a massacre would occur at an unspecified university on Halloween. At each university where the legend flared up, it contained details—such as a peculiar building—that clearly identified the doomed school as the very one.

Ellis was struck that the legend sprang up only on certain campuses. He discovered that these were schools that had previously had an episode of real violence against students, such as a mugging or rape. He theorizes that such legends serve to crystallize anxieties in the air. Before Halloween, vigilance soared on some of the affected campuses. Students telephoned campus police whenever a stray cat rustled the grass or a door slammed. But after Halloween, vigilance plummeted. Ellis says it shows how an urban legend expresses a population's anxieties, and then clears the mental air like a midsummer thunderstorm.

Then there were the cattle-mutilation stories that surfaced out West in the 1970s. An FBI investigation revealed that all of the carcasses bore the marks of death by natural causes. Yet rumors still abound of mysterious, perhaps alien, forces eviscerating livestock.

Clearly, urban legends run deep. And they keep coming, crying out for analysis. "I can't stop—as long as I open my mail and answer my phone, I'm going to get more stories," says Jan Brunvand. "And when a story's hot, suddenly it's all over the country, with allusions in newspapers and on talk shows." It's fascinating to watch the stories spread, he adds. "You're seeing the living tradition as it develops and changes."

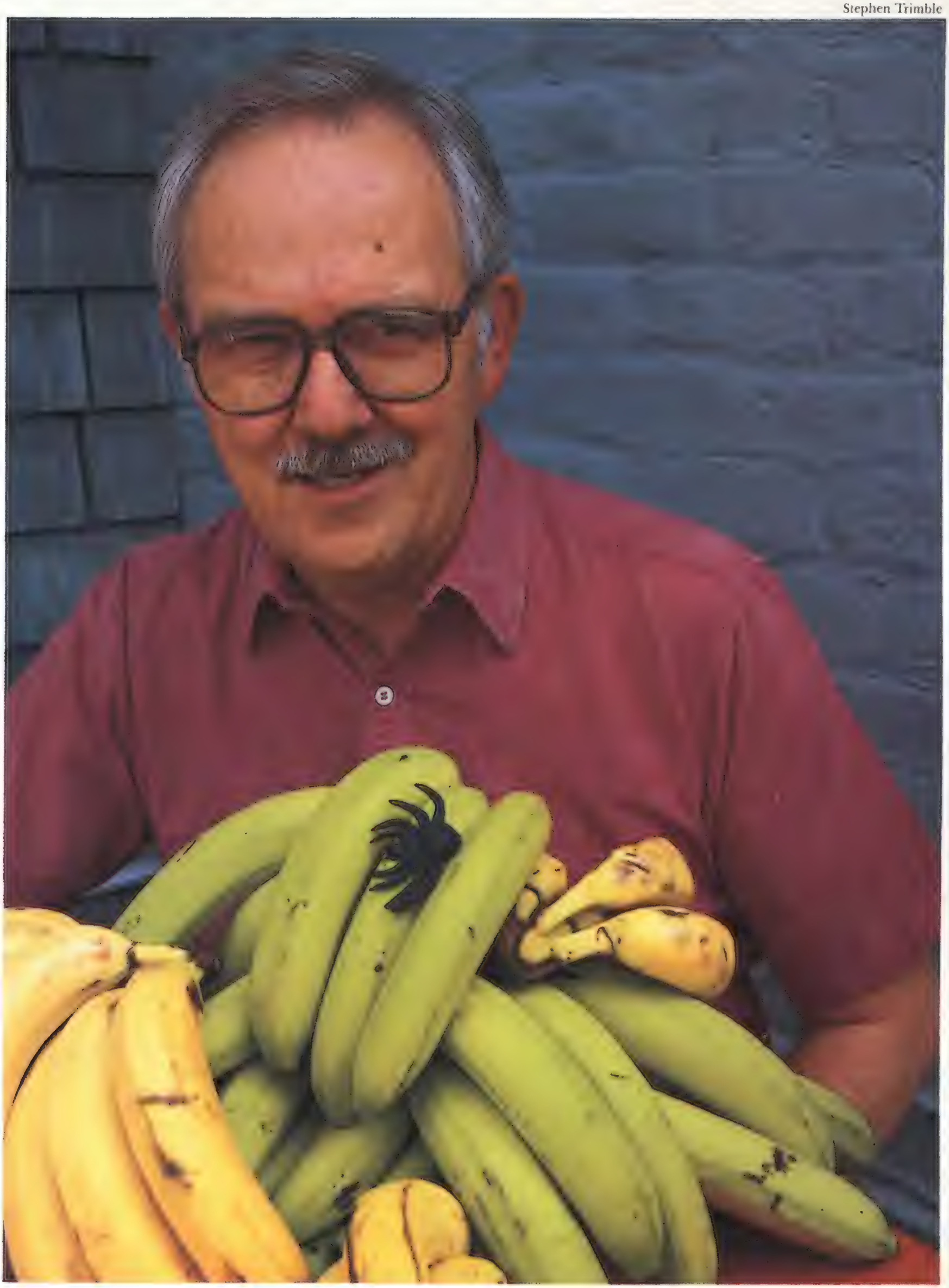
Which reminds him: Did you hear about the wife who used bug spray on a cockroach that was running around the toilet bowl? And then her husband went into the bathroom and lit a cigar?

"That one," says Brunvand with a smile, "is called 'The Exploding Toilet.' "

Rodent phobia likely lies behind story of benighted Chihauhau owner who discovers pooch is really a rat.

Tarantulas in the bananas are the stuff of legend for folklorist and tale collector Jan Harold Brunvand.

Stephen Trimble



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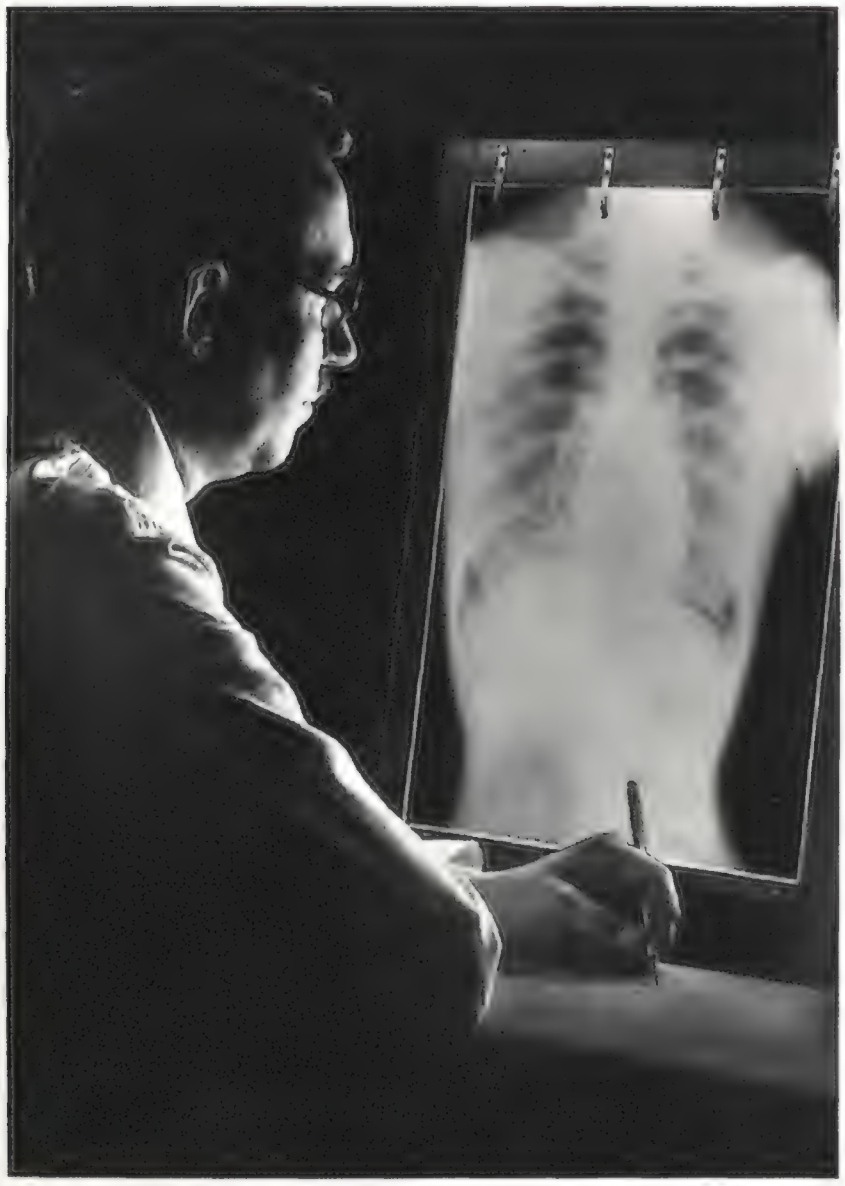
By Ken Chowder

How TB survived its own death to confront us again

Once tuberculosis was almost chic. Next it became the scourge of the masses. Then it was all but eliminated. And now it's back



Doctor studies a tubercular patient's x ray in 1947. By then an effective antibiotic had been discovered.

From the 1880s to the 1950s, America waged a furious, full-scale war on an enemy that was until recently almost forgotten. The enemy was a slow-moving creature measuring all of 1/25,000th of an inch. The bacillus *Mycobacterium tuberculosis humanis* and the disease it caused, tuberculosis, were a national obsession, and rightly so: TB was far and away the greatest killer of its day.

But TB was even more than the world's deadliest disease; it was an ongoing mythology, an industry, a culture. For a hundred years the disease was a familiar part of ordinary life in America—and then it all but disappeared. By the 1980s, a TB death was a statistical curiosity. The history of TB seemed like a paid advertisement for modern science, a bright and sprightly March of Progress with all banners flying.

The story continued past the Hollywood ending, however. The disease survived its own death. Now, it's back in epidemic proportions. Deadly outbreaks have occurred recently in Florida and New York. More than 26,000 TB cases were reported nationwide last year. "At no time in recent history has tuberculosis been of such grave concern as it is now," warns an expert with the Centers for Disease Control. More than ten million Americans carry the TB bacterium; worldwide, more than three million people die of the disease every year. Most alarming of all, several strains of TB are proving resistant to treatment by drugs, and for that reason perhaps half of all people who contract these forms of the disease will die.

Tuberculosis—also known as consumption, phthisis and the wasting disease—has always been with us. It has been known in all ages, in all climates. Mummified remains in sarcophagi show that many people died from it in predynastic Egypt; it was the subject of a hymn in the *Rig Veda*, a sacred text of India dating from 2500 B.C.

"The flesh of a she-ass taken with broth"

The ancients not only knew it, they thought they knew what caused it and even how to cure it. In Greece, in A.D. 163, Galen theorized that "one of the causes of consumption is blood-spitting, which may be brought about by youthful excesses. . . . Effective remedies include myrrh-oil steeped with a potion of lupines and used on the feet, which should then be wiped off and smeared with butter." Eighty years before, in Rome, Pliny's suggested cure was "the flesh of a she-ass taken with broth" or "the ashes of swine-dung mixed into raisin wine."

Change was not overwhelmingly swift in coming. In the 1820s, St. John Long got rich by requiring consumptive ladies to inhale warmed air and then rubbing their chests with sulfuric acid. Twenty years later,

A nurse reads to youngsters swaddled in blankets during the sanatorium era. Rest in fresh air was the dominant treatment in those days, but there was never conclusive evidence that this approach was a cure.

Meyer Lotinga specialized in hopeless cases; his cure was a simple brown-sugar solution, a remedy made more respectable if not more effective by the magnitude of his fee. In the 1880s, Edwin Alabone sold a formula of lachnanthes—a poisonous hallucinogenic—sparingly mixed with alcohol, strychnine, chloroform and morphine. At various times the nausea of seasickness, the exhalations of a cow barn and a syrup containing millipedes have all been extolled as sure cures.

It is of course easy to deride "primitive" medical practices. But even in our own century, reputable doctors killed TB patients by injecting them with gold salts. The surgical collapsing of a lung, called pneumothorax, was practiced all the way into the 1950s; it was rarely effective. The most radical, invasive and painful surgical treatment for tuberculosis was a post-World War I procedure called thoracoplasty. This was simply the removal of ribs—as many as 11 at a time. Postoperative mortality ran as high as 40 percent. No, the history of tuberculosis has not been a sweet and simple March of Progress.

But doctors had to do *something*. In the 1800s, a diagnosis of consumption was considered nothing short of a death sentence. Yet it was, for a time, a death sentence with a difference: the disease was the fashionable way to go. "I look pale," Lord Byron said in 1828. "I should like to die of consumption. . . . the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying!' "

Doctors and laity alike believed that consumption was an expression of character. If you were a consumptive you were imagined to be spiritual, refined, artistic, pure; and if you weren't that way *before* you got the disease, then consumption would *give* you those qualities. The disease was, in a word, chic.

While the epidemic was killing many of the "best" people, consumption was seen as a kind of badge, a privilege. As the Industrial Revolution gathered steam, however, the demographics of the disease began to change. The urban poor suffered under horrific conditions. They were malnourished and overcrowded. They faced long hours of factory work in cold and damp or else in relentless heat, with bad ventilation. TB was their everpresent companion. Gradually, tuberculosis became "the disease of the masses"—of the poor and disenfranchised.

It remained almost a total mystery to science. In 1865 the French surgeon Jean-Antoine Villemin proved that TB was contagious, but his report was received with indifference. Most people believed that consump-

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An illustration from the mid-1860s depicts squalid tenement conditions targeted by New York reformers in an anti-TB crusade.

tion was inborn—destined, in fact. So it was that the findings of bacteriologist Robert Koch hit like a bombshell.

Koch was one of 13 children from an unremarkable family in the Harz Mountains of Germany. He was stolid, dogged, unswerving; but his work was spectacular, even revolutionary. On March 24, 1882, he spoke before the Berlin Physiological Society. In a beautiful series of experiments, Koch had done three things, all quite simple. He'd found a rod-shaped bacterium, which he called the tubercle bacillus, that was present in the lesions of both men and animals in every case; he'd cultivated those bacilli; and then he'd produced the disease at will by inoculating animals with the tubercle bacillus. His address was met by stunned silence: Koch had found the greatest killer in the world—in an age when no one had even known there was such a killer.

Koch's revelation had implications beyond a single bacterium. It was about knowledge, and even about power. The science of medicine was just making its first breathtaking discoveries; what had been a gentlemanly but slightly eccentric endeavor was fast becoming a major social force. By 1855, researchers had already developed vaccines that could control smallpox, anthrax and rabies; suddenly it seemed that medicine could master life and death—could even get the upper hand over God.

At first the American public was wary of kneeling at this new altar, the lab, with its improbably tiny creatures of death and its antiseptic priests. The *New York Times* ignored Koch's discovery for six weeks, and its belated report was laden with irony; it described a ridiculous (and fictional) doctor who had decided that even broken legs were caused by bacteria. "An ardent believer in the germ theory," the *Times* wrote, ". . . he claims that he has discovered a vegetable parasite which infests the human trousers, [and] maintains with much plausibility that by inoculating human trousers, . . . men will be fully protected against broken legs."

But what was it, exactly, that Koch *had* found? And how did it do its deadly work?

He had found *Mycobacterium tu-*

Novelist Ken Chowder has written documentary films about sports and wilderness. He lives in Denmark.

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berculosis. The bacillus is inhaled in a droplet of liquid and eventually begins to breed in the lungs. Cells in the lung tissue surround the bacteria, walling them off, creating nodules of inflamed tissue. The bacteria can thrive in the kidneys, the bones, the brain and other organs, but their usual sanctuary is the lungs. Most people who are infected never get sick, but in one out of ten untreated people the inflammations spread, and the clinical features appear: cough, fever, weight loss, blood-spitting.

Eight years after identifying the culprit, Koch announced another discovery: a substance that could combat the tubercle bacillus. This time public reaction was immediate and ecstatic. Patients stampeded to Germany for treatment—but with what? At first, Koch refused to reveal what his "cure" was. Eventually he admitted it was a simple glycerine extract of tubercle bacilli, called tuberculin.

In Berlin alone, more than 2,000 patients were treated with tuberculin. Soon they began to die. They died at rates that were higher than those for untreated consumptives. Koch's cure was an illusion. Worse, the Prussian

Gunfighter and gambler Doc Holliday died of TB at 35 in a sanatorium.

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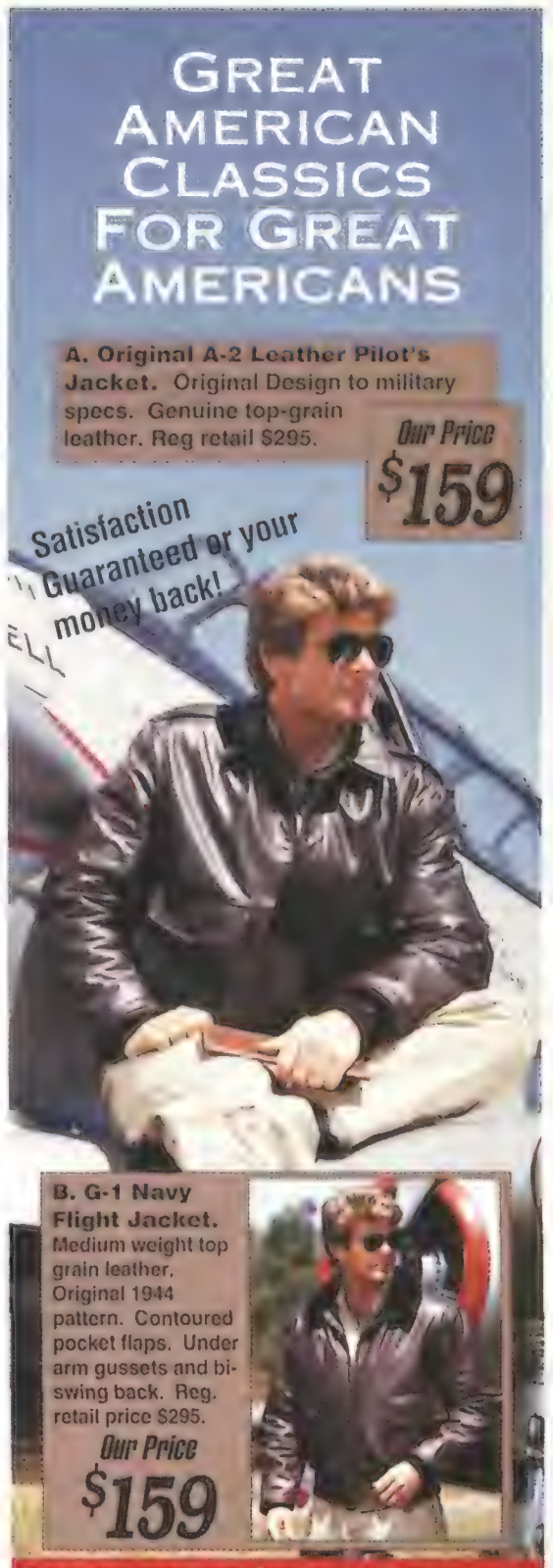
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German researcher Robert Koch found microorganism that causes TB in 1882.

government confessed that it had made an agreement with Koch to sell the remedy and divide the profits.

The failure of Koch's glycerine treatments caused a crisis in the medical profession. How could medicine validate its claim to authority unless it could conquer the world's leading cause of death? So the great serum hunt was on. One scientist produced his version of a vaccine from rabbits, another developed his from cattle, a third used goats, monkeys and guinea pigs. Charlatans offered myriad quack cures, and even honest doctors seemed willing to try anything. Creosote, for example. In 1895, patient George Chester wrote his doctor from Newark, New Jersey: "I have been having it pretty rough. . . . Dr. I had to stop taking creosote it upset my stomach so and I have tried it several times. . . . now Dr. if I am not imposing on you, can you send me a prescription to stop hemorrhages?"

Nothing worked. What could the sick do for themselves? Doctors had long preached the gospel of a healthful climate. Although no connection was ever proved between climate and the relief of TB, thousands flocked to the warm and dry Southwest. Western cities took out ads in the Eastern

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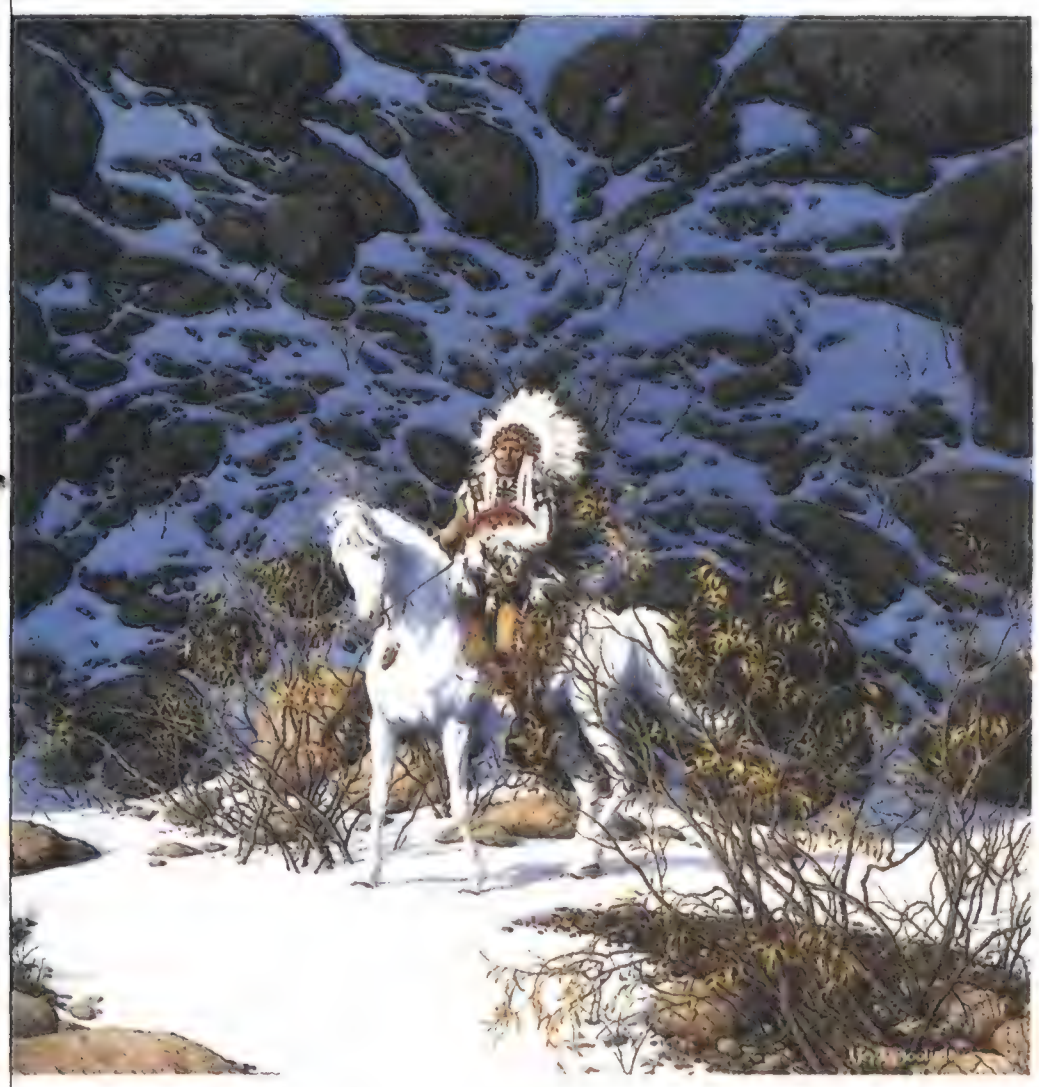
press, selling themselves as havens of health. A visiting journalist parodied their claims: "I thought I came here to die. Alas! when I left home I had but one lung and it almost gone. I have been two weeks in Pasadena, have three lungs, can roar like a descending avalanche, ate three mules for breakfast, and am going to try it for another week."

Many tuberculosis victims also turned to a new and peculiar institution—one that was ubiquitous for half a century, and then abruptly vanished. This was the tuberculosis sanatorium. Edward Livingston Trudeau, a young consumptive who had recovered his health in the Adirondacks, built what became the first major American TB sanatorium, in Saranac Lake, New York, in 1884. Fifty years later, sanatoriums were an industry: about 600 of them, with a capacity of 95,000 beds, dotted the landscape.

Nurse tends one of several patients resting in front of open doors. Exposure to sunlight was thought to have curative value.

The sanatorium was not really a clinical hospital. It was more a way of life, usually based on rest and fresh air—a re-creation of a simpler, preindustrial age. It was an odd mixture of hygiene, folk cure, regimentation and hope.

The fundamental principle of sanatorium life was precise organization—the word "routine" does not even begin to cover it. Everything was measured, prescribed. The sanatorium's rule book was a sacred text, and a comprehensive one: it told you when to get up, when to brush your teeth, how to brush your teeth, when and how to talk, how to cover your



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mouth when you coughed, even how much you could read.

We might well wonder why so many rules were necessary. Part of the answer may be the fact that an epidemic of an incurable disease is a kind of social chaos; the sanatorium, conversely, was devised as the house of order. The restrictive rules can be seen as an attempt to give the illusion of human control over a disease that was in fact uncontrollable. Treatment featured liberal doses of optimism. Patients were constantly exhorted to think positively; the subject of death, of course, was taboo.

Today, no one is sure if the sanatoriums even helped. In a way, they were doomed to fail: millions had TB, so only a small percentage of the sick ever saw the inside of a sanatorium. The poor, in particular, usually died at home. The sanatoriums might have served a useful purpose as a quarantine, but they often refused to accept people with advanced cases—the most contagious ones. These patients required too much care, and their inevitable deaths were an embarrassment to the sanatoriums. At Saranac Lake, the phrase "Released—advised to seek a warmer climate" was

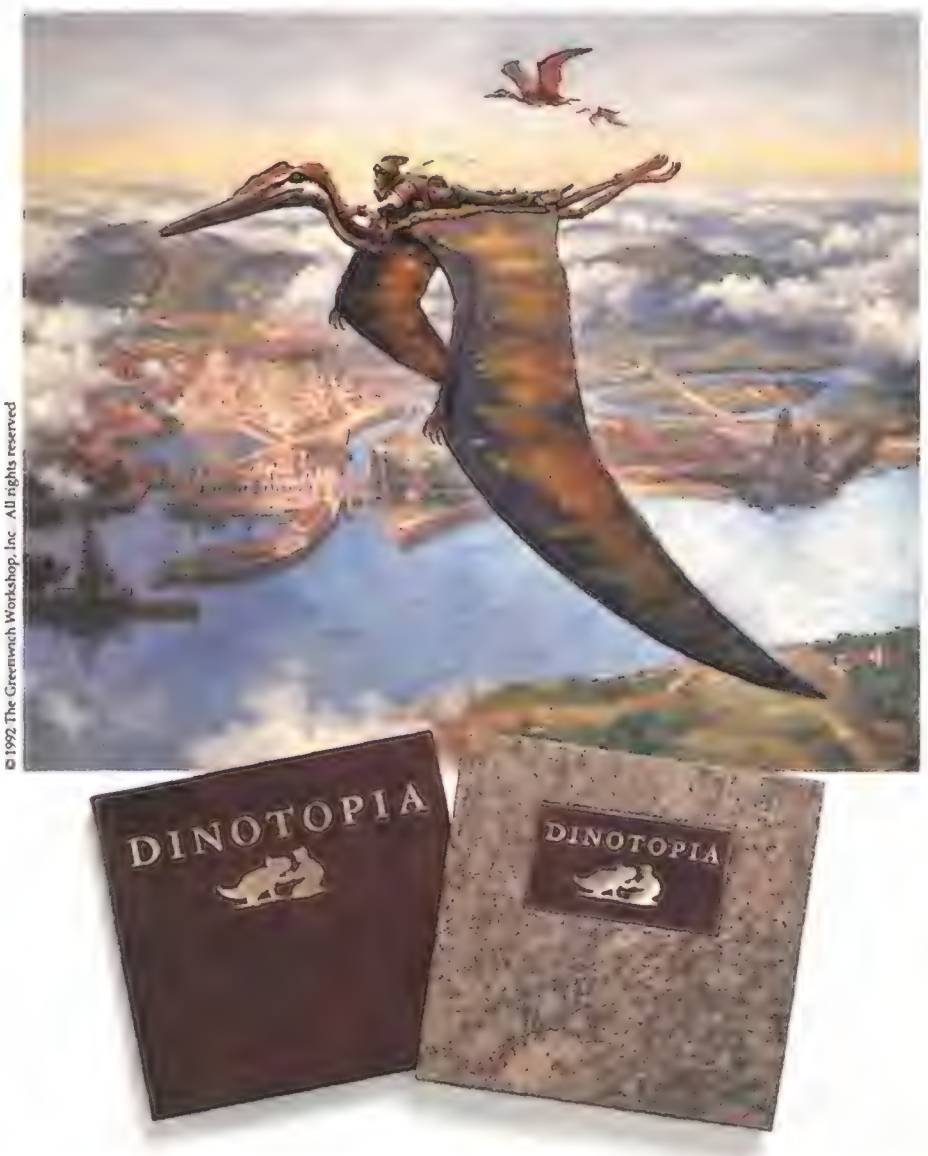
Hermann Biggs advocated public-health measures against TB at turn of century.

a euphemism; the patient was sent home to die.

Perhaps the most damning fact is this: patients who were treated in sanatoriums died at the same rate as those who weren't. But as medical historian Leonard Wilson writes, "To blame the sanatoriums for these deaths would be like castigating hospices for failing to cure cancer patients today."

The fight against any disease consists of two elements, prevention and treatment. For 60 years after Koch's discovery, there was no effective treatment. But something had to be done. The TB-ridden slums cast a horrifying shadow on the comfortable neighborhoods around them. The poor were most at risk, but even the well-to-do were terrified by horrific visions promoted by reformers like Dr. Lawrence Flick of "consumptive tailors and dressmakers, consumptive cooks and waiters, consumptive candymakers, consumptive bakers." The public's re-

TB now afflicts mainly the poor, but playing a pampered courtesan in the 1937 film *Camille*, Greta Garbo died "beautifully" of it.



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action was characteristically American: people organized.

In 1892, Flick started the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Soon the crusade went national with the formation of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The association immediately embarked on a campaign of propaganda and education that blanketed the country. The War on Consumption had begun.

This was the first massive public-health movement, the model for the later campaigns against polio, cancer and AIDS. It used the new technologies of modern communications: radio, motion pictures, brochures. The aim was not only to promote hygiene but also to improve the "moral behavior" of the working class.

At times, the anti-TB movement seemed almost punitive. Campaign leaders, as historian Nan Marie McMurry points out, felt an intense desire to help the poor, coupled with an undeniable hostility toward those same people. So it was that Ellen La Motte, an anti-TB crusader, could claim that "[It] is primarily and essentially a disease of the poor. . . . People of this class are by nature weak, shiftless, and lacking in initiative and perseverance. They have neither inherited nor acquired moral strength . . . and are often vicious besides."

As it gradually became clear that TB had become a disease of the masses, society's image of the victim changed completely. The sick person—once considered intelligent, spiritual and even physically beautiful—had now been transformed into a creature of weakness, ignorance and immorality.

These stereotypes hooked very nicely into racism, because racial minorities, particularly black and native-American, were plagued by horribly high tuberculosis mortality. The death rate for American Indians jumped dramatically with the introduction of the reservation system. As one Indian put it: "When we settle down, we grow pale and die." By 1912, native Americans were more than seven times as likely to die from TB as were the general population. Among black Americans, mortality after 1865 was two to three times as high as for whites.

By the turn of the century, the person sick with TB was seen as a menace to society. Poverty itself was considered a measure of sinfulness, and the "lunger" was seen as something less

Taking the outdoor cure to an extreme, nearly naked children at a sanatorium somehow contrive to act happy despite the cold.

Women disinfect Syracuse sidewalks as part of early public-health campaign.

than a human being. It was in this atmosphere that state and municipal governments became deeply involved in something that had long been a private matter: sickness and health.

The leading American proponent of public initiatives against disease was Hermann M. Biggs, who became general medical officer of New York City's Board of Health. He pushed for cattle inspections to eliminate infected milk—a major source of tuberculosis in humans. He initiated a publicity campaign advertising the contagious nature of the disease and advocating the systematic disinfection of rooms used by the tubercular. He encouraged hospitals to isolate the tubercular. Then he urged that all public institutions be forced to give the health department the names and addresses of anyone who had the disease. In the city, a rumor circulated around the tenements that public-health doctors were dosing TB patients with poison from a big black bottle to put them out of their misery.

Finally Biggs pushed through compulsory registration of all TB sufferers in the city. He established centers where those who refused treatment were forced to go: the most seriously sick "lungers" were dragged from their homes to Blackwell's Island, to a hospital run by the Department of Charities and Correction, or else to

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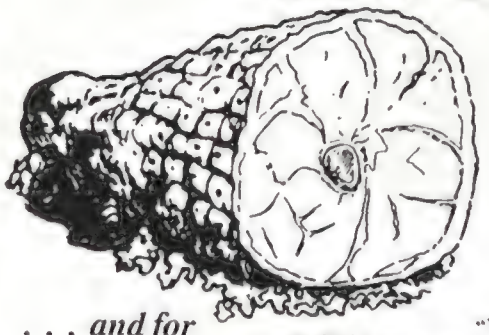

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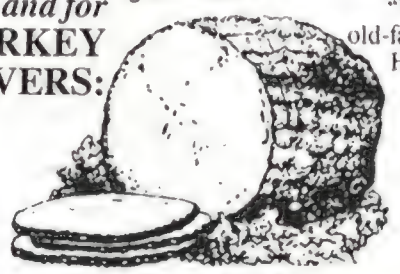

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the Riverside Sanatorium on North Brother Island.

At the city's Otisville Sanatorium, Biggs instituted a new, more rigorous form of therapy—the "work cure," where patients were put to work rather than to bed. If the rest cure didn't cure, maybe work would work. Biggs' assistant explained: "There were individuals whose lives were so worthless to the community that it would be an unpardonable waste of public funds to give them the benefit of sanatorium cure."

The American public was gripped by an overpowering fear of the contagion—a fear that was at times just as irrational as fear of AIDS can be today. Tuberculosis is usually transmitted by repeated close contact with someone who has an advanced case. But misinformation sometimes led to employers firing any worker at all who had TB. Barbers refused to shave consumptive men. "It almost

Youth undergoes procedure to collapse his diseased lung in 1930s. Temporary immobilization of the lung was supposed to help heal it.

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seemed," writes historian Barbara Gutmann Rosenkrantz, "as if tuberculosis had been specially created to test national and personal character."

Did society have the right to forcibly detain the sick in public treatment centers? Should you *compel* people with a contagious disease to get healthy? Whose rights should take precedence, those of the individual victim or those of the healthy community? In 1905, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that involuntary vaccination was legal. After that a host of mandatory health laws were passed, including marital blood tests for syphilis and even sterilization of "hereditary idiots." The U.S. Commissioner of Immigration refused to allow foreigners with tubercular symptoms to enter the country.

Medical progress, meanwhile, came in fits and starts. By 1908 the tuberculin skin test could determine whether a person had been exposed to the bacterium. From 1909 on, the sputum exam allowed doctors to recognize the active disease even in its early stages. The mortality rate continued to slow, but there was still no cure. Lacking that, surgeons began collapsing lungs and removing ribs.

The year 1943 marked a turning point. A New Jersey poultry farmer was upset: his chickens were catching a strange infection from barnyard dirt. He took the birds to the Rutgers University laboratory of microbiologist Selman Waksman, who analyzed the barnyard soil and isolated the problem—a peculiar fungus. In the process, Waksman fortuitously discovered that the microorganism had properties besides the ability to make chickens sick. The fungus produced a chemical agent that slowed the growth of certain bacteria. The agent, streptomycin, was the breakthrough the world had been waiting for: streptomycin proved effective against the tubercle bacillus.

The results were promising, but not perfect. The drug had side effects, and some strains of the bacillus were resistant. A second antibiotic was found to augment streptomycin. In 1952 a third drug was shown to be effective in combination with the other two. With that, the death rate dropped right off the table.

By the mid-'60s the American TB sanatoriums had virtually disappeared. The victory of medicine over the greatest killer of modern times seemed absolute. In 1984 the United States recorded its lowest TB rate in history.

We live in the age of the triumph of science; we often look to science to cure our problems in the way earlier generations looked to God. Like most societies, we need happy endings. Eventually, we want to think, everything will be all right; eventually all diseases will fall before the conquering microscope. But the history of TB shows the error of this view. It is a his-

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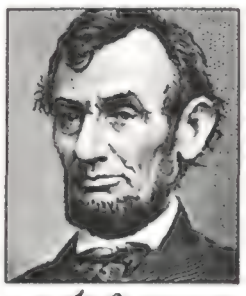

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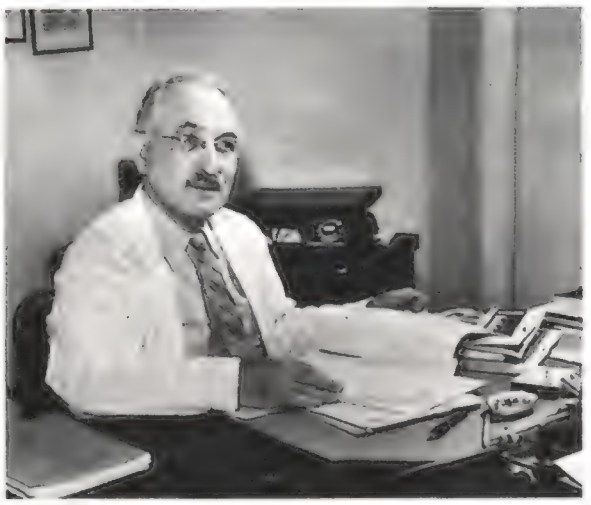
tory of one illusion succeeding another. The illusion that fell with the loudest crash was the comforting dream that we had conquered the disease forever.

In 1985 a Princeton graduate named Walter Moberg was doing Good Samaritan work in a skid-row hotel in Portland, Oregon. After some months he developed a strange illness that baffled his doctors. "When they finally diagnosed it, they seemed amused," Moberg recalls. "One doctor told me a joke. 'TB, or not TB: that is the congestion. Consumption be done about it? Of cough, of cough. But it takes a lung, lung time.' TB was almost a joke."

It was no joke. Between 1985 and 1991, American TB cases increased by 16 percent. Last year, New York City alone was home to nearly 4,000 new cases of active tuberculosis.

What happened? One critical factor was the onset of the AIDS epidemic. Normally, the body's immune system provides natural resistance to diseases. But the AIDS virus dismantles the immune system. What percentage of AIDS patients carrying the TB bacterium will actually come down with TB? "Eventually," says Dr. Arata Kochi of the World Health Organization, "at least half of them will." Dr. Kochi describes AIDS as "the greatest risk factor" for tuberculosis today.

The return of tuberculosis has another dimension. Epidemiologist Mi-



Selman Waksman won a Nobel Prize in 1952 for discovery of streptomycin.

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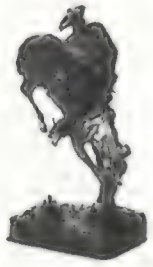

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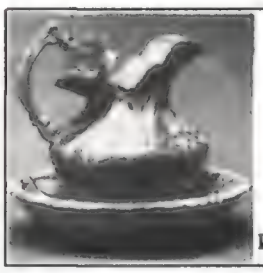

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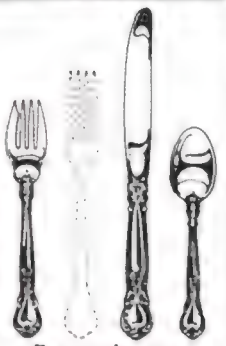

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School nurse administers TB tests to wary Ohio kindergartners in 1966.

chael Osterholm of the Minnesota Department of Health flatly calls the comeback "a social failure." Over the past decade, poverty has dramatically increased, and public-health programs have been cut back. Homelessness, meanwhile, increases the chances of exposure. Shelters for the homeless are homes for TB bacteria. In New York City shelters, infection of occupants has run as high as 43 percent.

With TB's resurgence has come a renewed vigilance by some public agencies. Last year, the New York City Commissioner of Health ordered 44 TB patients who "did not comply with therapy" detained in hospitals until they became noninfectious. In 1990, the city instituted mandatory testing of public-school students.

Some of these measures may seem like a repetition of the past, but one aspect of TB's comeback is a terrifying new development. Virulent drug-resistant strains of TB have surfaced and are spreading rapidly. A bacterium can become drug-resistant when a patient fails to take the full course of antibiotics. A partial course kills only the weakest bacteria, allowing the more drug-resistant bacteria to survive and breed. Eventually this produces a strain that *no* drugs can treat. Naturally enough, a disease that is harder to treat is much more likely to spread. In a 1991 study in New York City, a third of all TB cases were re-

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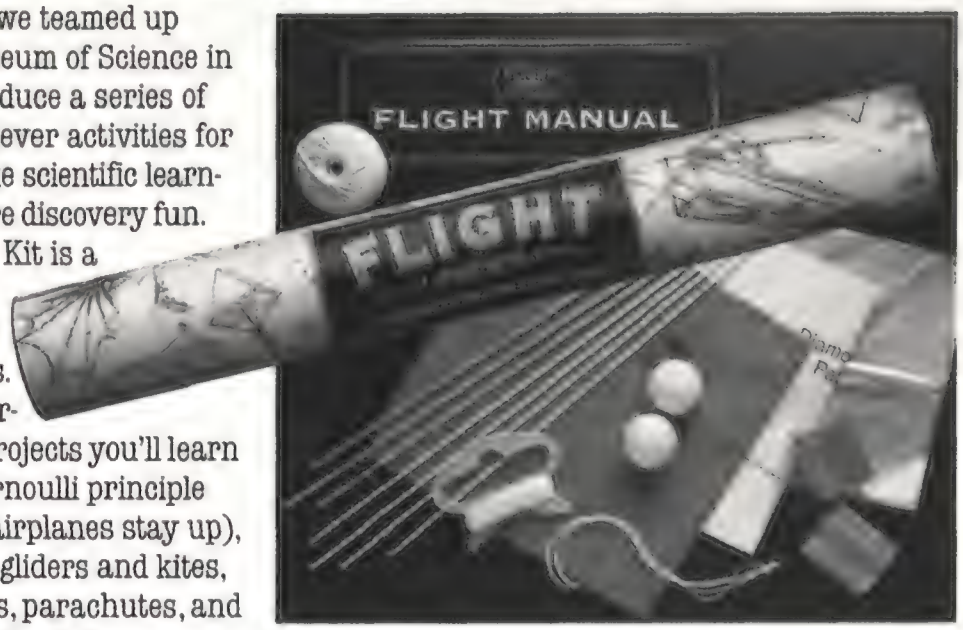

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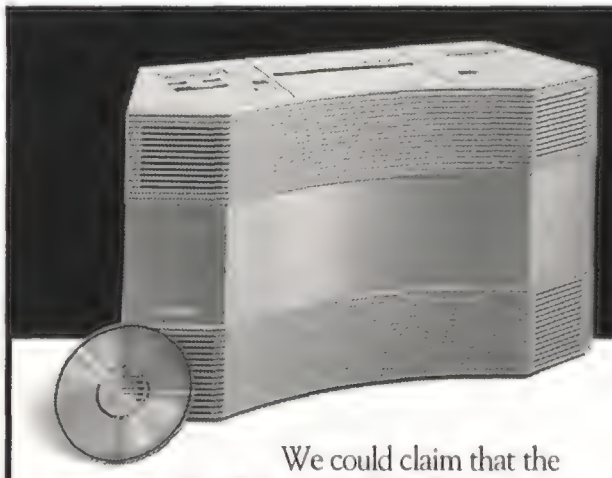

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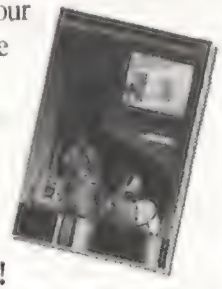

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sistant to at least one standard drug.

The critical problem is that antibiotic treatment often makes the patient *feel* better in a few weeks. For the homeless, who scrounge daily for food and shelter, the need to take medicine after symptoms have vanished is a relatively minor concern. At New York's Harlem Hospital, a recent study showed that only one patient in ten completed treatment. It is only a matter of time before drug-resistant strains become the most common form of TB unless effective action is taken.

Effective action can mean committing patients for treatment against their will. At the Lemuel Shattuck Hospital near Boston, an 18-bed unit has been set up specifically to accommodate TB patients who refuse to take their medicine. This is a locked ward. Many of the people in it have been sent there by a judge; at least one patient arrived in handcuffs.

"It's a winnable battle," says Dr. Thomas Frieden. "But we need to make sure that correct medicines are prescribed, and that every patient takes every dose." Frieden, director of the Bureau of TB Control for the New York City Department of Health, is himself infected with the bacterium. New drugs alone will not defeat the epidemic, he points out. "No technological fix will stop it."

In the end, TB is only a part of the larger problem—the chronic bad health of the poor and disenfranchised. "We know what has to be done," Frieden says. "We just don't know whether we as a society will be able to do it."

Dr. Thomas Frieden, who works with TB patients in New York, says it will take more than new drugs to defeat the disease again.

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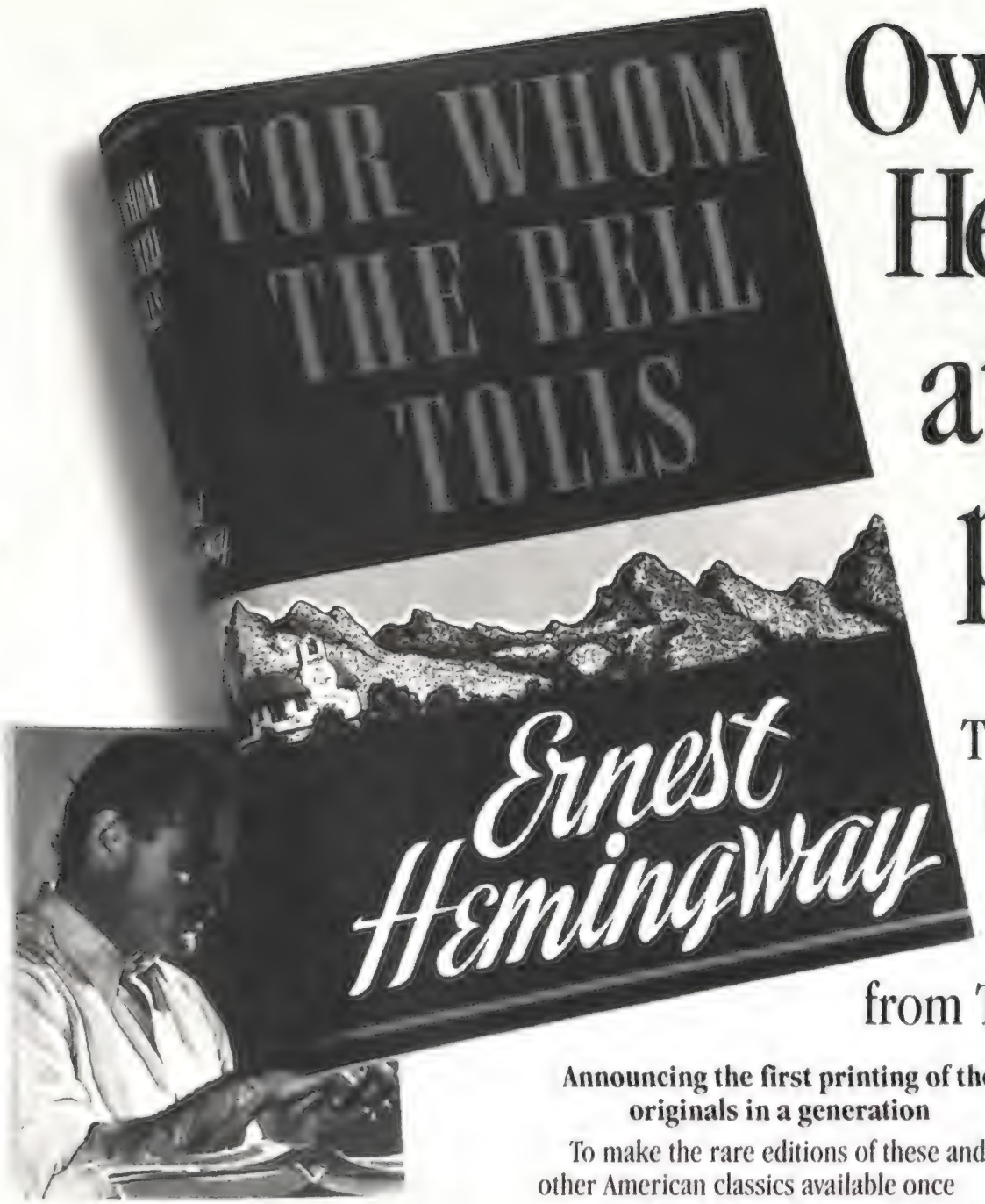

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Book reviews

Floss
written and illustrated
by Kim Lewis

A Farmyard Song
retold and illustrated
by Christopher Manson

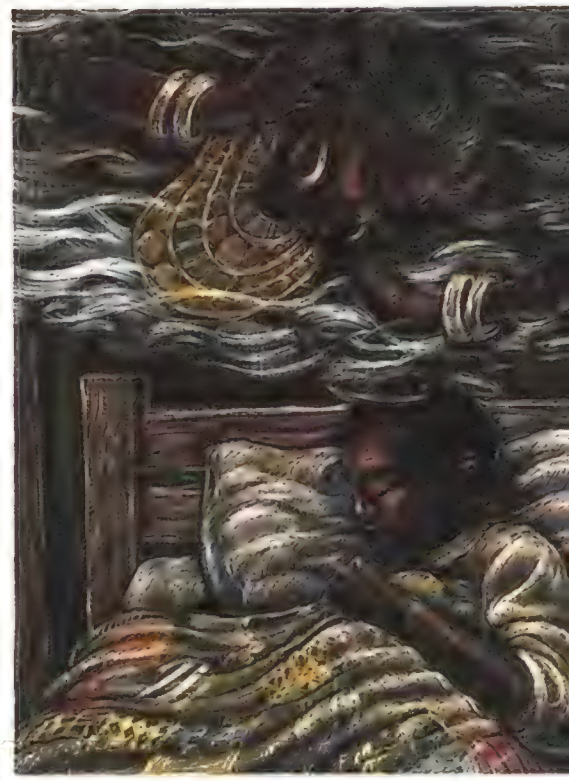
On a Christmas day when winds keened fiercely as wolves at the door, I opened a book and winter was forever vanquished. Inside the pages lay a green world where crocuses open to the light and one saucy robin flits from branch to branch, eternally heralding the arrival of spring.

The magical tome was, of course, Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden.* Ever since the book appeared in 1912, the tale of Mary Lennox, orphaned and sent out from India to her uncle's Yorkshire manor, has captivated generations of children. It is a story at once high-spirited and redemptive—of a lonely, fretful and selfish child who, tending a neglected garden and the wild creatures of the surrounding moor, discovers the value of friendship, generosity and laughter.

That holiday, in 1962, the copy I happened to receive was an entrancing new edition that has since become a classic. The watercolors, by the renowned Tasha Tudor, possess a hypnotic charm that compel a reader to linger over every detail—rose blossoms, tame foxes, gnarled trees, pheasants whirring from a thicket.

Tudor has written and illustrated many of her own stories, too, books that millions of readers will recognize with deep affection. (Among them, *Edgar Allen Crow* and *Corgiville Fair,* her antic tribute to those most independent-minded dogs.) Always, her watercolors and drawings take their inspiration from the artist's domain, a Vermont farmstead surrounded by gardens and inhabited by Nubian goats, a cat, a cow, barnyard fowl and exotic birds, and a band of corgis.

How the Stars Fell into the Sky: A Navajo Legend retold by Jerrie Oughton, illustrated by Lisa Desimini



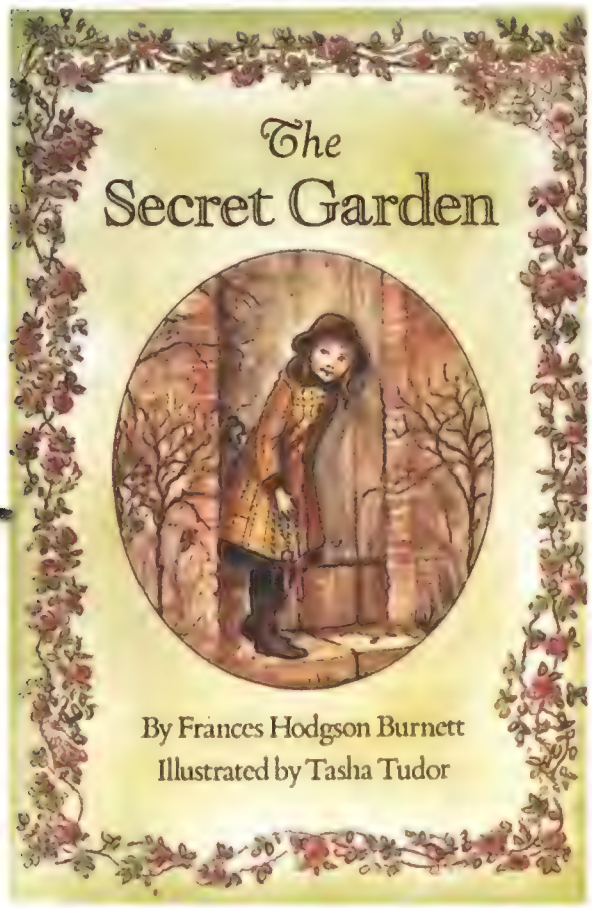
Sukey and the Mermaid
by Robert D. San Souci,
illustrated by Brian Pinkney

Tertius and Pliny
by Ben Frankel,
illustrated by Emma Chichester Clark

The Trojan Horse
retold and illustrated
by Warwick Hutton

These days, Tudor is still busy at her worktable, mixing colors and planning new projects. And this year, devotees of her creations can take an excursion into that New England realm where time seems to stand still. *The Private World of Tasha Tudor*, a study of life at Tudor's farm, has just been published by Little, Brown. Photographer Richard Brown and Tudor produced the book as a collaborative effort.

The images one recognizes from the books are there in edenic profusion—apple trees bent with fruit, goslings strutting, a fire blazing in the hearth.



They are scenes, as Tudor says, drawn from the heart. "Another appeal of my drawings," she observes, "is that they are done from actuality, not imagined. I know which side a cow is milked from, and what side you should mount a horse from, and how to make a haystack. . . . The people in my pictures are my own grandchildren and friends. . . ." Now you can step into that pastoral province, too, courtesy of Richard Brown's artistry with the camera and Tasha Tudor's imagination.

From the authors and artists following in Tudor's footsteps, this year's offerings are as enchanting as ever. Journeying across place, from the Maine seacoast to Amazonia and East Africa, and time, from frontier America to prehistoric forests, young readers can, as always, discover dreams realized and goodwill transcendent.

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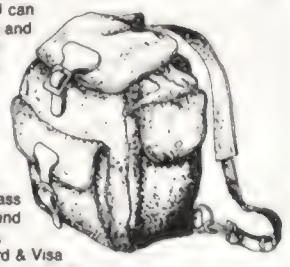

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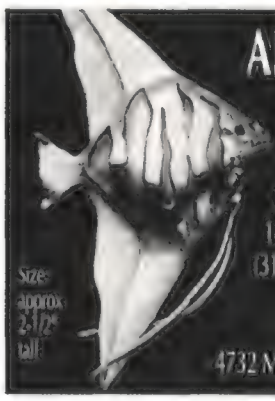

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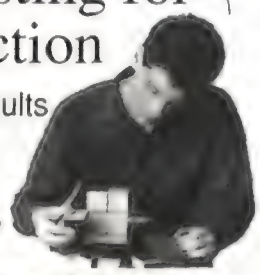

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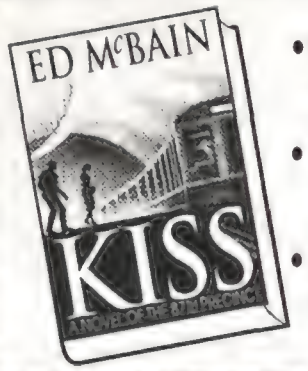

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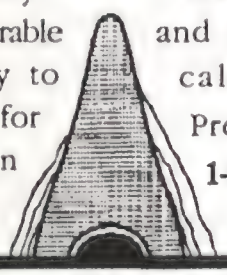
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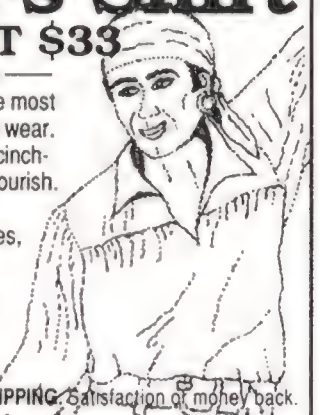
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My Great-Aunt Arizona by Gloria Houston, illustrated by Susan Condie Lamb (HarperCollins, $15) The author's affectionate testament to her aunt, an inspiring teacher who "loved to read, to grow flowers and to square dance" and shared her dreams with children in a one-room schoolhouse in the Blue Ridge. One of this year's treasures.

Tomato Soup written and illustrated by Thacher Hurd (Crown, $15) Say you're a dim-witted cat on the trail of a very brainy mouse. Better watch your step or you just might end up in the soup. A witty caper, fun for grown-ups too, from the creator of *Pea Patch Jig.*

From Acorn to Zoo written and illustrated by Satoshi Kitamura (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $15) Hippos in hammocks, goats in goggles—a real zinger of an alphabet book, sporting snappy-yet-winsome watercolors.

Our Yard Is Full of Birds by Anne Rockwell, illustrated by Lizzy Rockwell (Macmillan, $13.95) Mockingbirds, cardinals, mourning doves, and more: glorious portraits and lore for beginning birders from a mother-daughter team.

Night of the Moonjellies written and illustrated by Mark Shasha (Simon & Schuster, $14) The author's captivating re-creation of workaday bustle at his grandmother's lobster-roll stand, and a magical night on the Maine seacoast. Sure to become a classic.

Elephant Have Right of Way: Life with the Wild Animals of Africa written and photographed by Betty Leslie-Melville (Doubleday, $15) From the cofounder of the African Fund for Endangered Wildlife, page-turning tales of rhinos, giraffes, and more. Absorbing natural history from the author who brought us *Walter Warthog.*

How the Stars Fell into the Sky retold by Jerrie Oughton, illustrated by Lisa Desimini (Houghton Mifflin, $14.95) An eloquent recital of a Navajo legend, accompanied by paintings stark and luminous as a desert nightfall.

A Forever Family written and photographed by Roslyn Banish with Jennifer Jordan-Wong (HarperCollins, $14) An 8-year-old girl's true account of moving from a foster home to her adoptive parents and new extended family. This informative introduction to adoption also celebrates the joys of kinship, every kind, everywhere.

Morning Milking by Linda Lowe Morris, illustrated by David DeRan (Picture Book Studio, $16.95) Fresh-as-

first-frost recollections of the Maryland dairy farm where the writer grew up, with splendid sepia-washed watercolors.

The Whale in Lowell's Cove written and illustrated by Jane W. Robinson (Down East Books, $14.95) The true tale of a young humpback who stayed for a month in waters off Harpswell, Maine, and won the hearts of the entire village. A must for cetacean fans.

When the Rivers Go Home written and illustrated by Ted Lewin (Macmillan, $14.95) The author's chronicle of a journey through the vast reaches of Brazil's Pantanal marshlands, home to "rodents big enough to saddle," "snakes long as limousines" and "cowboys tough as shoe leather." Riveting natural history from a master illustrator.

Sunflower Houses written and illustrated by Sharon Lovejoy (Interweave Press, $19.95) "Once you care about gardens, birds, bugs, and flowers," writes the author, "you will never have a boring day." A fetching primer on gardening for children, chockablock with botanical lore and hands-on projects. Green-thumbed adults also will find this an irresistible excursion into old-fashioned garden history.

Some Things Never Change by Kurt Aldag, illustrated by Ken Rush (Macmillan, $13.95) In a town so small "it's not on most maps," a traveler stops at an old-time country gas station and finds kindness and a piece of his past. Glowing, Hopperesque oil paintings.

Popcorn Park Zoo: A Haven with a Heart by Wendy Pfeffer, photographs by J. Gerard Smith (Julian Messner, $14.95) Set in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey, Popcorn is the only zoo in the country that welcomes sick, abandoned and unwanted wildlife, from raccoons to goats and elephants. This lively account of a place where "animals that would not stand a chance anywhere else" find a home is a testament to compassion. For animal lovers of all ages.

Roses Sing on New Snow: A Delicious Tale by Paul Yee, illustrated by Harvey Chan (Macmillan, $13.95) Set in Vancouver's turn-of-the-century Chinatown, this tale introduces Maylin, a resourceful young heroine and brilliant chef, who is as kind as she is inventive.

At Home in the Coral Reef by Katy Muzik, illustrated by Katherine Brown-Wing (Charlesbridge, $14.95) The author, a marine biologist, guides us on an excursion into a wondrous underwater world of flashlight fish and sea squirts.

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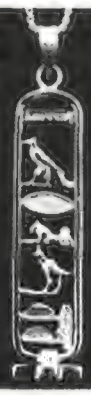

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Dinosaur for a Day by Jim Murphy, illustrated by Mark Alan Weatherby (Scholastic, $15.95) Hair-raising adventures are just everyday stuff for Hypsilophodon, one smart vegetarian dino who outwits the meat eaters. The paintings transport you straight to the heart of a prehistoric forest.

Red Fox on the Move written and illustrated by Hannah Giffard (Dial, $14) Wondering anxiously whether there are "*any* fox homes left," the parents and five kits set off in search of a snug new den. The sprightly text and bold batik-inspired watercolors should make this a favorite to read again and again.

Tertius and Pliny by Ben Frankel, illustrated by Emma Chichester Clark (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $13.95) Two toy animals, a monkey and a terrier, come to life, escape the antique shop and find a life of high adventure, with watercolors from one of England's most acclaimed illustrators.

Junkyard Bandicoots by Joyce Rogers Wolkomir and Richard Wolkomir, illustrated by Laurie Davis (John Wiley, $9.95) Tales intriguing and true of Earth's endangered species, rhinos to sea turtles and parrots, and what you can do to help.

Back Home by Gloria Jean Pinkney, illustrated by Jerry Pinkney (Dial, $15) Drawn from the author's childhood, this account of a young girl's journey to her extended family's North Carolina farmstead is a testament to abiding ties. Framed in watercolors subtle and warm as a patchwork quilt, this book deserves to become an heirloom.

Who Came Down That Road? by George Ella Lyon, illustrated by Peter Catalanotto, (Orchard Books, $15.95) Before settlers, Indians. Before Indians, mastodons. Along a forest's ancient buffalo trace, an excursion into memory stretching back into prehistory. The watercolors are truly extraordinary.

The Folks in the Valley: A Pennsylvania Dutch ABC by Jim Aylesworth, illustrated by Stefano Vitale (HarperCollins, $15) Rollicking rhymes and folk-art-inspired paintings celebrate a world where "Neighbors help / With summer wheat"; "Oak is split / For the winter's heat." A beguiling abecedarium.

Don't You Know There's a War On? written and illustrated by James Stevenson (Greenwillow, $14) The author's moving, and droll, recollection of the home front in 1942, the year of victory gardens and kale that "nobody liked," a

Back Home
by Gloria Jean Pinkney,
illustrated by Jerry Pinkney

time when he waited for his father and brother to return. (Yes, they did.)

Doctor De Soto Goes to Africa written and illustrated by William Steig (HarperCollins, $15) The "one-in-a-million, humdinger of a dentist" (and preeminent mouse) returns to tend an elephant plagued by "unbearable toothache." No drivel here: Steig's deadpan style is just the ticket for parents overdosed on Bambi and velveteen rabbits.

Pumpkins by Mary Lyn Ray, illustrated by Barry Root (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $13.95) A stirring, dreamy tribute to ingenuity in the face of obstacles: to save a field from development, a clever fellow cultivates 400,000 plump pumpkins and sells his crop to buy the land. After perusing the watercolors, burnished with autumn light, you'll find that the portly squash forever take on a certain je ne sais quoi.

The Trojan Horse retold and illustrated by Warwick Hutton (Margaret K. McElderry, $14.95) This vivid rendition of Greek perfidy and Trojan blindness makes for an unforgettable foray into ancient storytelling. The pen-and-watercolor drawings, at once winsome and powerful, offer a window on a lost and legendary world.

Over the Green Hills written and illustrated by Rachel Isadora (Greenwillow, $14) Across South Africa's Transkei territory, land of "aloe fields and

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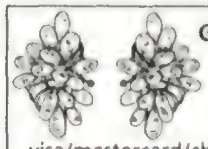

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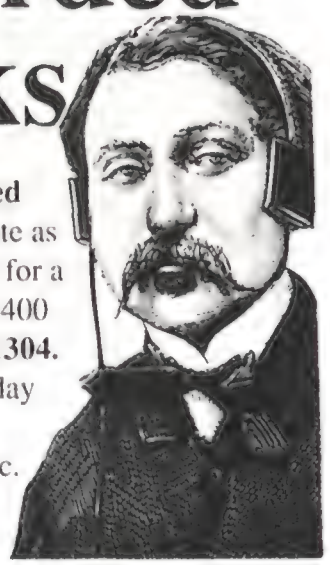

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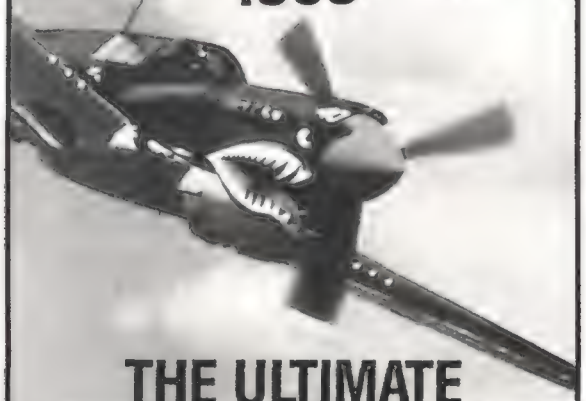

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farms" and welcoming neighbors, a boy and his mother take a day's journey. One of this year's memorable books, to be read time and again, from the author of the affecting *At the Crossroads.*

Great-Grandma Tells of Threshing Day by Verda Cross, illustrated by Gail Owens (Albert Whitman, $15.95) Cold buttermilk to Belgian workhorses, the author reaches back to a Missouri childhood to re-create a harvest day. The text spins like a top; the watercolors are fresh as new-mown hay.

Sukey and the Mermaid by Robert D. San Souci, illustrated by Brian Pinkney (Four Winds, $14.95) Drawn from a fragment of a Sea Islands, South Carolina, folktale, this hypnotic dream sequence schools a young girl in the wisdom of seeking "love, honesty and kindness." The scratchboard-and-oil pastel images, bold and brooding, parallel the power of this timeless tale.

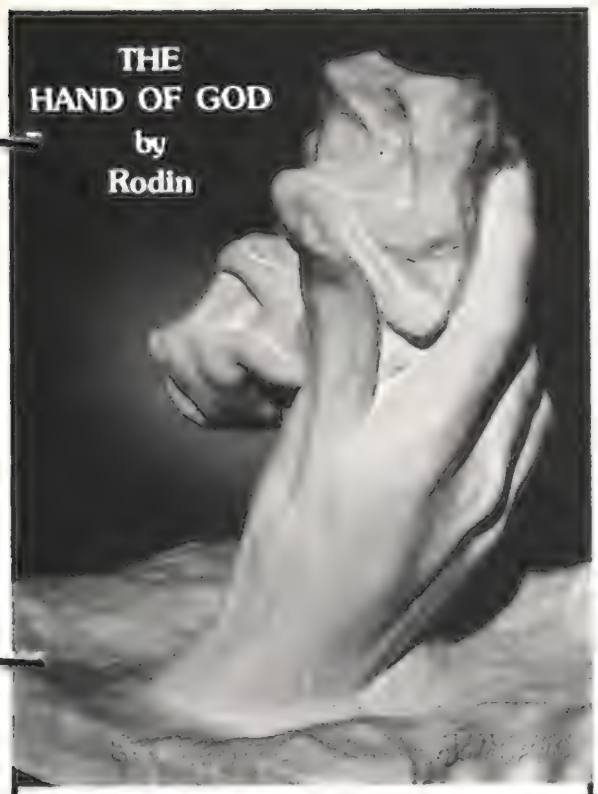
Floss written and illustrated by Kim Lewis (Candlewick, $14.95) In a valley "where nothing much grew except sheep," a young Border collie learns to become a champion herder. The author, who lives on a sheep farm in England's Northumberland, has re-created her countryside with surpassing skill.

The Go-Between by Amy Hest, illustrated by DyAnne DiSalvo-Ryan (Four Winds, $14.95) Set at a newsstand on the corner of Broadway, a tale of true love (abetted by a quick-witted granddaughter) blossoming at last. New Yorkers and Yankees fans, especially, are in for a happy-ever-after romance.

Drylongso by Virginia Hamilton, illustrated by Jerry Pinkney (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $18.95) The renowned writer and the master illustrator team up to create a classic. For a Great Plains farm family struggling to survive a drought, the stranger they shelter from a storm brings hope and close-to-the-earth wisdom. Compassion, as this hypnotic tale attests, reaps its own reward.

Hazel's Circle by Sharon Phillips Denslow, illustrated by Sharon McGinley-Nally (Four Winds, $14.95) Hooray! Another Denslow adventure, this one a bright-as-black-eyed-Susans jaunt in the footsteps of a girl carrying her basket of eggs to a succession of neighbors. In this sunlit world of squawking roosters and homemade grape jelly, every door is open. The author of *Riding with Aunt Lucy* has created a keepsake book.

Li'l Sis and Uncle Willie by Gwen Everett (Rizzoli, $13.95) An imaginative



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rendition of the life and times of the celebrated American artist William H. Johnson. His paintings, paying homage to the traditions of African-American culture, are reproduced as illustrations for this outstanding biography.

Farm Boy's Year written and illustrated by David McPhail (Atheneum, $13.95) This month-by-month chronicle of life on a Massachusetts farm in the 1800s reconstructs a 12-year-old boy's world of blizzards, maple sugaring and catching fat flounders. The paintings, melding authentic detail and nostalgic affection, make time travelers of us all.

The Turnip retold by Walter de la Mare, illustrated by Kevin Hawkes (David R. Godine, $17.95) One megavegetable causes the comeuppance of a brother "who had no more pity or compassion than a weasel." The distinguished poet first published his ravishing retelling of the tale (originally from the Grimms) in 1927; this handsome reissue makes it available to another generation of lucky children.

Masai and I by Virginia Kroll, illustrated by Nancy Carpenter (Four Winds, $13.95) An African-American girl's imaginary sojourn into a rich and exotic culture where a child can "glide across grasslands, open and free." A story that carries you on swift wings to East Africa, and back again.

Beneath the Waves: Exploring the Hidden World of the Kelp Forest written and photographed by Norbert Wu (Chronicle Books, $12.95) The author, an underwater photographer, created this book to "help children discover beauty and life in a world they may otherwise not know at all." He succeeds admirably, with arresting images of creatures from sea anemones to otters. The next generation of marine biologists will be sleeping with this book under their pillows.

Chester the Out-of-Work Dog by Marilyn Singer, illustrated by Cat Bowman Smith (Henry Holt, $14.95) Bored and nothing to do. Just the fix every Border collie dreads, and Chester is face-to-face with this very dilemma when his family moves from sheep farm to the city. True to his breed, he devises a brilliant solution. Tail-thumpingly droll watercolors, too, in a real winner of a doggy saga.

A Peddler's Dream by Janice Shefelman, illustrated by Tom Shefelman (Houghton Mifflin, $14.95) Walking across America, a turn-of-the-century

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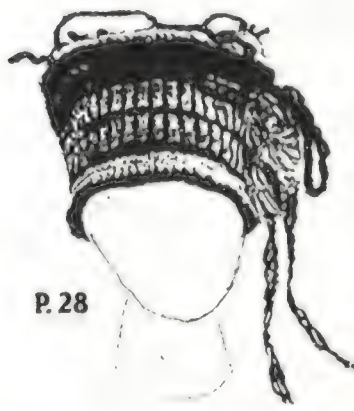
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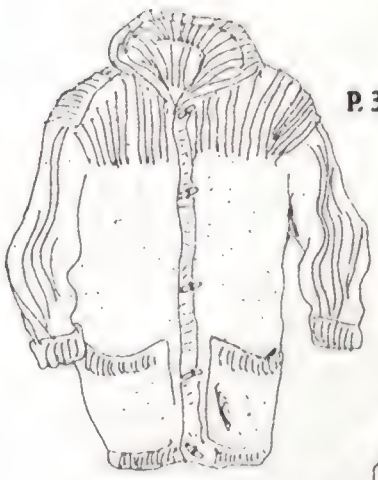
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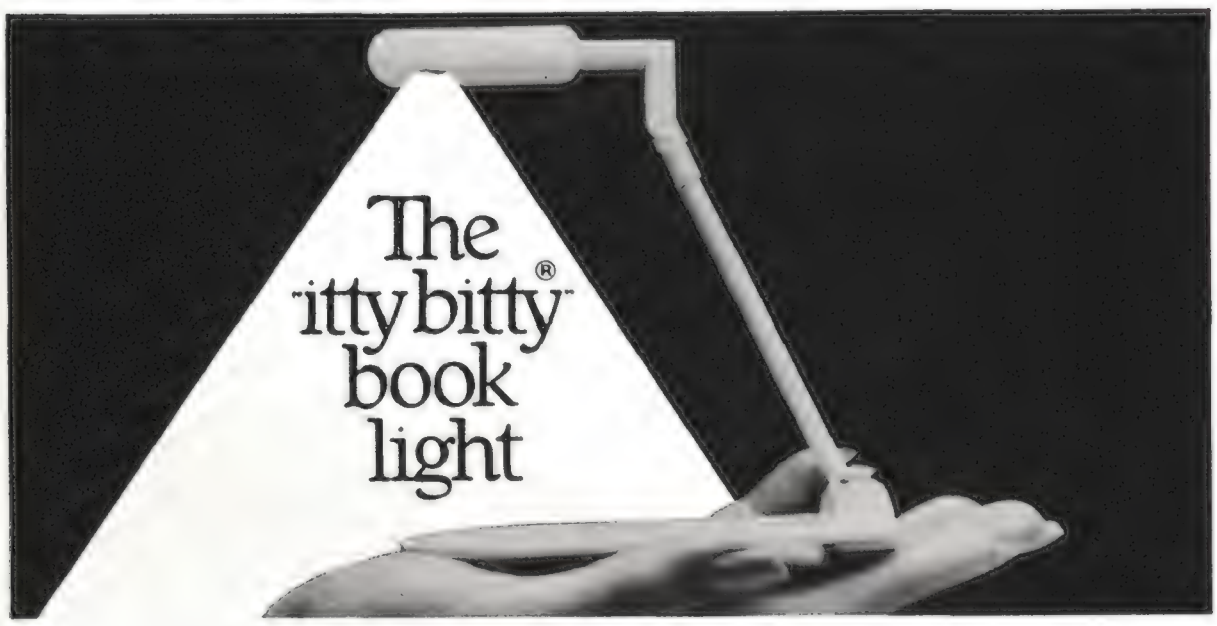

immigrant from Lebanon goes in search of his dream—and finds it. This heartening story, based in truth, conveys convincingly the feeling of starting out, alone but determined, in a new land.

One Small Blue Bead by Byrd Baylor, illustrated by Ronald Himler (Scribner's, $13.95) "When men still lived in cliffs and caves/And great beasts roamed the land," a journey with a nomadic tribe into the prehistoric American West. The author's eloquent imagining of one ancient boy's hopes and fears, first published in 1965, is reissued here with sun-washed watercolors.

A Picture Book of Harriet Tubman by David A. Adler, illustrated by Samuel Byrd (Holiday House, $14.95) A forceful account of the life and times of the Underground Railroad heroine who escaped bondage to lead hundreds of slaves to freedom. Tubman's courage shines from every page.

Orphan: The Story of a Baby Woodchuck by Faith McNulty, illustrated by Darby Morrell (Scholastic, $11.95) The famed *New Yorker* nature writer's absorbing, and true, chronicle of rescuing a motherless groundhog, and gradually reintroducing "Chuck" to the wild.

The Antique Store Cat written and illustrated by Leslie Baker (Little, Brown, $14.95) How one venturesome feline creates chaos, and saves the day, when she takes refuge in an antique shop on a rainy day. Watercolors welcoming as afternoon tea.

The Rough-Face Girl by Rafe Martin, illustrated by David Shannon (G.P. Putnam's, $14.95) Drawn from an Algonquin folktale cycle, a powerful recasting of a native-American version of the Cinderella tale. (Triumph and true love of course await the kindhearted sister.) The haunting paintings possess a brooding magic all their own.

Red Hawk's Account of Custer's Last Battle written and illustrated by Paul Goble (University of Nebraska Press, $9.95) A recounting of the clash, told from the native-American point of view, with boldly stylized paintings.

A Tall Story and other tales by Margaret Mahy, illustrated by Jan Nesbitt (Margaret K. McElderry Books, $15.95) Witches who make you mind your manners, pirate queens who adopt abused lions, and more. A compendium of amusing stories, constructed with a dazzling and offhand sophistication.

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ald Himler (HarperCollins, $15) A study in quiet heroism: when a Dutch farm family shelters a Jewish child from the Nazis, they enfold her in their family for the duration of the war. This book will shore up faith in humanity.

A Farmyard Song, An Old Rhyme with New Pictures retold and illustrated by Christopher Manson (North-South, $14.95) The classic nursery rhyme, embellished with bold, hand-colored woodcuts.

The Finest Horse in Town by Jacqueline Briggs Martin, illustrated by Susan Gaber (HarperCollins, $15) The author's great-aunts, storekeepers in Maine, once owned "a smart gray horse who pulled a shiny black buggy." This reminiscence introduces us to a memorable steed and evokes turn-of-the-century village life with immediacy.

The Maybe Garden by Kimberly Burke-Weiner, illustrated by Fredrika P. Spillman (Beyond Words, $14.95) A Technicolor fantasy about what might grow if you envision it—apple trees blossoming with balloons, giant goldfish swimming in limpid pools.

Tales at the Mousehole by Mary Stolz, illustrated by Pamela Johnson (David R. Godine, $15.95) A noble raconteur of a cat befriends and protects two intelligent, good-listener mice. Three classic, briskly told tales, now in one volume with exquisite new illustrations.

A Clearing in the Forest by Joanne Landers Henry, illustrated by Charles Robinson (Four Winds, $14.95) Based on a real family's papers, this account of life in the 1830s settlement of Indianapolis re-creates frontier life with conviction and heart. The expressive drawings will invite young readers to pore over these pages again and again.
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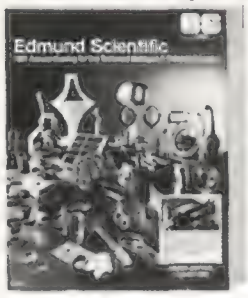

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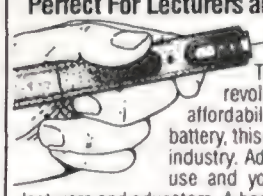

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Additional reading

Butte, Montana (p. 46)

The Battle for Butte by Michael Malone, University of Washington Press, 1981

Montana: A History of Two Centuries by Richard Roeder and Michael Malone, University of Washington Press, 1976

Mile High, Mile Deep by Richard K. O'Malley, Mountain Press (Missoula), 1968

Red Harvest by Dashiell Hammett, Random House, 1972

Copper Kings at War by Sarah McNelis, University of Montana Press, 1968

The jeep (p. 60)

All-American Wonder, The Military Jeep, 1941-1945 (2 vols.) by Ray Cowdery, USM (Lakeville, Minnesota), 1986, 1990

The Jeep by Bart Vanderveen, Frederick Warne (London), 1974

The American Jeep in War and Peace by Kurt Willinger and Gene Gurney, Crown Publishers, 1983

"The Jeep," *Life*, July 20, 1942

GRACE (p. 76)

Ten Years of GRACE, edited by Jay Craven, GRACE/Catamount Arts, 1986

Outsider Art by Roger Cardinal, Studio Vista (London), 1972

Transmitters: The Isolate Artist in America, Philadelphia College of Art, 1981

'The Old Farmer's Almanac' (p. 90)

The Best of The Old Farmer's Almanac by Judson Hale, Random House, 1991

The Education of a Yankee: An American Memoir by Judson Hale, Harper & Row, 1987

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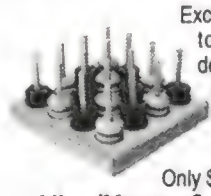

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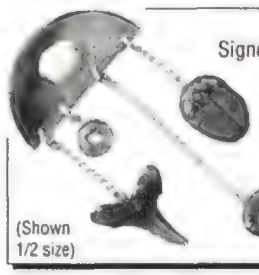

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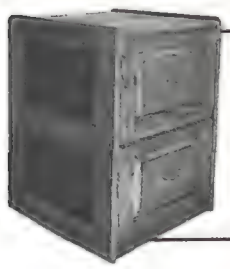

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Grizzly bears (p. 112)

Track of the Grizzly by Frank C. Craighead jr., Sierra Club Books (San Francisco), 1979

The Yellowstone Grizzly Journal, edited by Marilynn Gibbs-French and Steve French, Yellowstone Grizzly Foundation (Evanston, Wyoming)

Grizzly Years: In Search of the American Wilderness by Doug Peacock, Henry Holt, 1990

Plains Indian art (p. 124)

Visions of the People: A Pictorial History of Plains Indian Life (exhibition catalog) by Evan Maurer, Minneapolis Institute of Arts, 1992

Art of the American Indian Frontier by David W. Penney, Detroit Institute of Arts, 1992

"A Century of Plains Indian Art Studies" by John C. Ewers, *American Indian Art Magazine*, Autumn 1992

American Academy (p. 136)

Portraits from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters (exhibition catalog) by Lillian B. Miller and Nancy A. Johnson, National Portrait Gallery, 1987

"Some Splendid and Admirable People" by Geoffrey T. Hellman, *New Yorker*, February 23, 1976

Sea kayaking (p. 150)

Baidarka by George Dyson, Alaska Northwest Publishing Company (Edmonds, Washington), 1986

Sea Kayaker (quarterly), Sea Kayaker Inc. (Seattle, Washington)

Qajaq: Kayaks of Siberia and Alaska by David W. Zimmerly, Alaska State Museums (Juneau, Alaska), 1986

Urban legends (p. 166)

The Vanishing Hitchhiker by Jan Harold Brunvand, W. W. Norton, 1981

Curses! Broiled Again! by Jan Harold Brunvand, W. W. Norton, 1989

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Tuberculosis (p. 180)

The Last Crusade: The War on Consumption, 1862-1954 by Mark Caldwell, Atheneum, 1988

The White Plague: Tuberculosis, Man and Society by René and Jean Dubos, Rutgers University Press, 1987

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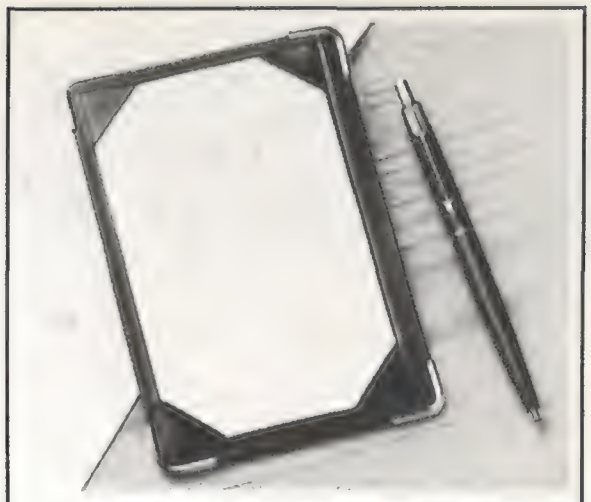

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By Bruce E. Watson

Can the mailman solve our energy woes?

Oil spills. Wood deforests. Coal burns black, and solar still costs the moon and stars. Last year, with another winter poised to pounce, I was chilled at the thought of heating our house ecologically and cheaply. Then I went to the mailbox and got lucky.

"CONGRATULATIONS, BRUCE E. WATSON! [The *E* stands for "energy."] This is your lucky day! Yes, BRUCE E. WATSON has been chosen to receive a lucky $100,000,000 as a GRAND PRIZE WINNER in our Clearinghouse Sweepstakes!!! Just think of what you could do with $100,000,000, MR. WATSON. Got a few bills that need paying? A dream in mind? . . ."

My bills were paid, my dreams all fulfilled, but I still had a house that needed heat. After doing a few calculations, I faced the odds. I could detach the YES! sticker and go for the Grand Prize, or I could torch the lucky offer and heat the house for about 30 seconds. And look at what other lucky fuel the mailman had delivered.

There were 1) no-risk offers from upstart magazines designed exclusively with me in mind; 2) unbelievable deals from music clubs preserving our priceless jazz heritage; 3) catalogs of doodads and gewgaws you wouldn't buy if you could have them delivered to you C.O.D. on a desert island; and 4) Congressional updates from political action committees concerned about the future of democracy. How it grieved me to realize that I, BRUCE E. WATSON (the *E* stands for "efficient") had been putting all this free fuel in the landfill.

As temperatures dropped, I installed a small wood-burning stove in the kitchen. I got a large shovel. I built a storage bin hefty enough to hold the tons of tinder I'd burn for the winter. Then I turned to the supply side.

For the next month, I flipped through stacks of mail, desperately seeking those bulk-rate meter marks and 11.1 cent stamps. The kitchen was already chilly. I had to ACT NOW! I clipped coupons. I detached little gold stars and stuck them to mailers that I sent RIGHT AWAY! I subscribed to a score of magazines ON A TRIAL BASIS! I signed petitions sending A VITAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS! and took advantage of one AMAZING OPPORTUNITY after another. I got to know the smiling face of Ed Mc Mahon and the sincere signatures of several ex-Senators. The whole seeding process COST ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! If I did not like what I received, I could return it within 30 days for a FULL REFUND!

Within 30 days, word spread throughout America's vital junk-mail industry. The word said: Hey, this guy *reads* this stuff. On the first subfreezing afternoon, I strode to my mailbox with a wheelbarrow. Crisp, white envelopes were bursting out of the box onto the ground, each with a reason to open it.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM RALPH NADER! I grabbed handfuls and tossed them into the wheelbarrow. ACT NOW TO—*chunk!* went the shovel as I turned over my fuel like good compost. With two trips back to the house, I filled my bin and loaded the stove. I struck a match, lit Ed's smiling face, and the stove blazed with free, efficient, renewable energy. Junk mail—the answer to America's energy woes.

As winter set in, junk mail kept the house at 72 degrees F. Weary of wheelbarrows, I rigged up a chute from the mailbox to the stove. I took out the actual letter or odd bill every few days and shoveled the rest of the refuse directly into the chute to feed the flames. With the system going smoothly, I clearly had NO OBLIGATION TO BUY—EVER! No gas, oil or coal, nothing but pure pabulum would keep me warm as long as the supply lasted!

But. Oil spills. Wood deforests. And junk mail accumulates. Like mold and kudzu, if left unchecked its numbers double daily. Junk-mail firms soon added my name to mailing lists, lists of mailing lists, and lists of list lists. Before long, my name turned up in shopping clubs, travel clubs, chain letters, Mafia hit lists and lists of ordinary people like me who gleefully sent their last dollar to firms with funny names in remote corners of the country.

DON'T THROW THIS ENVELOPE AWAY! First the feeder chute backed up all the way to the mailbox. I piled the mail in the garage, but that was soon stuffed. I turned the heat up to 85 but still couldn't burn fast enough. A SPECIAL OFFER JUST FOR BRUCE E. WATSON! (the *E* stands for "experimental"). To trace which groups were sharing lists, I had misspelled my name on one reply. Now about half were sent to WATSIN, and a few dozen a day arrived for BRUCEE WATSOON!

By any other name, my house was overflowing with limited offers I had to convert into energy. I made a prototype of a junk-mail-powered car, but the patent was stolen by Detroit. I got a junk-mail water heater going and was working on a plan to mold the cellophane in the envelopes into handsome patio furniture. But the junk kept pouring in. Catalogs and important messages filled the basement, the guest room, the attic, until my house looked like a dead-letter office.

Finally I had to move. Leaving no forwarding address, I packed and headed for a distant city where no one knew me, not even the mailman. Once I went back to the old house in disguise. No house was visible, just a mountain of special offers, a chimney protruding, and a mail truck pulling up daily.

Oil spills. Wood deforests. But junk mail chokes the life out of everything it touches. This winter I'm polluting. I'm spending. I'm spilling and deforesting. But I'm safe and warm and not on anybody's list.

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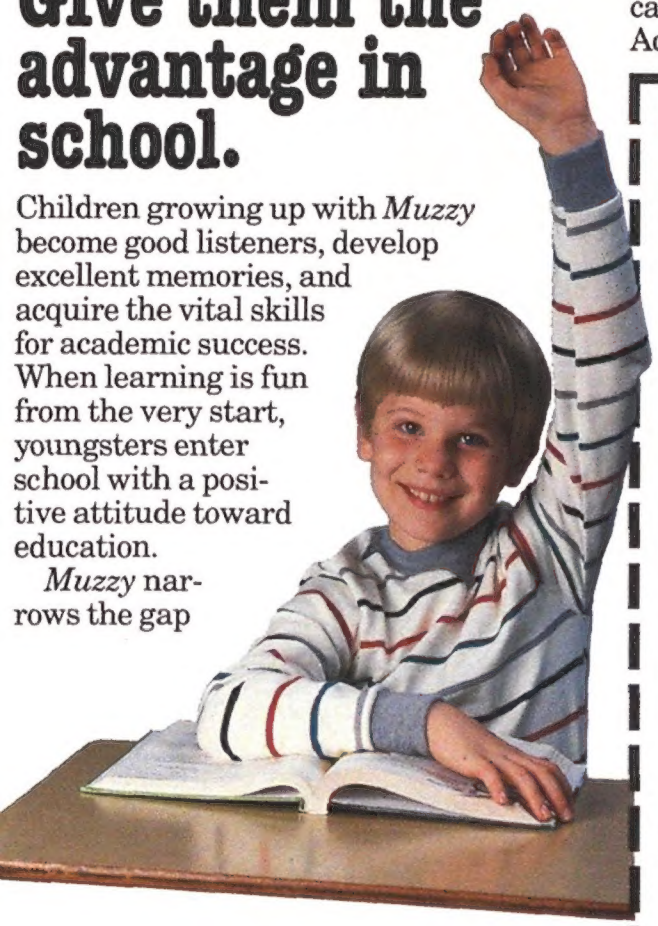

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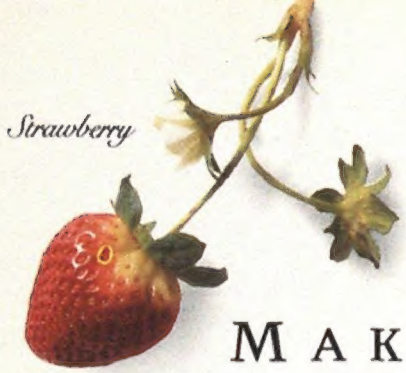

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Sage

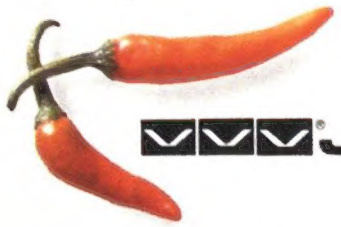
Jenn-Air now brings you a range that looks as great as it cooks. This is the one range you'll find that lets you cook whatever you want, the way you want. Because with just the turn of a dial the Jenn-Air S156 gives you the choice of radiant or convection cooking (which means heated air is circulated for faster, even cooking).

And, in addition to its electric grill, this range also comes with a versatile cooktop system, so you can add the number of burners and design the style of cooking surface you want.

Plus, the Jenn-Air range's sleek, streamlined exterior has been designed to be just as appetizing as the food that comes out of it. The Jenn-Air range. One of the most important ingredients to any great kitchen.

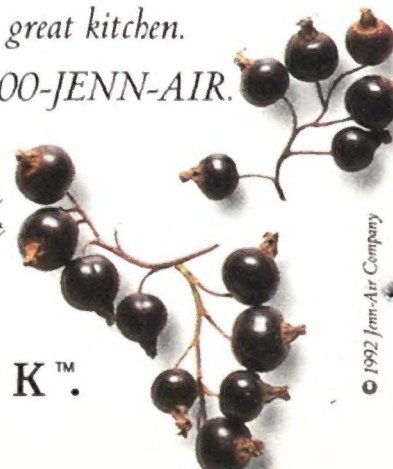
For a brochure showing the Jenn-Air line and the name of your nearest dealer call 1-800-JENN-AIR.

Persimmon



Thai Pepper

JENN-AIR



Black Currant

THE SIGN OF A GREAT COOK™.

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